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VOL. VI

PHILADELPHIA

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THE QUEEN'S LIFE AT BALMORAL.[1]

[Victoria I., Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and Empress of India. Born in Kensington Palace, 24th May, 1819; succeeded to the throne 20th June, 1837; and her coronation took place in Westminster Abbey, 28th June, 1838. Her Majesty married his Royal Highness the late Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, on the 10th February, 1840. The *Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands* present a simple and, remembering her loss and the nation's, a pathetic record of the rare holidays which state cares permitted the Queen and the Prince Consort to enjoy together. The circumstances which led to the publication of the volume are explained by Sir Arthur Helps, the editor, in his preface. Her Majesty felt extremely reluctant to publish anything written by herself; but, thanks to her gracious readiness to sacrifice any merely personal feeling to the happiness of her people, this most precious gift was presented to them. The book was received with affectionate enthusiasm; it was immediately translated into almost every known language, and in order that it might reach the hands of the humblest of her subjects, her Majesty directed the issue of an edition at a very small price. Apart from the personal interest of the book, its moral value is great beyond measure; because it presents the reflection of a life, simple, pure, and noble in the highest sense—faithful in duty, appreciative in spirit, and earnest in doing good and generous deeds. The dedication forms one of the most beautiful and touching pages of the work: "To the dear memory of him who made the life of the writer bright and happy, these simple records are lovingly and gratefully inscribed." These words will be the most enduring memorial of a great and good man, and of the tenderness of the gracious Lady who wrote them. There has never been a sovereign so loyally loved as our Queen; and never had subjects a sovereign so worthy of their devotion.[2]]

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF BALMORAL.

Balmoral, Friday, September 8. 1848.

WE arrived at Balmoral at a quarter to three. It is a pretty little castle in the old Scottish style. There is a picturesque tower and garden in front, with a high wooded hill; at the back there is wood down to the Dee; and the hills rise all around.

There is a nice little hall with a billiard-room; next to it is the dining-room. Upstairs (ascending by a good broad staircase) immediately to the right, and above the dining-room, is our sitting-room (formerly the drawing-room), a fine large room—next to which is our bed-room, opening into a little dressing-room which is Albert's. Opposite, down a few steps, are the children's and Miss Hildyard's three rooms. The ladies live below, and the gentlemen upstairs.

We lunched almost immediately, and at half-past four we walked out, and went up to the top of the wooded hill opposite our windows, where there is a cairn, and up which there is a pretty winding path. The view from here, looking down upon the house, is charming. To the left you look towards the beautiful hills surrounding Loch-na-Gar, and to the right, towards Ballater, to the glen (or valley) along which the Dee winds, with beautiful wooded hills, which reminded us very much of the Thüringerwald. It was so calm and so solitary, it did one good as one

[1] From *Leaves from the Journal of our Life in the Highlands.*

[2] Regarding the notes which her Majesty added to the diary, Sir Arthur Helps says:—"These notes, besides indicating that peculiar memory for persons, and that recognition of personal attachment, which have been very noticeable in our Sovereigns, illustrate, in a striking manner, the patriarchal feeling (if one may apply such a word as 'patriarchal' to a lady) which is so strong in the present occupant of the throne. Perhaps there is no person in these realms who takes a more deep and abiding interest in the welfare of the household committed to his charge than our gracious Queen does in hers, or who feels more keenly what are the reciprocal duties of masters and servants.

"Nor does any one wish more ardently than her Majesty that there should be no abrupt severance of class from class, but rather a gradual blending together of all classes—caused by a full community of interests, a constant interchange of good offices, and a kindly respect felt and expressed by each class to all its brethren in the great brotherhood that forms a nation."

gazed around; and the pure mountain air was most refreshing. All seemed to breathe freedom and peace, and to make one forget the world and its sad turmoils.

The scenery is wild, and yet not desolate; and everything looks much more prosperous and cultivated than at Laggan. Then the soil is delightfully dry. We walked beside the Dee, a beautiful, rapid stream, which is close behind the house. The view of the hills towards Invercauld is exceedingly fine.

When I came in at half-past six, Albert went out to try his luck with some stags which lay quite close in the woods, but he was unsuccessful. They come down of an evening quite near to the house.

A "DRIVE" IN BALLOCH BUIE.

September 18, 1848.

At a quarter-past ten o'clock we set off in a postchaise with Bertie, and drove beyond the house of Mr. Farquharson's keeper in the Balloch Buie. We then mounted our ponies, Bertie riding Grant's pony on the deer-saddle, and being led by a gillie, Grant walking by his side. Macdonald and several gillies were with us, and we were preceded by Bowman and old Arthur Farquharson, a deer-stalker of Invercauld's. They took us up a beautiful path winding through the trees and heather in the Balloch Buie; but when we had got about a mile or more they discovered deer. A "council of war" was held in a whisper, and we turned back and went the whole way down again, and rode along to the keeper's lodge, where we turned up the glen immediately below Craig Daign, through a beautiful part of the wood, and went on along the track, till we came to the foot of the craig, where we all dismounted.

We scrambled up an almost perpendicular place to where there was a little box, made of hurdles and interwoven with branches of fir and heather, about five feet in height. There we seated ourselves with Bertie, Macdonald lying in the heather near us, watching and quite concealed; some had gone round to beat, and others again were at a little distance. We sat quite still, and sketched a little; I doing the landscape and some trees, Albert drawing Macdonald as he lay there. This lasted for nearly an hour, when Albert fancied he heard a distant sound, and, in a few minutes, Macdonald whispered that he saw stags, and that Albert should wait and take a steady aim. We then heard them coming past. Albert did not look over the box, but through it, and fired through the branches, and then again over the box. The deer retreated; but Albert felt certain he had hit a stag. He ran up to the keepers, and at that moment they called from below that they "had got him," and Albert ran on to see. I waited for a bit; but soon scrambled on with Bertie and Macdonald's help; and Albert joined me directly, and we all went down and saw a magnificent stag, "a royal," which had dropped, soon after Albert had hit him, at one of the men's feet. The sport was successful, and every one was delighted,—Macdonald and the keepers in particular;—the former saying, "that it was her Majesty's coming out that had brought the good luck." I was supposed to have "a lucky foot," of which the Highlanders "think a great deal." We walked down to the place we last came up, got into the carriage, and were home by half-past two o'clock.

SALMON LEISTERING.

September 13, 1850.

We walked with Charles, the boys, and Vicky to the river-side above the bridge, where all our tenants were assembled with poles and spears, or rather "leisters," for catching salmon. They all went into the river, walking up it, and then back again, poking about under all the stones to bring fish up to where the men stood with the net. It had a very pretty effect; about one hundred men wading through the river, some in kilts with poles and spears, all very much excited. Not succeeding the first time, we went higher up, and moved to three or four different places, but did not get any salmon; one or two escaping. Albert stood on a stone, and Colonel Gordon and Lord James Murray waded about the whole time. Duncan, in spite of all his exertions yesterday, and having besides walked to and from the Gathering, was the whole time in the water. Not far from the laundry there was another trial, and here we had a great fright. In one place there was a very deep pool, into which two men very foolishly went, and one could not swim; we suddenly saw them sink, and in one moment they seemed drowning, though surrounded by people. There was a cry for help, and a general rush, including Albert, towards the spot, which frightened me so much that I grasped Lord Carlisle's arm in great agony. However, Dr. Robertson[1] swam in

[1] The gentleman who has had from the beginning the entire management of our property at Balmoral, &c. He is highly esteemed, and is a most amiable man, who has carried out all the Prince's and my wishes admirably.

and pulled the man out, and all was safely over; but it was a horrid moment.

A salmon was speared here by one of the men; after which we walked to the ford, or quarry, where we were very successful, seven salmon being caught, some in the net, and some speared. Though Albert stood in the water some time he caught nothing: but the scene at this beautiful spot was exciting and picturesque in the extreme. I wished for Landseer's pencil. The sun was intensely hot. We did not get back till after three o'clock, and then took luncheon. The Duchess of Gordon came to see us afterwards; and while she was still with us, Captain Forbes (who had asked permission to do so) marched through the grounds with his men, the pipers going in front. They stopped, and cheered three-times-three, throwing up their bonnets. They then marched off; and we listened with pleasure to the distant shouts and the sound of the pibroch.

We heard afterwards that our men had carried all Captain Forbes's men on their backs through the river. They saw the fishing going on, and came to the water's edge on the opposite side; and on being greeted by our people, said they would come over, on which ours went across in one moment and carried them over—Macdonald at their head carrying Captain Forbes on his back. This was very courteous, and worthy of chivalrous times.

TORCH-LIGHT BALL AT CORRIEMULZIE.

September 10, 1852.

We dined at a quarter-past six o'clock in morning gowns (not ordinary ones, but such as are worn at a "breakfast"), and at seven started for Corriemulzie, for a torch-light ball in the open air. I wore a white bonnet, a gray watered silk, and (according to Highland fashion) my plaid scarf over my shoulder; and Albert his Highland dress which he wears every evening. We drove in the postchaise; the two ladies, Lord Derby, and Colonel Gordon following in the other carriage.

It was a mild though threatening evening, but fortunately it kept fine. We arrived there at half-past eight, by which time, of course, it was quite dark. Mr. and Lady Agnes Duff[1] received us at the door, and then took us at once through the house to the open space where the ball was, which was hid from our view till the curtains were drawn asunder. It was really a beautiful and most unusual sight. All the company were assembled there. A space about one hundred feet in length and sixty feet in width was boarded, and entirely surrounded by Highlanders bearing torches, which were placed in sockets, and constantly replenished. There were seven pipers playing together, Mackay[2] leading—and they received us with the usual salute and three cheers, and "Nis! nis! nis!" (pronounced: "Neesh! neesh! neesh!" the Highland "Hip! hip! hip!") and again cheers; after which came a most animated reel. There were about sixty people, exclusive of the Highlanders, of whom there were also sixty; all the Highland gentlemen, and any who were at all Scotch, were in kilts, the ladies in evening dresses. The company and the Highlanders danced pretty nearly alternately. There were two or three sword-dances. We were upon a *haut pas*, over which there was a canopy. The whole thing was admirably done, and very well worth seeing. Albert was delighted with it. I must not omit to mention a reel danced by eight Highlanders holding torches in their hands.

We left at half-past nine o'clock, and were home by a little past eleven. A long way certainly (14 miles I believe).

[1] Now Earl and Countess of Fife.

THE KIRK.—ARRIVAL AT THE NEW CASTLE OF BALMORAL.—IMPRESSIONS OF THE NEW CASTLE.

October 29, 1854.

We went to kirk, as usual, at twelve o'clock. The service was performed by the Rev. Norman Macleod, of Glasgow, son of Dr. Macleod, and anything finer I never heard. The sermon, entirely extempore, was quite admirable; so simple, and yet so eloquent, and so beautifully argued and put. The text was from the account of the coming of Nicodemus to Christ by night; St. John, chapter iii. Mr. Macleod showed in the sermon how we *all* tried to please *self*, and live for *that*, and in so doing found no rest. Christ had come not only to die for us, but to show how we were to live. The second prayer was very touching; his allusions to us were so simple, saying, after his mention of us, "bless their children." It gave me a lump in my throat, as also when he prayed for

[2] My piper from the year 1843, considered almost the first in Scotland, who was recommended by the Marquis of Breadalbane; he unfortunately went out of his mind in the year 1854, and died in 1855. A brother of his was piper to the Duke of Sussex.

"the dying, the wounded, the widow, and the orphans." Every one came back delighted; and how satisfactory it is to come back from church with such feelings! The servants and the Highlanders — *all* — were equally delighted.

September 7, 1855.

At a quarter-past seven o'clock we arrived at dear Balmoral. Strange, very strange, it seemed to me to drive past, indeed *through*, the old house; the connecting part between it and the offices being broken through. The new house looks beautiful. The tower and the rooms in the connecting part are, however, only half finished, and the offices are still unbuilt: therefore the gentlemen (except the Minister[1]) live in the old house, and so do most of the servants; there is a long wooden passage which connects the new house with the offices. An old shoe was thrown after us into the house, for good luck, when we entered the hall. The house is charming: the rooms delightful; the furniture, papers, everything perfection.

September 8, 1855.

The view from the windows of our rooms, and from the library, drawing-room, &c., below them, of the valley of the Dee, with the mountains in the background — which one never could see from the old house, is quite beautiful. We walked about, and alongside the river, and looked at all that has been done, and considered all that has to be done; and afterwards we went over to the poor dear old house, and to our rooms, which it was quite melancholy to see so deserted; and settled about things being brought over.

BETROTHAL OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

September 29, 1855.

Our dear Victoria was this day engaged to Prince Frederick William of Prussia, who had been on a visit to us since the 14th. He had already spoken to us, on the 20th, of his wishes; but we were uncertain, on account of her extreme youth, whether he should speak to her himself, or wait till he came back again. However, we felt it was better he should do so; and during our ride up Craig-na-Ban this afternoon, he picked a piece of white heather (the emblem of "good luck"), which he gave to her; and this enabled him to make an allusion to his hopes and wishes, as they rode down Glen Girnoch, which led to this happy conclusion.

FINDING THE OLD CASTLE GONE.

August 30, 1856.

On arriving at Balmoral at seven o'clock in the evening, we found the tower finished as well as the offices, and the poor old house gone! The effect of the whole is very fine.

LOVE FOR BALMORAL.

October 13, 1856.

Every year my heart becomes more fixed in this dear Paradise, and so much more so now, that *all* has become my dear Albert's *own* creation, own work, own building, own laying out, as at Osborne; and his great taste, and the impress of his dear hand, have been stamped everywhere. He was very busy to-day, settling and arranging many things for next year.

VISITS TO THE OLD WOMEN.

Saturday, September 26, 1857.

Albert went out with Alfred for the day, and I walked out with the two girls and Lady Churchill, stopped at the shop and made some purchases for poor people and others; drove a little way, got out and walked up the hill to Balnacroft, Mrs. P. Farquharson's, and she walked round with us to some of the cottages to show me where the poor people lived, and to tell them who I was. Before we went into any we met an old woman, who, Mrs. Farquharson said, was very poor, eighty-eight years old, and mother to the former distiller. I gave her a warm petticoat, and the tears rolled down her old cheeks, and she shook my hands, and prayed God to bless me: it was very touching.

I went into a small cabin of old Kitty Kear's, who is eighty-six years old—quite erect, and who welcomed us with a great air of dignity. She sat down and spun. I gave her, also, a warm petticoat; she said, "May the Lord ever attend ye and yours, here and hereafter; and may the Lord be a guide to ye, and keep ye from all harm." She was quite surprised at Vicky's height; great interest is taken in her. We went on to a cottage (formerly Jean Gordon's), to visit old widow Symons, who is "past fourscore," with a nice rosy face, but was bent quite double; she was most friendly,

[1] A Cabinet Minister is always in attendance upon the Queen at Balmoral.

shaking hands with us all, asking which was I, and repeating many kind blessings: "May the Lord attend ye with mirth and with joy; may He ever be with ye in this world, and when ye leave it." To Vicky, when told she was going to be married, she said, "May the Lord be a guide to ye in your future, and may every happiness attend ye." She was very talkative; and when I said I hoped to see her again, she expressed an expectation that "she should be called any day," and so did Kitty Kear.[1]

We went into three other cottages: to Mrs. Symons's (daughter-in-law to the old widow living next door), who had an "unwell boy;" then across a little burn to another old woman's; and afterwards peeped into Blair the fiddler's. We drove back, and got out again to visit old Mrs. Grant (Grant's[2] mother), who is so tidy and clean, and to whom I gave a dress and handkerchief, and she said, "You're too kind to me, you're over-kind to me, ye give me more every year, and I get older every year." After talking some time with her, she said, "I am happy to see ye looking so nice." She had tears in her eyes, and speaking of Vicky's going, said, "I'm very sorry, and I think she is sorry hersel';" and, having said she feared she would not see her (the Princess) again, said: "I am very sorry I said that, but I meant no harm; I always say just what I think, not what is fut" (fit). Dear old lady; she is such a pleasant person.

Really the affection of these good people, who are so hearty and so happy to see you, taking interest in everything, is very touching and gratifying.

ASCENT OF BEN MUICH DHUI.

Friday, October 7, 1859.

Breakfast at half-past eight. At ten minutes to nine we started, in the sociable, with Bertie and Alice and our usual attendants. Drove along the opposite side of the river. The day very mild and promising to be fine, though a little heavy over the hills, which we anxiously watched. At Castleton we took four post-horses, and drove to the Shiel of the Derry, that beautiful spot where we were last year—which Albert had never seen—and arrived there just before eleven. Our ponies were there with Kennedy, Robertson, and Jemmie Smith. One pony carried the luncheon baskets. After all the cloaks, &c., had been placed on the ponies, or carried by the men, we mounted and began our "journey." I was on "Victoria," Alice on "Dobbins." George M'Hardy, an elderly man who knew the country (and acts as a guide, carrying luggage for people across the hills "on beasts" which he keeps for that purpose), led the way. We rode (my pony being led by Brown most of the time both going up and down) at least four miles up Glen Derry, which is very fine, with the remnants of a splendid forest, Cairn Derry being to the right, and the Derry Water running below. The track was very bad and stony, and broken up by cattle coming down for the "Tryst." At the end of the glen we crossed a ford, passed some softish ground, and turned up to the left by a very rough, steep, but yet gradual ascent to Corrie Etchan, which is in a very wild rugged spot, with magnificent precipices, a high mountain to the right called Ben Main, while to the left was Cairngorm of Derry. When we reached the top of this very steep ascent (we had been rising, though almost imperceptibly, from the Derry Shiel), we came upon a loch of the same name, which reminded us of Loch-na-Gar and of Loch-na-Nian. You look from here on to other wild hills and corries—on Ben A'an, &c. We ascended very gradually, but became so enveloped in mist that we could see nothing—hardly those just before us! Albert had walked a good deal; and it was very cold. The mist got worse; and as we rode along the stony, but almost flat ridge of Ben Muich Dhui, we hardly knew whether we were on level ground or the top of the mountain. However, I and Alice rode to the very top, which we reached a few minutes past two; and here, at a cairn of stones, we lunched, in a piercing cold wind.

Just as we sat down, a gust of wind came and dispersed the mist, which had a most wonderful effect, like a dissolving view—and exhibited the grandest, wildest scenery imaginable! We sat on a ridge of the cairn to take our luncheon,—our good people being grouped with the ponies near us. Luncheon over,

[1] She died in January 1865.

[2] Head-keeper. He had been nearly twenty years with Sir Robert Gordon, nine as keeper; he was born in Braemar, in the year 1810. He is an excellent man, most trustworthy, of singular shrewdness and discretion, and most devotedly attached to the Prince and myself. He has a fine intelligent countenance. The Prince was very fond of him. He has six sons.—the second, Alick, is wardrobeman to our son Leopold: all are good, well-disposed lads, and getting on well in their different occupations. His mother, a fine, hale, old woman of eighty years, "stops" in a small cottage which the Prince built for her in our village. He himself lives in a pretty lodge called Croft, a mile from Balmoral, which the Prince built for him.

Albert ran off with Alice to the ridge to look at the splendid view, and sent for me to follow. I did so; but not without Grant's help, for there were quantities of large loose stones heaped up together to walk upon. The wind was fearfully high, but the view was well worth seeing. I cannot describe all, but we saw where the Dee rises between the mountains called the Well of Dee—Ben-y-Ghlo—and the adjacent mountains, Ben Vrackie—then Benna-Bhourd—Ben A'an, &c.—and such magnificent wild rocks, precipices, and corries. It had a sublime and solemn effect; so wild, so solitary—no one but ourselves and our little party there.

Albert went on further with the children, but I returned with Grant to my seat on the cairn, as I could not scramble about well. Soon after, we all began walking and looking for "cairngorms," and found some small ones. The mist had entirely cleared away below, so that we saw all the beautiful views. Ben Muich Dhui is 4297 feet high, one of the highest mountains in Scotland. I and Alice rode part of the way, walking wherever it was very steep. Albert and Bertie walked the whole time. I had a little whisky and water, as the people declared pure water would be too chilling. We then rode on without getting off again, Albert talking so gaily with Grant. Upon which Brown observed to me in simple Highland phrase, "It's very pleasant to walk with a person who is always 'content.'" Yesterday, in speaking of dearest Albert's sport, when I observed he never was cross after bad luck, Brown said, "Every one on the estate says there never was so kind a master; I am sure our only wish is to give satisfaction." I said, they certainly did.[1]

By a quarter-past six o'clock we got down to the Shiel of the Derry, where we found some tea, which we took in the "shiel,"[2] and started again by moonlight at about half-past six. We reached Castleton at half-past seven—and after this it became cloudy. At a quarter-past eight precisely we were at Balmoral, much delighted and not at all tired; everything had been so well arranged, and so quietly, without any fuss. *Never* shall I forget this day, or the impression this very grand scene made upon me; truly sublime and impressive; such solitude.

[1] We were always in the habit of conversing with the Highlanders—with whom one comes so much in contact in the Highlands. The Prince highly appreciated the good-breeding, simplicity, and intelligence, which make it so pleasant and even instructive to talk to them.

[2] "Shiel" means a small shooting-lodge.

THE LEGEND BEAUTIFUL.

[Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, born in Portland, Maine, 27th February, 1807. The most popular of American poets. He was educated at Bowdoin College, in which he became professor of modern languages in 1826. Nine years afterwards he was appointed professor of belles-lettres in Harvard College; and he continued to discharge the duties of that office until 1854, when he retired. His works are almost as highly valued in this country as in his own. His principal prose works are: *Outre-Mer*, a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea; *Hyperion*, a romance; and *Kavanagh*, a tale. Of his poems it will be enough to mention *Evangeline; The Song of Hiawatha; The Golden Legend, The Spanish Student; Miles Standish; Tales of a Wayside Inn; Voices of the Night; Ballads; The Seaside and the Fireside; Birds of Passage; Flower-de-Luce; Three Books of Song* (from which we quote; *Aftermath;* and a translation of *Dante*. Mr. E. P Whipple, the American critic, sums up Longfellow's general characteristics thus: "He idealizes real life; he elicits new meaning from many of its rough shows; he clothes subtle and delicate thoughts in familiar imagery; he embodies high moral sentiment in beautiful and ennobling forms; he inweaves the golden threads of spiritual being into the texture of common existence; he discerns and addresses some of the finest sympathies of the heart: but he rarely soars into those regions of abstract imagination, where the bodily eye cannot follow, but where that of the seer is gifted with a 'pervading vision.'" He died in 1882.]

"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"
That is what the Vision said.

In his chamber all alone,
Kneeling on the floor of stone,
Prayed the Monk in deep contrition
For his sins of indecision—
Prayed for greater self-denial
In temptation and in trial;
It was noonday by the dial,
And the Monk was all alone.

Suddenly, as if it lightened,
An unwonted splendour brightened
All within him and without him
In that narrow cell of stone;
And he saw the blessed Vision
Of our Lord, with light Elysian
Like a vesture wrapped about him,
Like a garment round him thrown.

Not as crucified and slain,
Not in agonies of pain,
Not with bleeding hands and feet,
Did the Monk his Master see;
But as in the village street,
In the house or harvest-field,
Halt and lame and blind he healed,
When he walked in Galilee.

In an attitude imploring,
Hands upon his bosom crossed,
Wondering, worshipping, adoring,
Knelt the Monk in rapture lost.
Lord, he thought, in heaven that reignest,
Who am I, that thus thou deignest
To reveal thyself to me?
Who am I, that from the centre
Of thy glory thou shouldst enter
This poor cell, my guest to be?

Then amid his exaltation,
Loud the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Rang through court and corridor
With persistent iteration
He had never heard before.
It was now the appointed hour
When alike in shine or shower,
Winter's cold or summer's heat,
To the convent portals came
All the blind and halt and lame—
All the beggars of the street,
For their daily dole of food
Dealt them by the brotherhood;
And their almoner was he
Who, upon his bended knee,
Rapt in silent ecstasy
Of divinest self-surrender,
Saw the Vision and the Splendour.

Deep distress and hesitation
Mingled with his adoration;
Should he go, or should he stay?
Should he leave the poor to wait
Hungry at the convent gate,
Till the Vision passed away?
Should he slight his radiant guest—
Slight his visitant celestial,
For a crowd of ragged, bestial
Beggars at the convent gate?
Would the Vision there remain?
Would the Vision come again?

Then a voice within his breast
Whispered, audible and clear,
As if to the outward ear:
"Do thy duty; that is best;
Leave unto thy Lord the rest!"

Straightway to his feet he started,
And with longing look intent
On the blessed Vision bent,
Slowly from his cell departed,
Slowly on his errand went.

At the gate the poor were waiting,
Looking through the iron grating,
With that terror in the eye
That is only seen in those
Who, amid their wants and woes,
Hear the sound of doors that close,
And of feet that pass them by;
Grown familiar with disfavour,
Grown familiar with the savour
Of the bread by which men die!
But to-day, they knew not why,
Like the gate of Paradise
Seemed the convent gate to rise,
Like a sacrament divine
Seemed to them the bread and wine.
In his heart the Monk was praying,
Thinking of the homeless poor,
What they suffer and endure;
What we see not, what we see;
And the inward voice was saying—
"Whatsoever thing thou doest
To the least of mine and lowest,
That thou doest unto me!"

Unto me! but had the Vision
Come to him in beggar's clothing,
Come a mendicant imploring,
Would he then have knelt adoring,
Or have listened with derision,
And have turned away with loathing?

Thus his conscience put the question,
Full of troublesome suggestion,
As at length, with hurried pace,
Towards his cell he turned his face,
And beheld the convent bright
With a supernatural light,
Like a luminous cloud expanding
Over floor and wall and ceiling.

But he paused with awe-struck feeling
At the threshold of his door,
For the Vision still was standing
As he left it there before,
When the convent bell appalling,
From its belfry calling, calling,
Summoned him to feed the poor.
Through the long hour intervening
It had waited his return,
And he felt his bosom burn,
Comprehending all the meaning,
When the blessed Vision said,
"Hadst thou stayed, I must have fled!"

THE WAVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF TIEDGE.

"Whither, thou turbid wave?
Whither with so much haste,
As if a thief wert thou?"
"I am the wave of life,
Stained with my margin's dust;
From the struggle and the strife
Of the narrow stream I fly
To the sea's immensity,
To wash from me the slime
Of the muddy banks of Time."

THE PARISH-CLERK.

A TALE OF TRUE LOVE.[1]

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

[Born at Landport, Portsmouth, November, 1812; died at Gad's Hill, Kent, 9th June, 1870.]

Once upon a time, in a very small country town, at a considerable distance from London, there lived a little man named Nathaniel Pipkin, who was the parish-clerk of the little town, and lived in a little house in the little High Street, within ten minutes' walk of the little church; and who was to be found every day, from nine till four, teaching a little learning to the little boys. Nathaniel Pipkin was a harmless, inoffensive, good-natured being, with a turned-up nose and rather turned-in legs: a cast in his eye, and a halt in his gait; and he divided his time between the church and his school, verily believing that there existed not, on the face of the earth, so clever a man as the curate, so imposing an apartment as the vestry-room, or so well-ordered a seminary as his own. Once, and only once in his life, Nathaniel Pipkin had seen a bishop—a real bishop, with his arms in lawn sleeves, and his head in a wig. He had seen him walk, and heard him talk at a confirmation, on which momentous occasion Nathaniel Pipkin was so overcome with reverence and awe, when the aforesaid bishop laid his hand on his head, that he fainted right clean away, and was borne out of church in the arms of the beadle.

This was a great event, a tremendous era, in Nathaniel Pipkin's life, and it was the only one that had ever occurred to ruffle the smooth current of his quiet existence, when happening one fine afternoon, in a fit of mental abstraction, to raise his eyes from the slate on which he was devising some tremendous problem in compound addition for an offending urchin to solve, they suddenly rested on the blooming countenance of Maria Lobbs, the only daughter of old Lobbs, the great saddler over the way. Now the eyes of Mr. Pipkin had rested on the pretty face of Maria Lobbs many a time and oft before, at church and elsewhere; but the eyes of Maria Lobbs had never looked so bright, the cheeks of Maria Lobbs had never looked so ruddy, as upon this particular occasion. No wonder then that Nathaniel Pipkin was unable to take his eyes from the countenance of Miss Lobbs; no wonder that Miss Lobbs, finding herself stared at by a young man, withdrew her head from the window out of which she had been peeping, and shut the

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[1] From the *Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club*. The origin of this work is amusingly told by Dickens:—"I was a young man of two or three-and twenty, when Messrs. Chapman and Hall, attracted by some pieces I was at that time writing in the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper, or had just written in the *Old Monthly Magazine* (of which one series had lately been collected and published in two volumes, illustrated by Mr. George Cruikshank), waited upon me to propose a something that should be published in shilling numbers—then only known to me, or, I believe, to anybody else, by a dim recollection of certain interminable novels in that form, which used to be carried about the country by pedlars, and over some of which I remember to have shed innumerable tears before I had served my apprenticeship to Life. When I opened my door in Furnival's Inn to the partner who represented the firm, I recognized in him the person from whose hands I had bought, two or three years previously, and whom I had never seen before or since, my first copy of the magazine in which my first effusion—a paper in the 'Sketches,' called *Mr. Minns and his Cousin*—dropped stealthily one evening at twilight, with fear and trembling, into a dark letter-box, in a dark office, up a dark court in Fleet Street—appeared in all the glory of print; on which occasion I walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half an-hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there. I told my visitor of the coincidence, which we both hailed as a good omen; and so fell to business. The idea propounded to me was, that the monthly something should be a vehicle for certain plates to be executed by Mr. Seymour; and there was a notion, either on the part of that admirable humorous artist or of my visitor, that a 'Nimrod Club,' the members of which were to go out shooting, fishing, and so forth, and getting themselves into difficulties through their want of dexterity, would be the best means of introducing these. I objected, on consideration, that although born and partly bred in the country, I was no great sportsman, except in regard of all kinds of locomotion; that the idea was not novel, and had been already much used; that it would be infinitely better for the plates to arise naturally out of the text; and that I would like to take my own way, with a freer range of English scenes and people, and was afraid I should ultimately do so in any case, whatever course I might prescribe to myself at starting. My views being deferred to, I thought of Mr. Pickwick, and wrote the first number, from the proof-sheets of which Mr. Seymour made his drawing of the Club, and his happy portrait of its founder—the latter on Mr. Edward Chapman's description of the dress and bearing of a real personage whom he had often seen. I connected Mr. Pickwick with a club, because of the original suggestion, and I put in Mr. Winkle expressly for the use of Mr. Seymour. We started with a number of twenty-four pages instead of thirty-two, and four illustrations in lieu of a couple. Mr. Seymour's sudden and lamented death before the second number was published, brought about a quick decision upon a point already in agitation; the number became one of thirty-two pages with only two illustrations, and remained so to the end."—For biography of Charles Dickens see vol. ii. p. 19.

casement and pulled down the blind; no wonder that Nathaniel Pipkin immediately thereafter fell upon the young urchin who had previously offended, and cuffed and knocked him about to his heart's content. All this was very natural, and there's nothing at all to wonder at about it.

It *is* matter of wonder, though, that any one of Mr. Nathaniel Pipkin's retiring disposition, nervous temperament, and most particularly diminutive income, should from this day forth have dared to aspire to the hand and heart of the only daughter of the fiery old Lobbs—of old Lobbs the great saddler, who could have bought up the whole village at one stroke of his pen, and never felt the outlay—old Lobbs, who was well known to have heaps of money invested in the bank at the nearest market town—old Lobbs, who was reported to have countless and inexhaustible treasures, hoarded up in the little iron safe with the big key-hole, over the chimney-piece in the back parlour—old Lobbs, who, it was well known, on festive occasions garnished his board with a real silver tea-pot, cream-ewer, and sugar-basin, which he was wont, in the pride of his heart, to boast should be his daughter's property when she found a man to her mind. I repeat it, to be matter of profound astonishment and intense wonder, that Nathaniel Pipkin should have had the temerity to cast his eyes in this direction. But love is blind; and Nathaniel had a cast in his eye; and perhaps these two circumstances taken together prevented his seeing the matter in its proper light.

Now if old Lobbs had entertained the most remote or distant idea of the state of the affections of Nathaniel Pipkin, he would just have razed the school-room to the ground, or exterminated its master from the surface of the earth, or committed some other outrage and atrocity of an equally ferocious and violent description; for he was a terrible old fellow, was Lobbs, when his pride was injured, or his blood was up. Swear! Such trains of oaths would come rolling and pealing over the way sometimes, when he was denouncing the idleness of the bony apprentice with the thin legs, that Nathaniel Pipkin would shake in his shoes with horror, and the hair of the pupils' heads would stand on end with fright.

Well! Day after day, when school was over, and the pupils gone, did Nathaniel Pipkin sit himself down at the front window, and while he feigned to be reading a book, throw side-long glances over the way in search of the bright eyes of Maria Lobbs; and he hadn't sat there many days before the bright eyes appeared at an upper window, apparently deeply engaged in reading too. This was delightful, and gladdening to the heart of Nathaniel Pipkin. It was something to sit there for hours together, and look upon that pretty face when the eyes were cast down; but when Maria Lobbs began to raise her eyes from her book, and dart their rays in the direction of Nathaniel Pipkin, his delight and admiration were perfectly boundless. At last, one day when he knew old Lobbs was out, Nathaniel Pipkin had the temerity to kiss his hand to Maria Lobbs; and Maria Lobbs, instead of shutting the window and pulling down the blind, kissed *hers* to him, and smiled. Upon which Nathaniel Pipkin determined that, come what might, he would develop the state of his feelings without further delay.

A prettier foot, a gayer heart, a more dimpled face, or a smarter form, never bounded so lightly over the earth they graced, as did those of Maria Lobbs, the old saddler's daughter. There was a roguish twinkle in her sparkling eyes that would have made its way to far less susceptible bosoms than that of Nathaniel Pipkin; and there was such a joyous sound in her merry laugh, that the sternest misanthrope must have smiled to hear it. Even old Lobbs himself, in the very height of his ferocity, couldn't resist the coaxing of his pretty daughter; and when she and her cousin Kate—an arch, impudent-looking, bewitching little person—made a dead set upon the old man together, as, to say the truth, they very often did, he could have refused them nothing, even had they asked for a portion of the countless and inexhaustible treasures which were hidden from the light in the iron safe.

Nathaniel Pipkin's heart beat high within him when he saw this enticing little couple some hundred yards before him one summer's evening, in the very field in which he had many a time strolled about till night-time, and pondered on the beauty of Maria Lobbs. But though he had often thought then how briskly he would walk up to Maria Lobbs and tell her of his passion, if he could only meet her, he felt now that she was unexpectedly before him, all the blood in his body mounting to his face, manifestly to the great detriment of his legs, which, deprived of their usual portion, trembled beneath him. When they stopped to gather a hedge-flower, or listen to a bird, Nathaniel Pipkin stopped too, and pretended to be absorbed in meditation, as indeed he really was; for he was thinking what on earth he should ever do when they turned back, as they inevitably must in time, and

meet him face to face. But though he was afraid to make up to them, he couldn't bear to lose sight of them; so when they walked faster he walked faster, when they lingered he lingered, and when they stopped he stopped; and so they might have gone on until the darkness prevented them, if Kate had not looked slily back, and encouragingly beckoned Nathaniel to advance. There was something in Kate's manner that was not to be resisted, and so Nathaniel Pipkin complied with the invitation; and after a great deal of blushing on his part, and immoderate laughter on that of the wicked little cousin, Nathaniel Pipkin went down on his knees on the dewy grass, and declared his resolution to remain there for ever unless he were permitted to rise the accepted lover of Maria Lobbs. Upon this the merry laughter of Maria Lobbs rang through the calm evening air—without seeming to disturb it, though; it had such a pleasant sound—and the wicked little cousin laughed more immoderately than before, and Nathaniel Pipkin blushed deeper than ever. At length, Maria Lobbs being more strenuously urged by the love-worn little man, turned away her head, and whispered her cousin to say, or at all events Kate *did* say, that she felt much honoured by Mr. Pipkin's addresses; that her hand and heart were at her father's disposal; but that nobody could be insensible to Mr. Pipkin's merits. As all this was said with much gravity; and as Nathaniel Pipkin walked home with Maria Lobbs, and struggled for a kiss at parting, he went to bed a happy man, and dreamed all night long of softening old Lobbs, opening the strong box, and marrying Maria.

The next day Nathaniel Pipkin saw old Lobbs go out upon his old gray pony; and after a great many signs at the window from the wicked little cousin, the object and meaning of which he could by no means understand, the bony apprentice with the thin legs came over to say that his master wasn't coming home all night, and that the ladies expected Mr. Pipkin to tea at six o'clock precisely. How the lessons were got through that day, neither Nathaniel Pipkin nor his pupils knew any more than you do; but they were got through somehow, and after the boys had gone, Nathaniel Pipkin took till full six o'clock to dress himself to his satisfaction. Not that it took long to select the garments he should wear, inasmuch as he had no choice about the matter; but the putting of them on to the best advantage, and the touching of them up previously, was a task of no inconsiderable difficulty or importance.

There was a very snug little party, consisting of Maria Lobbs and her cousin Kate, and three or four romping, good-humoured, rosy-cheeked girls. Nathaniel Pipkin had ocular demonstration of the fact that the rumours of old Lobbs' treasures were not exaggerated. There were the real solid silver tea-pot, cream-ewer, and sugar-basin on the table, and real silver spoons to stir the tea with, and real china cups to drink it out of, and plates of the same, to hold the cakes and toast in. The only eye-sore in the whole place was another cousin of Maria Lobbs', and a brother of Kate, whom Maria Lobbs called "Henry," and who seemed to keep Maria Lobbs all to himself up in one corner of the table. It's a delightful thing to see affection in families, but it may be carried rather too far; and Nathaniel Pipkin could not help thinking that Maria Lobbs must be very particularly fond of her relations if she paid as much attention to all of them as to this individual cousin. After tea, too, when the wicked little cousin proposed a game at blind man's buff, it somehow or other happened that Nathaniel Pipkin was nearly always blind, and whenever he laid his hand upon the male cousin, he was sure to find that Maria Lobbs was not far off. And though the wicked little cousin and the other girls pinched him and pulled his hair, and pushed chairs in his way, and all sorts of things, Maria Lobbs never seemed to come near him at all; and once—once—Nathaniel Pipkin could have sworn he heard the sound of a kiss, followed by a faint remonstrance from Maria Lobbs, and a half-suppressed laugh from her female friends. All this was odd, very odd, and there is no saying what Nathaniel Pipkin might or might not have done in consequence, if his thoughts had not been suddenly directed into a new channel.

The circumstances which directed his thoughts into a new channel was a loud knocking at the street-door, and the person who made this loud knocking at the street-door was no other than old Lobbs himself, who had unexpectedly returned, and was hammering away like a coffin-maker: for he wanted his supper. The alarming intelligence was no sooner communicated by the bony apprentice with the thin legs, than the girls tripped upstairs to Maria Lobbs' bedroom, and the male cousin and Nathaniel Pipkin were thrust into a couple of closets in the sitting-room, for want of any better places of concealment; and when Maria Lobbs and the wicked little cousin had stowed them away, and put the room to rights, they opened the street-door to old

Lobbs, who had never left off knocking since he first began.

Now it did unfortunately happen that old Lobbs, being very hungry, was monstrous cross. Nathaniel Pipkin could hear him growling away like an old mastiff with a sore throat; and whenever the unfortunate apprentice with the thin legs came into the room, so surely did old Lobbs commence swearing at him in a most Saracenic and ferocious manner, though apparently with no other end or object than that of easing his bosom by the discharge of a few superfluous oaths. At length some supper, which had been warming up, was placed on the table, and then old Lobbs fell to in regular style; and having made clear work of it in no time, kissed his daughter, and demanded his pipe.

Nature had placed Nathaniel Pipkin's knees in very close juxtaposition, but when he heard old Lobbs demand his pipe, they knocked together as if they were going to reduce each other to powder; for, depending from a couple of hooks in the very closet in which he stood, was a large brown-stemmed silver-bowled pipe, which pipe he himself had seen in the mouth of old Lobbs, regularly every afternoon and evening, for the last five years. The two girls went down-stairs for the pipe, and up-stairs for the pipe, and everywhere but where they knew the pipe was, and old Lobbs stormed away meanwhile in the most wonderful manner. At last he thought of the closet, and walked up to it. It was of no use a little man like Nathaniel Pipkin pulling the door inwards, when a great strong fellow like old Lobbs was pulling it outwards. Old Lobbs gave it one tug, and open it flew, disclosing Nathaniel Pipkin standing bolt upright inside, and shaking with apprehension from head to foot. Bless us! what an appalling look old Lobbs gave him, as he dragged him out by the collar, and held him at arm's length.

"Why, what the devil do you want here?" said old Lobbs, in a fearful voice.

Nathaniel Pipkin could make no reply, so old Lobbs shook him backwards and forwards for two or three minutes, by way of arranging his ideas for him.

"What do you want here?" roared Lobbs; "I suppose *you* have come after my daughter, now?"

Old Lobbs merely said this as a sneer; for he did not believe that mortal presumption could have carried Nathaniel Pipkin so far. What was his indignation when that poor man replied—

"Yes, I did, Mr. Lobbs. I did come after your daughter. I love her, Mr. Lobbs."

"Why, you snivelling, wry-faced, puny villain!" gasped old Lobbs, paralyzed by the atrocious confession; "what do you mean by that? Say this to my face! Damme, I'll throttle you!"

It is by no means improbable that old Lobbs would have carried this threat into execution in the excess of his rage, if his arm had not been stayed by a very unexpected apparition, to wit, the male cousin, who, stepping out of his closet, and walking up to old Lobbs, said—

"I cannot allow this harmless person, sir, who has been asked here in some girlish frolic, to take upon himself, in a very noble manner, the fault (if fault it is) which I am guilty of, and am ready to avow. *I* love your daughter, sir; and *I* am here for the purpose of meeting her."

Old Lobbs opened his eyes very wide at this, but not wider than Nathaniel Pipkin.

"You did?" said Lobbs, at last finding breath to speak.

"I did."

"And I forbade you this house long ago."

"You did, or I should not have been here, clandestinely, to-night."

I am sorry to record it of old Lobbs, but I think he would have struck the cousin if his pretty daughter, with her bright eyes swimming in tears, had not clung to his arm.

"Don't stop him, Maria," said the young man; "if he has the will to strike me, let him. I would not hurt a hair of his gray head for the riches of the world."

The old man cast down his eyes at this reproof, and they met those of his daughter. I have hinted once or twice before that they were very bright eyes, and though they were tearful now, their influence was by no means lessened. Old Lobbs turned his head away as if to avoid being persuaded by them, when, as fortune would have it, he encountered the face of the wicked little cousin, who, half afraid for her brother, and half laughing at Nathaniel Pipkin, presented as bewitching an expression of countenance, with a touch of shyness in it too, as any man, old or young, need look upon. She drew her arm coaxingly through the old man's, and whispered something in his ear; and do what he would, old Lobbs couldn't help breaking out into a smile, while a tear stole down his cheek at the same time.

Five minutes after this the girls were brought down from the bedroom with a great deal of giggling and modesty; and while the young people were making themselves perfectly happy,

old Lobbs got down the pipe, and smoked it; and it was a remarkable circumstance about that particular pipe of tobacco, that it was the most soothing and delightful one he ever smoked.

Nathaniel Pipkin thought it best to keep his own counsel, and by so doing gradually rose into high favour with old Lobbs, who taught him to smoke in time; and they used to sit out in the garden on the fine evenings for many years afterwards, smoking and drinking in great state. He soon recovered the effects of his attachment, for we find his name in the parish register as a witness to the marriage of Maria Lobbs to her cousin; and it also appears, by reference to other documents, that on the night of the wedding he was incarcerated in the village cage for having, in a state of extreme intoxication, committed sundry excesses in the streets, in all of which he was aided and abetted by the bony apprentice with the thin legs.

THE CLOUD.

BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noon-day dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers
Lightning my pilot sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder—
It struggles and howls at fits.
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning-star shines dead:
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbed maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer.
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof—
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march,
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-coloured bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky:
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I raise and unbuild it again.

ON THE ART OF LIVING WITH OTHERS.

[Sir Arthur Helps, K.C.B., born about 1817; died in London, 7th March, 1875. Educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took the usual degrees. Passing through various secretaryships and other offices, he became clerk to the privy council in 1859. He was knighted in 1872 by her Majesty,—a very widely appreciated recognition of his genius and faithful service to the state. His works are: *Thoughts in the Cloister and the Crowd; Essays written in the Intervals of Business; King Henry II.*, an historical drama; *Catherine Douglas*, a tragedy; *The Claims of Labour. Friends in Council*, a Series of Readings and Discourses thereon. The friends are Milverton and Ellesmere, and their old tutor, Dunsford. Milverton wrote essays which he read to his friends, and the three discussed the various principles and topics suggested by each essay. We quote one of the essays. Besides the foregoing, Sir Arthur Helps wrote: *Companions of my Solitude; Conquerors of the New World and their Bondsmen; History of the Spanish Conquest of America; The Life of Pizarro; Casimir Maremma; Brevia*, or Short Essays and Aphorisms; *Conversations on War and General Culture; Life of Hernando Cortes, and the Conquest of Mexico; Thoughts upon Government*; &c. Ruskin says: "A true thinker who has practical purpose in his thinking, and is sincere, as Plato, or Carlyle, or Helps, becomes in some sort a seer, and must be always of infinite use to his generation."]

The *Iliad* for war; the *Odyssey* for wandering; but where is the great domestic epic? Yet it is but commonplace to say that passions may rage round a tea-table which would not have misbecome men dashing at one another in war-chariots; and evolutions of patience and temper are performed at the fireside worthy to be compared with the Retreat of the Ten Thousand. Men have worshipped some fantastic being for living alone in a wilderness; but social martyrdoms place no saints upon the calendar.

We may blind ourselves to it if we like, but the hatreds and disgusts that there are behind friendship, relationship, service, and, indeed, proximity of all kinds, is one of the darkest spots upon earth. The various relations of life which bring people together cannot, as we know, be perfectly fulfilled except in a state where there will, perhaps, be no occasion for any of them. It is no harm, however, to endeavour to see whether there are any methods which may make these relations in the least degree more harmonious now.

In the first place, if people are to live happily together, they must not fancy, because they are thrown together now, that all their lives have been exactly similar up to the present time, that they started exactly alike, and that they are to be for the future of the same mind. A thorough conviction of the difference of men is the great thing to be assured of in social knowledge: it is to life what Newton's law is to astronomy. Sometimes men have a knowledge of it with regard to the world in general; they do not expect the outer world to agree with them in all points, but are vexed at not being able to drive their own tastes and opinions into those they live with. Diversities distress them. They will not see that there are many forms of virtue and wisdom. Yet we might as well say, "Why all these stars; why this difference; why not all one star?"

Many of the rules for people living together in peace follow from the above. For instance, not to interfere unreasonably with others, not to ridicule their tastes, not to question and requestion their resolves, not to indulge in perpetual comment on their proceedings, and to delight in their having other pursuits than ours, are all based upon a thorough perception of the simple fact that they are not we.

Another rule for living happily with others is to avoid having stock subjects of disputation. It mostly happens, when people live much together, that they come to have certain set topics, around which, from frequent dispute, there is such a growth of angry words, mortified vanity, and the like, that the original subject of difference becomes a standing subject for quarrel; and there is a tendency in all minor disputes to drift down to it.

Again, if people wish to live well together, they must not hold too much to logic, and suppose that everything is to be settled by sufficient reason. Dr. Johnson saw this clearly with regard to married people when he said—"Wretched would be the pair above all names of wretchedness who should be doomed to adjust by reason every morning all the minute detail of a domestic day." But the application should be much more general than he made it. There is no time for such reasonings, and nothing that is worth them. And when we recollect how two lawyers or two politicians can go on contending, and that there is no end of one-sided reasoning on any subject, we shall not be sure that such contention is the best mode for arriving at truth. But certainly it is not the way to arrive at good temper.

If you would be loved as a companion, avoid unnecessary criticism upon those with whom you live. The number of people who have

taken out judges' patents for themselves is very large in any society. Now it would be hard for a man to live with another who was always criticizing his actions, even if it were kindly and just criticism. It would be like living between the glasses of a microscope. But these self-elected judges, like their prototypes, are very apt to have the persons they judge brought before them in the guise of culprits.

One of the most provoking forms of the criticism above alluded to, is that which may be called criticism over the shoulder. "Had I been consulted," "Had you listened to me," "But you always will," and such short scraps of sentences, may remind many of us of dissertations which we have suffered and inflicted, and of which we cannot call to mind any soothing effect.

Another rule is not to let familiarity swallow up all courtesy. Many of us have a habit of saying to those with whom we live such things as we say about strangers behind their backs. There is no place, however, where real politeness is of more value than where we mostly think it would be superfluous. You may say more truth, or rather speak out more plainly, to your associates, but not less courteously, than you do to strangers.

Again, we must not expect more from the society of our friends and companions than it can give, and especially must not expect contrary things. It is somewhat arrogant to talk of travelling over other minds (mind being, for what we know, infinite); but still we become familiar with the upper views, tastes, and tempers of our associates. And it is hardly in man to estimate justly what is familiar to him. In travelling along at night, as Hazlitt says, we catch a glimpse into cheerful-looking rooms with light blazing in them, and we conclude, involuntarily, how happy the inmates must be. Yet there is heaven and hell in those rooms—the same heaven and hell that we have known in others.

There are two great classes of promoters of social happiness—cheerful people, and people who have some reticence. The latter are more secure benefits to society even than the former. They are non-conductors of all the heats and animosities around them. To have peace in a house, or a family, or any social circle, the members of it must beware of passing on hasty and uncharitable speeches, which, the whole of the context seldom being told, is often not conveying, but creating mischief. They must be very good people to avoid doing this; for let human nature say what it will, it likes sometimes to look on at a quarrel; and that not altogether from ill-nature, but from a love of excitement—for the same reason that Charles II. liked to attend the debates in the Lords, because they were "as good as a play."

We come now to the consideration of temper, which might have been expected to be treated first. But to cut off the means and causes of bad temper is, perhaps, of as much importance as any direct dealing with the temper itself. Besides it is probable that in small social circles there is more suffering from unkindness than ill temper. Anger is a thing that those who live under us suffer more from than those who live with us. But all the forms of ill-humour and sour-sensitiveness, which especially belong to equal intimacy (though indeed they are common to all), are best to be met by impassiveness. When two sensitive persons are shut up together, they go on vexing each other with a reproductive irritability. But sensitive and hard people get on well together. The supply of temper is not altogether out of the usual laws of supply and demand.

Intimate friends and relations should be careful when they go out into the world together, or admit others to their own circle, that they do not make a bad use of the knowledge which they have gained of each other by their intimacy. Nothing is more common than this, and did it not mostly proceed from mere carelessness, it would be superlatively ungenerous. You seldom need wait for the written life of a man to hear about his weaknesses, or what are supposed to be such, if you know his intimate friends, or meet him in company with them.

Lastly: in conciliating those we live with, it is most surely done, not by consulting their interests, nor by giving way to their opinions, so much as by not offending their tastes. The most refined part of us lies in this region of taste, which is perhaps a result of our whole being rather than a part of our nature, and at any rate is the region of our most subtle sympathies and antipathies.

It may be said that if the great principles of Christianity were attended to, all such rules, suggestions, and observations as the above would be needless. True enough! Great principles are at the bottom of all things; but to apply them to daily life, many little rules, precautions, and insights are needed. Such things hold a middle place between real life and principles, as form does between matter and spirit, moulding the one and expressing the other.

KUBLA KHAN.

BY S. T. COLERIDGE.

In the summer of the year 1797 the author of the following fragment, then in ill health, had retired to a lonely farm house between Porlock and Linton, on the Exmoor confines of Somerset and Devonshire In consequence of a slight indisposition, an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effect of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment that he was reading the following sentence, or words of the same substance, in *Purchas' Pilgrimage:*—"Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto. And thus ten miles of fertile ground were inclosed with a wall." The author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines, if that indeed can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as *things* with a parallel production of the correspondent expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink, and paper, instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. At this moment he was unfortunately called out by a person on business from Porlock, and detained by him above an hour; and on his return to his room found, to his no small surprise and mortification, that though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision, yet with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away like the images on the surface of a stream into which a stone had been cast, but, alas! without the after restoration of the latter.

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossom'd many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced:
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reach'd the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she play'd,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long
I would build that dome in air—
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drank the milk of Paradise.

SUMMER.

BY THOMAS CAREW.

Now that the Winter's gone, the earth hath lost
Her snow-white robes; and now no more the frost
Candies the grass, or casts an icy cream
Upon the silver lake, or crystal stream:
But the warm sun thaws the benumbed earth,
And makes it tender; gives a second birth
To the dead swallow; wakes in hollow tree
The drowsy cuckoo and the humble bee.
Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring
In triumph to the world the youthful Spring.
The valleys, hills, and woods, in rich array,
Welcome the morning of the longed-for May.
Now all things smile! only my love doth lour;
Nor hath the scalding noonday sun the power
To melt the marble ice that still doth hold
Her heart congeal'd, and make her pity cold.
The ox, which lately did for shelter fly
Into the stall, doth now securely lie
In open fields; and love no more is made
By the fireside; but in the cooler shade
Amyntas now doth with his Chloris sleep
Under a sycamore; and all things keep
Time with the season. Only she doth carry
June in her eyes; in her heart, January!

THE WATER-GLASS; OR, A DAY-DREAM OF LIFE.

[Thomas Chandler Haliburton, D.C.L., born at Windsor, Nova Scotia, 1796; died at Isleworth, 27th August, 1865. Educated at King's College, London; and called to the bar in 1820. He was Judge of Common Pleas, and of the Supreme Court, N.S., and on his return to England he was elected M.P. for Launceston. His fame was acquired, and will survive, as the author of *The Clockmaker*, or Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville; *The Attaché*, or Sam Slick in England; *Wise Saws and Modern Instances*, by Sam Slick (from which we quote); *Letter Bag of the Great Western; Traits of American Humour; Nature and Human; The Old Judge*, or Life in a Colony; *Bubbles of Canada*; &c. These are all works of great power, the result of keen and extensive observation of life and manners in the colonies and at home (Hurst and Blackett, publishers). His more serious productions are: *An Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia; Letters to Lord Durham*, &c. "He deserves to be entered on our list of friends, containing the names of Tristram Shandy, the 'Shepherd' of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, and other rhapsodical discoursers on time and change, who, besides the delights of their discourse, possess also the charm of individuality."—*Athenæum.*]

As the men rowed us towards the *Nantasket*, the captin and I couldn't very well talk afore 'em on the subjects we wanted to speak of, so we held a sort of Quaker's meetin', and said nothin'. I pulled the peak of my cap over my eyes, for the sun dazzled me, and afore I knowed where I was, I was off into one of my day-dreams, that I sometimes indulge in. I was musin' on what a strange thing life is, what a curious feller man is, and what a phantom we pursue all the time, thinkin' it points the way to happiness, instead of enticin' us into swamps, quagmires, and lagoons. Like most day-dreams it warn't very coherent, for one thought leads to another, and that has an affinity to something else; and so at last the thread of it, if it don't get tangled, ain't very straight, that's a fact. I shall put it down as if I was a talkin' to you about everythin' in general, and nothin' in particular.

Sais I to myself, the world has many nations on the face of it, I reckon, but there ain't but four classes among them: fools and knaves, saints and sinners. Fools and sinners form the bulk of mankind; rogues are numerous everywhere, while saints—real salts—are few in number, fewer, if you could look into their hearts, than folks think. I was once in Prospect Harbour, near Halifax, shortly arter a Boston packet had been wracked there. All that could float had been picked up or washed away; but the heavy things sank to the bottom, and these, in a general way, were valuable. I saw a man in a boat with a great long tube in his hands, which he put down into the sea every now and then, and looked through, and then moved on and took another observation.

It was near about dinner-time, so I thought I'd just wait, as I had nothin' above particular to do, and see what this thing was; so when the man came on shore, "Mornin' to you," sais I. "That was an awful wreck that, warn't it?" and I looked as dismal as if I had lost somethin' there myself. But there was nothin' very awful about it, for everybody was saved; and if there was some bales and boxes lost, why, in a general way, it's good for trade. But I said awful wrack, for I've obsarved you have to cant a little with the world, if you want even common civil usage.

In fact, in calamities I never new but one man speak the truth. He lived near a large range of barracks that was burnt, together with all the houses around him, but he escaped; and his house was insured. Well, he mourned dreadful over his standing house, more than others did over their fallen ones. He said, "He was ruinated; he lived by the barrack expenditure, and the soldiers were removed, and the barracks were never to be rebuilt; and as he was insured, he'd a-been a happy man if his house had been burnt, and he had recovered the amount of his loss."

Now that man I always respected; he was an honest man. Other folks would have pretended to be thankful for so narrow an escape, but thought in their hearts just as he did, only they wouldn't be manly enough to say so. But to get back to my story.

"Awful wrack that!" said I, dolefully.

"Well, it was considerable, but it might have been wuss," said he, quite composed.

Ah! sais I to myself, I see how it is, you hain't lost anything, that's clear, but you are lookin' for somethin'.

"Sarching for gold?" said I, laughin', and goin' on t'other tack. "Every vessel, they say, is loaded with gold now-a-days."

"Well," sais he smiling, "I ain't sarching for gold, for it ain't so plenty on this coast; but I am sarching for zinc: there are several rolls of it there."

"What was that curious tube," sais I, "if I might be so bold as to ax?"

"Sartain," sais he, "it's a water-glass. The bottom of that tube has a large plate of glass in it. When you insert the tube into the sea, and look down into it, you can perceive the bottom much plainer than you can with a naked eye."

"Good!" sais I; "now that's a wrinkle on my horn. I daresay a water-glass is a common thing, but I never heard of it afore. Might it be your invention, for it is an excellent one?"

He looked up suspicious like.

"Never heard of a water-glass?" he said, slowly. "May I ask what your name mought be?"

"Sartainly," sais I, "friend; you answered me my question civilly, and I will answer yours. I'm Sam Slick," sais I, "at least what's left of me."

"Sam Slick, the Clockmaker?" sais he.

"The same," said I. "And never heard of a water-glass?"

"Never!" "Mr. Slick," said he, "I'm not so simple as you take me to be. You can't come over me that way, but you are welcome to that rise, anyhow. I wish you good mornin'."

Now that's human natur' all over. *A man is never astonished or ashamed that he don't know what another does; but he is surprised at the gross ignorance of the other in not knowin' what he does.* But to return. If instead of the water-glass (which I vow to man I never heard of before that day), if we had a breast-glass to look into the heart, and read what is wrote, and see what is passin' there, a great part of the saints—them that don't know music or paintin' and call it a waste of precious time, and can't dance and call it wicked, and won't go to parties, because they are so stupid no one will talk to them, and call it sinful—a great lot of the saints would pass over to the sinners. Well, the sinners must be added to the fools, and it swells their numbers up considerable, for a feller must be a fool to be a sinner at all, seein' that the way of the transgressers is hard.

Of the little band of rael salts of saints, a considerable some must be added to the fools' ranks too, for it ain't every pious man that's wise, though he may have sense enough to be good. After this deduction, the census of them that's left will show a small table, that's a fact. When the devoted city was to be destroyed, Abraham begged it off for fifty righteous men. And then for forty-five, and finally for ten; but arter all, only Lot, his wife, and two daughters was saved, and that was more from marcy than their desarts, for they warn't no great shakes arter all. Yes, the breast-glass would work wonders, but I don't think it would be overly safe for a man to invent it; he'd find himself, I reckon, some odd night a plaguey sight nearer the top of a lamp-post, and further from the ground than was agreeable; and wouldn't the hypocrites pretend to lament him, and say he was a dreadful loss to mankind? That being the state of the case, the great bulk of humans may be classed as fools and knaves. The last are the thrashers and sword-fishes, and grampuses and sharks of the sea of life; and the other the great shoal of common fish of different sorts, that seem made a-purpose to feed these hungry onmarciful critters that take 'em in by the dozen at one swoop, and open their mouths wide, and dart on for another meal.

Them's the boys that don't know what dyspepsy is. Considerable knowin' in the way of eatin', too, takin' an appetizer of sardines in the mornin' afore breakfastin' on macarel, and havin' lobster sauce with their cod-fish to dinner, and a barrel of anchovies to digest a little light supper of a boat-load of haddock, halibut, and flat-fish. Yes, yes! the bulk of mankind is knaves and fools; religious knaves, political knaves, legal knaves, quack knaves, trading knaves, and sarvent knaves; knaves of all kinds and degrees, from officers with gold epaulettes on their shoulders, who sometimes condescend to *relieve* (as they call it) a fool of his money at cards, down to thimble-rigging at a fair.

The whole continent of America, from one end of it to the other, is overrun with political knaves and quack knaves. They are the greatest pests we have. One undertakes to improve the constitution of the country, and the other the constitution of the body, and their everlastin' tinkerin' injures both. How in natur' folks can be so taken in, I don't know. Of all knaves, I consider them two the most dangerous, for both deal in pysinous deadly medicines. One pysons people's minds, and the other their bodies. One unsettles their heads, and the other their stomachs, and I do believe in my heart and soul that's the cause we Yankees look so thin, hollow in the cheeks, narrow in the chest, and gander-waisted. We boast of being the happiest people in the world. The President tells the Congress that lockrum every year, and every year the Congress sais, "Tho' there ain't much truth in you, old slippiry-go-easy, at no time, *that's* no lie, at any rate." Every young lady sais, "I guess that's a fact." And every boy that's coaxed a little hair to grow on his upper lip, puts his arm round his gall's waist, and sais, "That's as true as rates, we are happy, and if you would only name the day, we shall be still happier." Well, this is all fine talk; but what is bein' a happy people? Let's see, for hang me if I think we are a happy people.

When I was a boy to night-school with my poor dear old friend, the minister, and arterwards in life as his companion, he was for everlastingly correctin' me about words that I used wrong, so one day, having been down to the sale of the effects of the great Revolutionary General, Zaddoc Seth, of Holmes' Hole, what does he do but buy a Johnson's Dictionary for me in two volumes, each as big as a clock, and a little grain heavier than my wooden ones. "Now," sais he, "do look out words, Sam, so as to know what you are a-talking about."

One day, I recollect it as well as if it was yesterday—and if I loved a man on earth, it was that man—I told him if I could only go to the Thanksgiving Ball, I should be quite happy.

"Happy!" said he, "what's that?"

"Why happy," sais I, "is—bein' happy, to be sure.

"Why that's of course," sais he, "a dollar is a dollar, but that don't inform me what a dollar represents. I told you you used words half the time you didn't understand the meanin' of."

"But I do," sais I; "happy means being so glad, your heart is ready to jump out of its jacket for joy."

"Yes—yes," sais he; "and I suppose if it never jumped back again, you would be unhappy for all the rest of your life. I see you have a very clear conception of what 'happy' means. Now look it out; let us see what the great and good Dr. Johnson says."

"He sais it is a state where the desires are satisfied—lucky—ready."

"Now," said he, "at most, as it applies to you, if you get leave to go to the ball, and you may go, for I approbate all innocent amusements for young people, you would be only lucky: and in a state where *one* desire is satisfied. It appears to me," said he,—and he put one leg over the other, and laid his head a little back, as if he was a-goin' to lay down the law,—"that that eminent man has omitted another sense in which that word is properly used, namely, a state of joyfulness—light-heartedness—merriment, but we won't stop to inquire into that. It is a great presumption for the likes of me to attempt to criticize Dr. Johnson."

Poor dear old soul, he was a wiser and a modester man than ever the old doctor was. Fact is, old dictionary was very fond of playin' first fiddle wherever he was. *Thunderin' long words ain't wisdom, and stoppin' a critter's mouth is more apt to improve his wind than his onderstandin'.*

"You may go to the ball," said he; "and I hope you may be happy in the last sense I have given it."

"Thank you, sir," said I, and off I cuts hot foot, when he called me back; I had a great mind to pretend not to hear him, for I was afraid he was a-goin' to renig—.

"Sam," said he, and he held out his hand and took mine, and looked very seriously at me; "Sam, my son," said he, "now that I have granted you permission to go, there is one thing I want you to promise me. I think myself you will do it without any promise, but I should like to have your word."

"I will observe any direction you may give me, sir," said I.

"Sam," said he, and his face grew so long and blank, I hardly knew what was a-comin' next,—"Sam," said he, "don't let your heart jump out of its jacket;" and he laid back in his chair, and laughed like anythin', in fact I could not help laughin' myself to find it all eend in a joke.

Presently he let go my hand, took both hisn, and wiped his eyes, for tears of fun were in 'em.

"Minister," sais I, "will you let me just say a word?"

"Yes," sais he.

"Well, according to Dr. Johnson's third sense, that was a happy thought, for it was '*ready.*'"

"Well, I won't say it warn't" said he; "and, Sam, in that sense you are likely to be a happy man all your life, for you are always 'ready;' take care you ain't too sharp."

But to get back, for I go round about sometimes. Tho' Daniel Webster said I was like a good sportin'-dog, if I did beat round the bush, I always put up the birds. What is a happy people? If havin' enough to eat and drink, with rather a short, just a little mite and morsel too short an allowance of time to swaller it, is bein' happy, then we are so beyond all doubt. If livin' in a free country like Maine, where you are compelled to drink stagnant swamp-water, but can eat opium like a Chinese, if you choose, is bein' happy, then we are a happy people.

Just walk thro' the happy streets of our happy villages, and look at the men—all busy—in a hurry, thoughtful, anxious, full of business, toilin' from day-dawn to night—look at the women, the dear critters, a little, just a little careworn, time-worn, climate-worn, pretty as angels, but not quite so merry. Follow them in the evening, and see where them crowds are going to; why to hear abolition lectures, while their

own free niggers are starvin', and are taught that stealin' is easier than workin'. What the plague have they to do with the affairs of the south? Or to hold communion with evil spirits by means of biology, for the deuce a thing else is that or mesmeric tricks either? Or going to hear a feller rave at a protracted meetin' for the twelfth night, to convince them how happy they ought to be, as more than half of them, at least, are to be damned to a dead sartainty? Or hear a mannish, raw-boned-looking old maid, lecture on the rights of woman; and call on them to emancipate themselves from the bondage imposed on them, of wearing petticoats below their knees? If women are equal to men, why shouldn't their dress be equal? What right has a feller to wear a kilt only as far as his knee, and compel his slave of a wife to wear hern down to her ankle? Draw your scissors, galls, in this *high* cause; cut, rip, and tear away, and make *short* work of it. Rend your garments, and Heaven will bless them that's '*In-kneed.*' Well, if this is bein' happy, we are a happy people.

Folks must be more cheerful and light-hearted than we be to be happy. They must laugh more. Oh! I like to hear a good jolly laugh, a regelar nigger larf—yagh! yagh! yagh! My brother, the doctor, who has an immense practice among the ladies, told me a very odd story about this.

Sais he, "Sam, cheerfulness is health, and health is happiness, as near as two things, not exactly identical, can be alike. I'll tell you the secret of my practice among the ladies. Cheerfulness appears to be the proper remedy, and it is in most cases. I extort a promise of inviolable secrecy from the patient, and secure the door, for I don't want my prescription to be known; then I bid her take off her shoes, and lie down on the sofa, and then I tickle her feet to make her laugh (for some folks are so stupid, all the good stories in the world wouldn't make them laugh), a good, joyous laugh, not too long, for that is exhaustin', and this repeated two or three times a day, with proper regimen, effects the cure."

Yes, cheerfulness is health, the opposite, melancholy, is disease. I defy any people to be happy, when they hear nothin' from mornin' till night, when business is over, but politics and pills, representatives and lotions.

When I was at Goshen the other day, I asked Dr. Carrot how many doctors there were in the town.

"One and three-quarters," said he, very gravely.

Well, knowing how doctors quarrel, and undervalue each other in small places, I could hardly help laughing at the decidedly disparaging way he spoke of Dr. Parsnip, his rival, especially as there was something rather new in it.

"Three-quarters of a medical man!" sais I, "I suppose you mean your friend has not a regular-built education, and don't deserve the name of a doctor."

"Oh no! sir," said he, "I would not speak of any practitioner, however ignorant, in that way. What I mean is just this: Goshen would maintain two doctors; but quack medicines, which are sold at all the shops, take about three-quarters of the support that would otherwise be contributed to another medical man."

Good, sais I to myself. A doctor and three-quarters! Come, I won't forget that, and here it is.

Happy! If Dr. Johnson is right, then I am right. He says happiness means a state where all our desires are satisfied. Well now, none of our desires are satisfied. We are told the affairs of the nation are badly managed, and I believe they be; politicians have mainly done that. We are told our insides are wrong, and I believe they be; quack doctors and their medicines have mainly done that. Happy! How the plague can we be happy, with our heads unsettled by politics, and our stomachs by medicines. It can't be; it ain't in natur', it's onpossible. If I was wrong, as a boy, in my ideas of happiness, men are only full-grown boys, and are just as wrong as I was.

I ask again, What is happiness? It ain't bein' idle, that's a fact—no idle man or woman ever was happy, since the world began. Eve was idle, and that's the way she got tempted, poor critter; employment gives both appetite and digestion. *Duty makes pleasure doubly sweet by contrast.* When the harness is off, if the work ain't too hard, a critter likes to kick up his heels. *When pleasure is the business of life it ceases to be pleasure; and when it's all labour and no play, work, like an onstuffed saddle, cuts into the very bone. Neither labour nor idleness has a road that leads to happiness, one has no room for the heart and the other corrupts it.* Hard work is the best of the two, for that has, at all events, sound sleep—the other has restless pillows and onrefreshin' slumbers—one is a misfortune, the other is a curse; and money ain't happiness, that's as clear as mud.

There was a feller to Slickville once called Dotey Conky, and he sartainly did look dotey like lumber that ain't squared down enough to cut the sap off. He was always a-wishing. I used to call him Wishey Washey

Dotey. "Sam," he used to say, "I wish I was rich."

"So do I," I used to say.

"If I had fifty thousand dollars," he said, "I wouldn't call the President my cousin."

"Well," sais I, "I can do that now, poor as I be; he is no cousin of mine, and if he was he'd be no credit, for he is no great shakes. Gentlemen now don't set up for that office; they can't live on it."

"Oh, I don't mean that," he said, "but fifty thousand dollars, Sam, only think of that; ain't it a great sum, that; it's all I should ask in this world of providence; if I had that, I should be the happiest man that ever was."

"Dotey," sais I, "would it cure you of the colic? you know how you suffer from that."

"Phoo," sais he.

"Well, what would you do with it?" sais I.

"I would go and travel," sais he, "and get into society and see the world."

"Would it educate you, Dotey; at your age give you French and German, Latin and Greek, and so on."

"Hire it, Sam," sais he, touching his nose with his fore-finger.

"And manners," sais I, "could you hire that? I will tell you what it would do for you. You could get drunk every night if you liked, surround yourself with spongers, horse jockies, and foreign counts, and go to the devil by railroad instead of a one-horse shay."

Well, as luck would have it, he drew a prize in the lottery at New Orleens of just that sum, and in nine months he was cleaned out, and sent to the asylum. It tain't cash, then, that gains it; that's as plain as preaching. What is it then that confers it?

"A rope," said Blowhard, as we reached the side of the *Nantasket*, "in with your oars, my men. Now, Mr. Slick, let's take a dose of *Sarsaparilly Pills*."

STANZAS

WRITTEN IN DEJECTION, NEAR NAPLES.

BY P. B. SHELLEY.

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
  The waves are dancing fast and bright;
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
  The purple noon's transparent might;
  The breath of the moist earth is light
Around its unexpanded buds;
  Like many a voice of one delight,
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
The city's voice itself, is soft like Solitude's.

I see the deep's untrampled floor
  With green and purple sea-weeds strewn;
I see the waves upon the shore,
  Like light dissolved, in star-showers thrown.
  I sit upon the sands alone.
The lightning of the noontide ocean
  Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion,—
How sweet, did any heart now share in my emotion!

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
  Nor peace within nor calm around;
Nor that content, surpassing wealth,
  The sage in meditation found,
  And walk'd with inward glory crown'd;
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
  Others I see whom these surround—
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;—
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
  Ev'n as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
  And weep away the life of care
  Which I have borne and yet must bear,—
Till death like sleep might steal on me,
  And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I were cold,
  As I, when this sweet day is gone,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
  Insults with this untimely moan.
  They might lament,—for I am one
Whom men love not, and yet regret;
  Unlike this day, which, when the sun
Shall on its stainless glory set,
Will linger, though enjoy'd, like joy in memory yet.

THE ONLY SAFE PILOT.

Man is a torch borne in the wind; a dream
But of a shadow, summ'd with all his substance;
And as great seamen, using all their wealth
And skills in Neptune's deep invisible paths,
In tall ships richly built and ribb'd with brass,
To put a girdle round about the world;
When they have done it (coming near their haven),
Are fain to give a warning-piece, and call
A poor stayed fisherman, that never pass'd
His country's sight, to waft and guide them in:
So, when we wander farthest through the waves
Of glassy glory, and the gulfs of state,
Topp'd with all titles, spreading all our reaches,
As if each private arm would sphere the earth,
We must to Virtue for her guide resort,
Or we shall shipwreck in our safest port.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

THE TIGER'S CAVE.

AN ADVENTURE AMONG THE QUITO MOUNTAINS.

On leaving the Indian village, we continued to wind round Chimborasso's wide base; but its snow-crowned head no longer shone above us in clear brilliancy, for a dense fog was gathering gradually around it. Our guides looked anxiously towards it, and announced their apprehensions of a violent storm. We soon found that their fears were well-founded. The fog rapidly covered and obscured the whole of the mountain; the atmosphere was suffocating, and yet so humid that the steel work of our watches was covered with rust, and the watches stopped. The river beside which we were travelling rushed down with still greater impetuosity; and from the clefts of the rocks which lay on the left of our path, were suddenly precipitated small rivulets, that bore the roots of trees, and innumerable serpents along with them. These rivulets often came down so suddenly and violently that we had great difficulty in preserving our footing. The thunder at length began to roll, and resounded through the mountainous passes with the most terrific grandeur. Then came the vivid lightning,—flash following flash—above, around, beneath,—everywhere a sea of fire. We sought a momentary shelter in a cleft of the rocks, whilst one of our guides hastened forward to seek a more secure asylum. In a short time he returned, and informed us that he had discovered a spacious cavern, which would afford us sufficient protection from the elements. We proceeded thither immediately, and with great difficulty at last got into it.

The noise and raging of the storm continued with so much violence, that we could not hear the sound of our own voices. I had placed myself near the entrance of the cave, and could observe, through the opening, which was straight and narrow, the singular scene without. The highest cedar trees were struck down, or bent like reeds; monkeys and parrots lay strewed upon the ground, killed by the falling branches; the water had collected in the path we had just passed, and hurried along it like a mountain stream. From everything I saw I thought it extremely probable that we should be obliged to pass some days in this cavern. When the storm, however, had somewhat abated, our guides ventured out in order to ascertain if it were possible to continue our journey. The cave in which we had taken refuge was so extemely dark, that if we moved a few paces from the entrance, we could not see an inch before us; and we were debating as to the propriety of leaving it even before the Indians came back, when we suddenly heard a singular groaning or growling in the further end of the cavern, which instantly fixed all our attention. Wharton and myself listened anxiously, but our daring and inconsiderate young friend Lincoln, together with my huntsman, crept about upon their hands and knees, and endeavoured to discover, by groping, from whence the sound proceeded. They had not advanced far into the cavern before we heard them utter an exclamation of surprise; and they returned to us, each carrying in his arms an animal singularly marked, and about the size of a cat, seemingly of great strength and power, and furnished with immense fangs. The eyes were of a green colour; strong claws were upon their feet; and a blood-red tongue hung out of their mouths. Wharton had scarcely glanced at them when he exclaimed in consternation, "Good God! we have come into the den of a ——." He was interrupted by a fearful cry of dismay from our guides, who came rushing precipitately towards us, calling out, "A tiger! a tiger!" and at the same time, with extraordinary rapidity, they climbed up a cedar tree which stood at the entrance of the cave, and hid themselves among the branches.

After the first sensation of horror and surprise, which rendered me motionless for a moment, had subsided, I grasped my fire-arms. Wharton had already regained his composure and self-possession; and he called to us to assist him instantly in blocking up the mouth of the cave with an immense stone which fortunately lay near it. The sense of approaching danger augmented our strength; for we now distinctly heard the growl of the ferocious animal, and we were lost beyond redemption if it reached the entrance before we could get it closed. Ere this was done, we could distinctly see the tiger bounding towards the spot, and stooping in order to creep into his den by the narrow opening. At this fearful moment, our exertions were successful, and the great stone kept the wild beast at bay. There was a small open space, however, left between the top of the entrance and the stone, through which we could see the head of the animal, illuminated by its glowing eyes, which it rolled, glaring with fury upon us. Its frightful roaring too, penetrated to the depths of the cavern, and was answered by the hoarse growling of the cubs, which Lincoln and Frank had now tossed from them. Our ferocious enemy attempted first to

remove the stone with his powerful claws, and then to push it with his head from its place; and these efforts, proving abortive, served only to increase his wrath. He uttered a tremendous, heart-piercing howl, and his flaming eyes darted light into the darkness of our retreat.

"Now is the time to fire at him," said Wharton, with his usual calmness; "aim at his eyes; the ball will go through his brain, and we shall then have a chance to get rid of him."

Frank seized his double-barrelled gun, and Lincoln his pistols. The former placed the muzzle within a few inches of the tiger, and Lincoln did the same. At Wharton's command, they both drew their triggers at the same moment; but no shot followed. The tiger, who seemed aware that the flash indicated an attack upon him, sprang growling from the entrance; but feeling himself unhurt, immediately turned back again, and stationed himself in his former place. The powder in both pieces was wet; they therefore proceeded to draw the useless loading, whilst Wharton and myself hastened to seek our powder flask. It was so extremely dark, that we were obliged to grope about the cave; and at last, coming in contact with the cubs, we heard a rustling noise, as if they were playing with some metal substance, which we soon discovered was the canister we were looking for. Most unfortunately, however, the animals had pushed off the lid with their claws, and the powder had been strewed over the damp earth, and rendered entirely useless. This horrible discovery excited the greatest consternation.

"All is now over," said Wharton; "we have only now to choose whether we shall die of hunger, together with these animals who are shut up along with us, or open the entrance to the blood-thirsty monster without —and so make a quicker end of the matter."

So saying, he placed himself close beside the stone which for the moment defended us, and looked undauntedly upon the lightning eyes of the tiger. Lincoln raved and swore; and Frank took a piece of strong cord from his pocket, and hastened to the farther end of the cave— I knew not with what design. We soon, however, heard a low, stifled groaning; and the tiger, who had heard it also, became more restless and disturbed than ever. He went backwards and forwards before the entrance of the cave in the most wild and impetuous manner—then stood still, and, stretching out his neck in the direction of the forest, broke forth into a deafening howl. Our two Indian guides took advantage of this opportunity to discharge several arrows from the tree. He was struck more than once; but the light weapons bounded back harmless from his thick skin. At length, however, one of them struck him near the eye, and the arrow remained sticking in the wound. He now broke anew into the wildest fury, sprang at the tree, and tore it with his claws, as if he would have dragged it to the ground. But having at length succeeded in getting rid of the arrow, he became more calm, and laid himself down as before in front of the cave.

Frank now returned from the lower end of the den, and a glance showed us what he had been doing. In each hand, and dangling from the end of a string, were the two cubs. He had strangled them; and before we were aware what he intended, he threw them through the opening to the tiger. No sooner did the animal perceive them than he gazed earnestly upon them, and began to examine them closely, turning them cautiously from side to side. As soon as he became aware that they were dead, he uttered so piercing a howl of sorrow, that we were obliged to put our hands to our ears. When I upbraided my huntsman for the cruel action he had so rashly committed, I perceived by his blunt and abrupt answers, that he also had lost all hope of rescue from our impending fate, and that under these circumstances the ties between master and servant were dissolved. For my own part, without knowing why, I could not help believing that some unexpected assistance would yet rescue us from so horrible a fate. Alas! I little anticipated the sacrifice that my rescue was to cost.

The thunder had now ceased, and the storm had sunk to a gentle gale; the songs of birds were again heard in the neighbouring forest, and the sunbeams sparkled in the drops that hung from the leaves. We saw through the aperture how all nature was reviving after the wild war of elements which had so recently taken place; but the contrast only made our situation the more horrible. We were in a grave from which there was no deliverance; and a monster, worse than the fabled Cerberus, kept watch over us. The tiger had laid himself down beside his whelps. He was a beautiful animal, of great size and strength, and his limbs being stretched out at at their full length, displayed his immense power of muscle. A double row of great teeth stood far enough apart to show his large red tongue, from which the white foam fell in large drops. All at once another roar was heard at a distance, and the tiger immediately rose and answered it with a mournful howl. At the same instant, our Indians uttered a shriek, which announced

that some new danger threatened us. A few moments confirmed our worst fears, for another tiger, not quite so large as the former, came rapidly towards the spot where we were.

"This enemy will prove more cruel than the other," said Wharton; "for this is the female, and she knows no pity for those who deprive her of her young."

The howls which the tigress gave, when she had examined the bodies of her cubs, surpassed everything of horrible that we had yet heard; and the tiger mingled his mournful cries with hers. Suddenly her roaring was lowered to a hoarse growling, and we saw her anxiously stretch out her head, extend her wide and smoking nostrils, and look as if she were determined to discover immediately the murderers of her young. Her eyes quickly fell upon us, and she made a spring forward with the intention of penetrating to our place of refuge. Perhaps she might have been enabled, by her immense strength, to push away the stone, had we not, with all our united power, held it against her. When she found that all her efforts were fruitless, she approached the tiger, who lay stretched out beside his cubs, and he rose and joined in her hollow roarings. They stood together for a few moments, as if in consultation, and then suddenly went off at a rapid pace, and disappeared from our sight. Their howling died away in the distance, and then entirely ceased. We now began to entertain better hopes of our condition; but Wharton shook his head—"Do not flatter yourselves," said he, "with the belief that these animals will let us escape out of their sight till they have had their revenge. The hours we have to live are numbered."

Nevertheless, there still appeared a chance of our rescue, for, to our surprise, we saw both our Indians standing before the entrance, and heard them call to us to seize the only possibility of our yet saving ourselves by instant flight, for that the tigers had only gone round the height to seek another inlet to the cave, with which they were no doubt acquainted. In the greatest haste the stone was pushed aside, and we stept forth from what we had considered a living grave. Wharton was the last who left it; he was unwilling to lose his double-barrelled gun, and stopped to take it up; the rest of us thought only of making our escape. We now heard once more the roaring of the tigers, though at a distance; and, following the example of our guides, we precipitately struck into a side path. From the number of roots and branches of trees with which the storm had strewed our way, and the slipperiness of the road, our flight was slow and difficult. Wharton, though an active seaman, had a heavy step, and had great difficulty in keeping pace with us, and we were often obliged to slacken our own on his account.

We had proceeded thus for about a quarter of an hour, when we found that our way led along the edge of a rocky cliff with innumerable fissures. We had just entered upon it, when suddenly the Indians, who were before us, uttered one of their piercing shrieks, and we immediately became aware that the tigers were in pursuit of us. Urged by despair, we rushed towards one of the breaks, or gulfs, in our way, over which was thrown a bridge of reeds, that sprang up and down at every step, and could be trod with safety by the light foot of the Indians alone. Deep in the hollow below rushed an impetuous stream, and a thousand pointed and jagged rocks threatened destruction on every side. Lincoln, my huntsman, and myself passed over the chasm in safety; but Wharton was still in the middle of the waving bridge, and endeavouring to steady himself, when both the tigers were seen to issue from the adjoining forest; and the moment they descried us, they bounded towards us with dreadful roarings. Meanwhile, Wharton had nearly gained the safe side of the gulf, and we were all clambering up the rocky cliff except Lincoln, who remained at the reedy bridge to assist his friend to step upon firm ground. Wharton, though the ferocious animals were close upon him, never lost his courage or presence of mind. As soon as he had gained the edge of the cliff, he knelt down, and with his sword divided the fastenings by which the bridge was attached to the rock. He expected that an effectual barrier would thus be put to the further progress of our pursuers; but he was mistaken, for he had scarcely accomplished his task, when the tigress, without a moment's pause, rushed towards the chasm, and attempted to bound over it. It was a fearful sight to see the mighty animal suspended for a moment in the air, above the abyss; but the scene passed like a flash of lightning. Her strength was not equal to the distance: she fell into the gulf, and before she reached the bottom, she was torn into a thousand pieces by the jagged points of the rocks. Her fate did not in the least dismay her companion; he followed her with an immense spring, and reached the opposite side, but only with his foreclaws; and thus he clung to the edge of the precipice, endeavouring to gain a footing. The Indians again uttered a wild shriek, as if all hope had been lost. But Wharton, who was nearest the

edge of the rock, advanced courageously towards the tiger, and struck his sword into the animal's breast. Enraged beyond all measure, the wild beast collected all his strength, and with a violent effort, fixing one of his hind legs upon the edge of the cliff, he seized Wharton by the thigh. That heroic man still preserved his fortitude; he grasped the trunk of a tree with his left hand, to steady and support himself, while with his right he wrenched, and violently turned the sword that was still in the breast of the tiger. All this was the work of an instant. The Indians, Frank, and myself hastened to his assistance; but Lincoln, who was already at his side, had seized Wharton's gun, which lay near upon the ground, and struck so powerful a blow with the butt end upon the head of the tiger, that the animal, stunned and overpowered, let go his hold, and fell back into the abyss. All would have been well had it ended thus; but the unfortunate Lincoln had not calculated upon the force of his blow; he staggered forward, reeled upon the edge of the precipice, extended his hand to seize upon anything to save himself—but in vain. His foot slipped; for an instant he hovered over the gulf, and then was plunged into it, to rise no more!

We gave vent to a shriek of horror, and then for a few minutes there was a dead and awful silence. When we were able to revert to our own condition, I found Wharton fainting upon the brink of the precipice. We examined his wound, and found that he was torn in a dreadful manner, and the blood flowed incessantly from the wide and deep gash. The Indians collected some plants and herbs, the application of which stopped the bleeding; and we then bound up the mangled limb, while poor Wharton lay perfectly insensible. His breathing was thick and heavy, and his pulse beat feverishly. It was now evening, and we were obliged to resolve upon passing the night under the shelter of some cleft in the rocks. The Indians lighted a fire to keep the wild beasts from our couch; and, having gathered some fruit, I partook of a meal that was the most sorrowful of my life. No sleep visited my eyes that night. I sat at Wharton's bed, and listened to his deep breathing. It became always more and more hard and deep, and his hand grasped violently, as if in convulsive movements. His consciousness had not returned, and in this situation he passed the whole night. In the morning the Indians thought it would be best to bear our wounded friend back to the village we had left the previous day. They plaited some strong branches together, and formed a bridge to repass the gulf. It was a mournful procession. On the way Wharton suddenly opened his eyes, but instantly closed them again, and lay as immovable as before. Towards evening we drew near our destination, and our Indian friends, when they saw our situation, expressed the deepest sympathy; but the whole tribe assembled round us, and uttered piercing cries of grief, when they learned poor Lincoln's unhappy fate. Yanna, the fair maiden whose heart he had won, burst into tears; and her brothers hastened away, accompanied by some other Indians, in search of the body. I remained with my wounded friend; he still lay apparently insensible to everything that passed around him. Towards morning sleep overpowered me. A song of lamentation and mourning aroused me. It was the Indians returning with Lincoln's body. Yanna was at the head of the procession. I hastened to meet them, but was glad to turn back again, when my eyes fell upon the torn and lifeless body of our young companion. The Indians had laid him upon the tiger's skins, which they had strewed with green boughs; and they now bore him to the burial-place of their tribe. Yanna sacrificed on his tomb the most beautiful ornament she possessed—her long black hair—an offering upon the grave of him who had first awakened the feelings of tenderness in her innocent bosom.

On the third day, as I sat at Wharton's bed, he suddenly moved; he raised his head, and opening his eyes, gazed fixedly upon a corner of the room. His countenance changed in a most extraordinary manner; it was deadly pale, and seemed to be turning to marble. I saw that the hand of death was upon him. "All is over," he gasped out, while his looks continued fixed upon the same spot. "There it stands!" and on saying these words, he fell back and died.—*From the Danish.*

LAST WORDS.

Gane were but the winter cauld,
And gane were but the snaw,
I could sleep in the wild woods,
Where primroses blaw.
Cauld's the snaw at my head,
And cauld at my feet,
And the finger o' death's at my een
Closing them to sleep.
Let nane tell my father,
Or my mither sae dear:
I'll meet them baith in Heaven,
At the spring o' the year.

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

LIFE.

BY PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

Festus. This life's a mystery.
The value of a thought cannot be told;
But it is clearly worth a thousand lives
Like many men's. And yet men love to live,
As if mere life were worth their living for.
What but perdition will it be to most?
Life's more than breath and the quick round of blood:
'T is a great spirit and a busy heart.
The coward and the small in soul scarce do live.
One generous feeling—one great thought—one deed
Of good, ere night, would make life longer seem
Than if each year might number a thousand days,—
Spent as is this by nations of mankind.
We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best.
Life's but a means unto an end—that end
Beginning, mean and end to all things—God.
The dead have all the glory of the world.
Why will we live and not be glorious?
We never can be deathless till we die.
It is the dead win battles. And the breath
Of those who through the world drive like a wedge,
Tearing earth's empires up, nears death so close
It dims his well worn scythe. But no! the brave
Die never. Being deathless, they but change
Their country's arms for more—their country's heart.
Give then the dead their due: it is they who saved us.
The rapid and the deep—the fall, the gulf,
Have likenesses in feeling and in life.
And life, so varied, hath more loveliness
In one day than a creeping century
Of sameness. But youth loves and lives on change
Till the soul sighs for sameness; which at last
Becomes variety, and takes its place.
Yet some will last to die out, thought by thought,
And power by power, and limb of mind by limb,
Like lamps upon a gay device of glass,
Till all of soul that's left be dry and dark;
Till even the burden of some ninety years
Hath crashed into them like a rock; shattered
Their system as if ninety suns had rushed
To ruin earth—or heaven had rained its stars;
Till they become, like scrolls, unreadable,
Through dust and mould. Can they be cleaned and read?
Do human spirits wax and wane like moons?

Lucifer. The eye dims and the heart gets old and slow:
The lithe limbs stiffen, and the sun-hued locks
Thin themselves off or whitely wither; still
Ages not spirit, even in one point,
Immeasurably small; from orb to orb,
In ever-rising radiance, shining like
The sun upon the thousand lands of earth.
Look at the medley, motley throng we meet!
Some smiling—frowning some; their cares and joys
Alike not worth a thought—some sauntering slowly,
As if destruction never could overtake them;
Some hurrying on, as fearing judgment swift
Should trip the heels of death, and seize them living.

Festus. Grief hallows hearts even while it ages heads;
And much hot grief, in youth, forces up life
With power which too soon ripens and which drops.

—*Festus.*

CARNATION AND INSECTS.

[Sir John Hill, M.D., born 1716, died 1775. He wrote numerous books treating of medicine, botany, natural philosophy, and natural history, besides several dramas and novels. *The History of Mr. Lovell*, *The Adventures of a Creole*, and *Lady Frail*, were his chief novels. He presented a copy of his great work, *The Vegetable System*, 26 volumes, to the King of Sweden, who invested him with the order of the Polar Star, or Vasa, and he thereafter assumed the title of Sir John.]

The fragrance of a carnation led me to enjoy it frequently and near. While inhaling the powerful sweet, I heard an extremely soft but agreeable murmuring sound. It was easy to know that some animal, within the covert, must be the musician, and that the little noise must come from some little body suited to produce it. I am furnished with apparatuses of a thousand kinds for close observation. I instantly distended the lower part of the flower, and, placing it in a full light, could discover troops of little insects frisking and capering with wild jollity among the narrow pedestals that supported its leaves, and the little threads that occupied its centre. I was not cruel enough to pull out any one of them; but adapting a microscope to take in, at one view, the whole base of the flower, I gave myself an opportunity of contemplating what they were about, and this for many days together, without giving them the least disturbance.

Under the microscope, the base of the flower extended itself to a vast plain; the slender stems of the leaves became trunks of so many stately cedars; the threads in the middle seemed columns of massy structure, supporting at the top their several ornaments; and the narrow spaces between were enlarged into walks, parterres, and terraces.

On the polished bottom of these, brighter than Parian marble, walked in pairs, alone, or in larger companies, the winged inhabitants: these from little dusky flies, for such only the naked eye would have shown them, were raised to glorious glittering animals, stained with

living purple, and with a glossy gold that would have made all the labours of the loom contemptible in the comparison.

I could, at leisure, as they walked together, admire their elegant limbs, their velvet shoulders, and their silken wings; their backs vying with the empyrean in its hue; and their eyes each formed of a thousand others, out-glittering the little planes on a brilliant. I could observe them here singling out their favourite females, courting them with the music of their buzzing wings, with little songs formed for their little organs, leading them from walk to walk among the perfumed shades, and pointing out to their taste the drop of liquid nectar just bursting from some vein within the living trunk: here were the perfumed groves, the more than myrtle shades of the poet's fancy, realized; here the happy lovers spent their days in joyful dalliance;—in the triumph of their little hearts, skipped after one another from stem to stem among the painted trees; or winged their short flight to the close shadow of some broader leaf, to revel undisturbed in the heights of all felicity.

Nature, the God of nature, has proportioned the period of existence of every creature to the means of its support. Duration, perhaps, is as much a comparative quality as magnitude; and these atoms of being, as they appear to us, may have organs that lengthen minutes, to their perception, into years. In a flower destined to remain but a few days, length of life, according to our ideas, could not be given to its inhabitants; but it may be according to theirs. I saw, in the course of observation of this new world, several succeeding generations of the creatures it was peopled with; they passed, under my eye, through the several successive states of the egg and the reptile form in a few hours. After these, they burst forth at an instant into full growth and perfection in their wing-form. In this they enjoyed their span of being, as much as we do years—feasted, sported, revelled in delights; fed on the living fragrance that poured itself out at a thousand openings at once before them; enjoyed their loves, laid the foundation for their succeeding progeny, and after a life thus happily filled up, sunk in an easy dissolution. With what joy in their pleasures did I attend the first and the succeeding broods through the full period of their joyful lives! With what enthusiastic transport did I address to each of these yet happy creatures Anacreon's gratulation to the Cicada:

> Blissful insect! what can be,
> In happiness, compared to thee?
> Fed with nourishment divine,
> The dewy morning's sweetest wine,
> Nature waits upon thee still,
> And thy fragrant cup does fill.
> All the fields that thou dost see,
> All the plants belong to thee:
> All that summer hours produce,
> Fertile made with ripening juice.
> Man for thee does sow and plough,
> Farmer he, and landlord thou.
> Thee the hinds with gladness hear,
> Prophet of the ripen'd year!
> To thee alone, of all the earth,
> Life is no longer than thy mirth.
> Happy creature! happy thou
> Dost neither age nor winter know;
> But when thou'st drank, and danced, and sung
> Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,
> Sated with the glorious feast,
> Thou retir'st to endless rest.

While the pure contemplative mind thus almost envies what the rude observer would treat unfeelingly, it naturally shrinks into itself on the thought that there may be, in the immense chain of beings, many, though as invisible to us as we to the inhabitants of this little flower—whose organs are not made for comprehending objects larger than a mite, or more distant than a straw's breadth—to whom we may appear as much below regard as these to us.

With what derision should we treat those little reasoners, could we hear them arguing for the unlimited duration of the carnation, destined for the extent of their knowledge, as well as their action! And yet among ourselves, there are reasoners who argue, on no better foundation, that the earth which we inhabit is eternal.

THE DOGS OF THE REGIMENT.

The cannon-thunder booms and roars,
  The smoke-clouds curling rise,
Swords clash on swords, the musket cracks,
  The bullet hissing flies.

The farmer fleeing hearth and home,
  As nears the sound of war,
His brawny breast with anguish torn,
  Makes haste to 'scape afar.

The prudent miller, as he sees
  His mill-sails torn apace
By flying balls, the danger shuns,
  And flees with livid face.

And o'er the fields, where war's fell tide
Has ruin spread around,
The spent ball bounds with slackening speed,
And rolls along the ground.

And now as slower moves the ball,
On murderous errand sped,
See two that by the bounding mass
To gleeful sport are led.

The Regiment's Dogs, 'mid battles reared,
The soldiers' honest care,
Run up to gambol with the ball,
As if to daintiest fare.

They leap with it, and jump about,
And frolic round and round,
And chase the dangerous visitor
Along the ploughed-up ground.

They tumble over—under it,
With pure delight impressed,
And labour hard to push it on,
When now it comes to rest.

Ye who have youthful hearts to lead,
May here a lesson gain,
And in these sportive gambols see
The moral they contain:—

"That habit second nature is,
Is proverb old and true;
Great is its power for good or ill—
Bad habits then eschew."

—*From the Dutch.*

THE BASHFUL MAN.

BY JAMES SMITH.

You must know, that, in my person, I am tall and thin, with a fair complexion, and light flaxen hair; but of such extreme sensibility of shame, that on the smallest subject of confusion, my blood all rushes into my cheeks, and I appear a perfect full-blown rose. Having been sent to the university by my father, a farmer of no great property, the consciousness of my unhappy failing made me avoid society, and I became enamoured of a college life. But from that peaceful retreat I was called by the deaths of my father and of a rich uncle, who left me a fortune of thirty thousand pounds. I now purchased an estate in the country; and my company was much courted by the surrounding families, especially by such as had marriageable daughters. Though I wished to accept their offered friendship, I was forced repeatedly to excuse myself, under the pretence of not being quite settled: for often, when I have rode or walked with full intention of returning their visits, my heart has failed me as I approached their gates, and I have returned homeward, resolving to try again next day. Determined, however, at length to conquer my timidity, I accepted of an invitation to dine with one, whose open, easy manner left me no room to doubt a cordial welcome.

Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about two miles distant, is a baronet, with about two thousand pounds a year estate, joining to that I purchased; he has two sons and five daughters, all grown up, and living with their mother and a maiden sister of Sir Thomas's, at Friendly Hall, dependent on their father. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have for some time past taken private lessons of a professor, who teaches "grown gentlemen to dance;" and though I at first found wondrous difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of the mathematics was of prodigious use in teaching me the equilibrium of my body, and the due adjustment of the centre of gravity of the five positions.—Having acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to obey the baronet's invitation to a family dinner; not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity; but alas! how vain are all the hopes of theory, when unsupported by habitual practice. As I approached the house, a dinner-bell alarmed my fears, lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality; impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants, who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw. At my first entrance I summoned all my fortitude, and made my new-learned bow to Lady Friendly; but unfortunately, in bringing back my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels to be the nomenclator of the family. The confusion this occasioned in me is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress; and of that description the number I believe is very small. The baronet's politeness by degrees dissipated my concern, and I was astonished to see how far good breeding could

enable him to suppress his feelings, and to appear with perfect ease after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness, till at length I ventured to join the conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature, and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek classics; in which the baronet's opinion exactly coincided with my own. To this subject I was led by observing an edition of Xenophon in sixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of such a thing) greatly excited my curiosity, and I rose up to examine what it could be. Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and, as I suppose, willing to save me trouble, rose to take down the book, which made me more eager to prevent him, and hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly; but lo! instead of books a board, which by leather and gilding had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a Wedgewood inkstand on the table under it. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me there was no harm; I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet: and, scarce knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my cambric handkerchief. In the height of this confusion, we were informed that dinner was served up, and I, with joy, perceived that the bell, which at first had so alarmed my fears, was only the half hour dinner-bell.

In walking through the hall, and suite of apartments to the dining-room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter at the table. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon, my face had been continually burning like a firebrand, and I was just beginning to recover myself, and to feel comfortably cool, when an unlooked-for accident rekindled all my heat and blushes. Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, my black silk breeches were not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fomentation, and for some minutes my legs and thighs seemed stewing in a boiling caldron; but recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture when I trod upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities parboiled, amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and the servants.

I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me; spilling a sauce-boat, and knocking down a salt-cellar; rather let me hasten to the second course, where fresh disasters overwhelmed me quite.

I had a piece of rich sweet pudding on my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon that stood near me; in my haste, scarce knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal; it was impossible to conceal my agony; my eyes were starting from their sockets. At last, in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application: one recommended oil, another water; but all agreed that wine was best for drawing out the fire; and a glass of sherry was brought me from the sideboard, which I snatched up with eagerness: but, oh! how shall I tell the sequel? whether the butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth, already fired and blistered. Totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat, and palate as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow; and clapping my hands upon my mouth, the cursed liquor squirted through my nose and fingers like a fountain, over all the dishes; and I was crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants, and Lady Friendly chide her daughters; for the measure of my shame and their diversion was not yet complete. To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief, which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The baronet himself could not support the shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh; while I sprung from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace, which the most poignant sense of guilt could not have excited.

THE NYMPH'S WEDDING.

[Michael Drayton, born in Atherston, Warwickshire, 1563 or 1570; died 1631. A poet of the time of Elizabeth and James I., and by some called poet-laureate. His chief poems are: *The Shepherd's Garland*, a series of pastorals; *The Baron's Wars*; *The Poly-Olbion*, a description of the tracts, rivers, mountains, and forests of Great Britain, with the most remarkable legends and antiquities associated with them—a poem which contains 30,000 Alexandrine lines, and which is remarkable for its topographical correctness, and beauty and variety of its allusions; and the *Nymphidia*, from which we quote. Campbell said: "The *Nymphidia* is in his happiest characteristic manner of airy and sportive pageantry."]

A Nymph is married to a Fay,
Great preparations for the day;
All rites of nuptials they recite you,
To the bridal and invite you.

Mertilla. But will our Tita wed this Fay?

Claia. Yea, and to-morrow is the day.

Mertilla. But why should she bestow herself
Upon this dwarfish fairy elf?

Claia. Why, by her smallness you may find,
That she is of the fairy kind,
And therefore apt to choose her make
Whence she did her beginning take:
Besides, he's deft and wondrous airy,
And of the noblest of the fairy,
Chief of the crickets of much fame,
In fairy a most ancient name,
But to be brief, 'tis clearly done,
The pretty wench is woo'd and won.

Cloris. If this be so, let us provide
The ornaments to fit our bride;
For they knowing she doth come
From us in Elysium,
Queen Mab will look she should be drest
In those attires we think our best;
Therefore some curious things let's give her,
Ere to her spouse we her deliver.

Mertilla. I'll have a jewel for her ear,
(Which for my sake I'll have her wear);
'T shall be a dewdrop, and therein
Of Cupids I will have a twin,
Which struggling, with their wings shall break
The bubble, out of which shall leak
So sweet a liquor, as shall move
Each thing that smells to be in love.

Claia. Believe me, girl, this will be fine,
And to this pendant, then take mine;
A cup in fashion of a fly,
Of the lynx's piercing eye,
Wherein there sticks a sunny ray,
Shot in through the clearest day,
Whose brightness Venus' self did move,
Therein to put her drink of love.
Which for more strength she did distil,
The limbeck was a phœnix' quill;
At this cup's delicious brink,
A fly approaching but to drink,
Like amber, or some precious gum,
It transparent doth become.

Cloris. For jewels for her ears she's sped:
But for a dressing for her head
I think for her I have a tire,
That all fairies shall admire:
The yellows in the full-blown rose,
Which in the top it doth inclose,
Like drops of gold-ore shall be hung
Upon her tresses, and among
Those scatter'd seeds (the eye to please)
The wings of the cantharides:
With some o' th' rainbow that doth rail
Those moons in, in the peacock's tail:
Whose dainty colours being mix'd
With th' other beauties, and so fix'd,
Her lovely tresses shall appear
As though upon a flame they were.
And to be sure she shall be gay,
We'll take those feathers from the jay;
About her eyes in circlets set,
To be our Tita's coronet.

Mertilla. Then, dainty girls, I make no doubt
But we shall neatly send her out:
But let's amongst ourselves agree,
Of what her wedding gown shall be.

Claia. Of pansey, pink, and primrose leaves,
Most curiously laid on in threaves:
And all embroidery to supply,
Powder'd with flowers of rosemary:
A trail about the skirt shall run,
The silk-worm's finest, newly spun:
And every seam the nymphs shall sew
With th' smallest of the spinner's clue:
And having done their work, again
These to the church shall bear her train:
Which for our Tita we will make
Of the cast slough of a snake,
Which quivering as the wind doth blow,
The sun shall it like tinsel show.

Cloris. And being led to meet her mate,
To make sure that she want no state,
Moons from the peacock's tail we'll shred,
With feathers from the pheasant's head:
Mix'd with the plume of (so high price)
The precious bird of paradise:

Which to make up our nymphs shall ply
Into a curious canopy,
Borne o'er her head (by our equerry)
By Elfs, the fittest of the fairy.

Mertilla. But all this while we have forgot
Her buskins, neighbours, have we not?

Claia. We had: for those I'll fit her now,
They shall be of the lady-cow—
The dainty shell upon her back
Of crimson strew'd with spots of black;
Which, as she holds a stately pace,
Her leg will wonderfully grace.

Cloris. But then for music of the best,
This must be thought on for the feast.

Mertilla. The nightingale, of birds most choice,
To do her best shall strain her voice;
And to this bird to make a set,
The mavis, merl, and robinet:
The lark, the linnet, and the thrush,
That make a choir of every bush.
But for still music, we will keep
The wren, and titmouse, which to sleep
Shall sing the bride, when she's alone,
The rest into their chambers gone.
And like those upon ropes that walk
On gossimer, from stalk to stalk,
The tripping fairy tricks shall play
The evening of the wedding day.

Claia. But for the bride-bed, what were fit?
That hath not yet been talk'd of yet.

Cloris. Of leaves of roses, white and red,
Shall be the covering of her bed:
The curtains, vallens, tester, all
Shall be the flower imperial;
And for the fringe, it all along
With azure harebells shall be hung;
Of lilies shall the pillows be,
With down stuft of the butterfly.

Mertilla. Thus far we handsomely have gone,
Now for our prothalamion,
Or marriage song—of all the rest,
A thing that much must grace our feast.
Let us practise then to sing it
Ere we before the assembly bring it;
We in dialogue must do it,
Then my dainty girls set to it.

Claia. This day must Tita married be;
Come, nymphs, this nuptial let us see.

Mertilla. But is it certain that ye say?
Will she wed the noble Fay?

Cloris. Sprinkle the dainty flowers with dews,
Such as the gods at banquets use:
Let herbs and weeds turn all to roses,
And make proud the posts with posies:
Shoot your sweets into the air,
Charge the morning to be fair,

Claia. } For our Tita is this day
Mertilla. } To be married to a Fay.

"WEARING OF THE GREEN."

[Justin M'Carthy, born in Cork, November, 1830. Novelist, journalist, and M.P. He is a contributor to the principal English and American magazines and reviews, and is the author of the novels, *The Waterdale Neighbours: My Enemy's Daughter; Lady Judith; A Fair Saxon; Dear Lady Disdain; Miss Misanthrope; Con Amore*, a volume of critical essays; *Modern Leaders*, a series of sketches of sovereigns, statesmen, authors, &c., published in America (1862), in which Mr. M'Carthy spent several years: and a *History of Our Own Times*, in 4 vols. Mr. M'Carthy's writings are deservedly popular.]

"So you are really going to Ireland, old fellow, and at such a time?"

"Yes. Why not?"

"Look out for the Fenians! See that they don't capture you, and keep you as a British hostage."

"Stuff! There are no Fenians."

"Oh, aren't there, though! Yes, by St. Patrick, and Fenianesses too—just ask Gerald Barrymore!"

"Why, I am going over to Gerald Barrymore. I am going to spend the time with him—hunt and course and fish, and all the rest of it."

"Well, *he* says there are Fenians no end."

"Don't believe a word of it, although I am sure he thinks it if he says so. There isn't pluck enough in the population to make anything like a formidable movement of any kind. I'll undertake to rout any band of Fenians that may come in my way with this cane."

"Misguided young man, farewell! If you should fall a victim to your rashness, I'll write your epitaph!"

"Thank you, my dear fellow! That is indeed adding a new terror to death. It will make me doubly careful of my precious existence!"

So the two friends parted, smiling. This dialogue took place one soft bright day of late autumn in the pleasant Temple Gardens, in the heart of London—the Temple Gardens of York and Lancaster, and the Red and White

Roses; of Addison and Steele and Sir Roger de Coverley; of Ruth, Pecksniff, and Tom Pinch; of Arthur Pendennis and Stunning Warrington.

The two friends who thus talked and parted were Tom Gibbs and Laurence Spalding. Both were young barristers; both were as yet briefless; both were writers for newspapers and magazines; both were distinguished and active members of the Inns of Court Volunteer Corps, familiarly known as the "Devil's Own."

Laurence Spalding was a tall athletic young fellow, who delighted in the drilling and the rifle-shooting, and the privilege—new, strange, and dear to young lawyers—of wearing the mustache. He it was who, on the eve of a visit to Ireland, was speaking scorn of Fenianism, and the natives of Ireland generally. He had never been in Ireland; and this was just the time when the air was rife with rumours of projected Fenian insurrection, and before any actual rising had taken place to divulge the real proportions of Fenianism's military strength. Laurence Spalding was to be a guest of his old chum and fellow-student, Gerald Barrymore, a young Irishman who had eaten his way to the English bar, and hoped to distinguish himself there, although, unlike most of his compatriots, he was heir to some property in Ireland which was actually unencumbered. Spalding was longing to see Ireland; longing to enjoy his friend's hospitality; longing to be introduced to his friend's beautiful sister, of whom he had heard so much.

Barrymore was going over to Ireland that night. Laurence was to follow in two or three days. Barrymore was to meet him in Dublin, and show him over the city; then they were to go on together to Barrymore's home in a mountainous, sea-washed, south-western county. The railway would only carry them a certain way; the rest of the journey must be made by carriage or on horseback over mountain roads.

Now it so happened that Tom Gibbs, who was a good deal of a chatterbox and a little of a mischief-maker, met Gerald Barrymore half an hour after the conversation just reported, and told him, with perhaps some flourish and embellishment, what Laurence had been saying about Fenianism and the dangers of Irish rebellion. Barrymore's cheek reddened. He was, like most Irishmen, rather sensitive of ridicule; and, moreover, although a loyal British subject, he had been descanting somewhat largely at the dinner in the Temple Hall on the formidable nature of the Fenian movement. So he felt a good deal annoyed for the moment at what Gibbs told him; but his manly good nature presently returned, and he resolved to think no more about it. Unluckily, however, when he got to his Irish home he told his sister something of the story, and that young lady's pretty cheek and bright eye glowed with pique and resentment.

Grace Barrymore was a bright, animated, beautiful girl, with a noble queenly figure and curling fair hair. She was highly educated, had lived in France and Italy, had all the culture of an Englishwoman of the best class, and yet retained an exquisite flavour of her own racy nationality. She was a motherless girl, and she ruled her father and the estate and the tenantry, and the whole district generally. Like many other true-hearted Irishwomen who have seen other countries besides their own, she scolded her compatriots a good deal for their own benefit, but would not hear a word said against them by a foreigner, especially a Saxon. She was always warning all the "boys" of the place against mixing themselves up with the dangerous follies of Fenianism; and she did not at present know of the existence of a single Fenian in the neighbourhood; but she clenched her little fist, and bit her red lip, and mentally vowed vengeance when she heard that a young Englishman had dared to sneer at the courage of Fenianism and the danger of Irish insurrection.

Two or three days passed away, and Laurence Spalding landed for the first time at Kingston, the port of Dublin, where his friend Barrymore received him. They spent two or three other days very joyously in the pleasant city. Everywhere they heard talk of Fenianism, and expected "risings" of the most dreadful kind, having for their object the overthrow of throne, church, altar, private property, and everything else that respectable persons hold sacred. Gerald Barrymore shook his head gravely; Laurence Spalding laughed loudly.

"Laurence, my dear fellow, I do wish I had been more fortunate in choosing my time to bring you over here. Down in my neighbourhood they say things are beginning to look very bad."

Laurence only laughed again, and wondered at the credulity of his friend. Laurence was one of that class of Englishmen who never believe in anything unusual until they see it; who ride out beyond bounds in Naples and Sicily, scoffing at stories of brigandism, and get taken by brigands; who ramble heedless outside the lines of camps; and bathe in shoal water where sharks are said to abound, and do other such deeds of blunt bold scepticism.

The two friends went by the railway as far as they could go. Then a carriage met them, and they prepared for a journey which Spalding was given to understand would last a couple of days. The carriage had a pair of strong sinewy horses. The driver and the postillion were both armed with pistols. Gerald Barrymore deposited pistols in the carriage holsters.

"I wish we were safe at home, Masther Gerald," observed the driver.

"So do I, Tim. How are things looking just now?"

"Terrible bad, Masther Gerald!"

"Thrue for you, boy!" growled the postillion, in assent.

"The whole side of the counthry is up, I'm tould," said the driver.

"More power to 'em!" growled the postillion.

"What nonsense!" laughed Laurence; and he turned to Barrymore. "Do you really believe such talk as this?"

"My dear Spalding, you don't know anything of this country. I only hope you may not be compelled to learn by disagreeable experience."

Laurence shrugged his shoulders. His friend was evidently not amenable to reason on this subject, which Laurence had settled beforehand by process of intuition—the best possible way of dealing with difficult political and national questions.

They drove on for some hours, Spalding and Barrymore smoking and pleasantly chatting, although Barrymore was continually casting anxious glances on either side of the road, and every now and then examining his pistols. At last they came into a dark and gloomy defile—a narrow gorge almost as wild as an Alpine pass, and which seemed to stretch on for miles.

"If we were through this," said Barrymore, in a low tone, as if speaking to himself, "I think we should be safe for this day."

"Are there highway robbers about?" asked Spalding.

"Highway robbers here? Oh no!"

"What else, then?"

"The Fenians!" said Gerald, in a low and solemn voice.

Laurence threw himself back in the carriage and quietly laughed.

Just at that moment a shot was heard, and the driver pulled up the horses.

"Begorra, they're on us, sure enough!" he exclaimed.

"We're taken, Spalding!" said Gerald, calmly.

Laurence craned his neck out, and saw that a small body of men, armed with guns, were drawn across the road, and that two were at the horses' heads.

Before he could leap out of the carriage, a dozen men were at the side of it. One had a sword. They wore a sort of uniform, and each had a green sash.

"Surrender, gentlemen!" said the swordsman, politely.

"Surrender to what?" demanded Gerald, fiercely.

"To the soldiers of the Irish Republic!" was the reply. "Look at our flag!" One of the men was indeed bearing a green flag.

Gerald's answer to the summons was the discharge of one of his pistols, which, however, was discharged in vain. Laurence fired the other, but it too failed of its object. Then both the young men leaped from the carriage and gallantly attacked the troops of the Irish Republic. Laurence hit out with good scientific arm, and knocked two Republican warriors over; but *ne Hercules contra duos*—what could two do against twenty? Our poor friends were very soon bound round the arms with stout cords, and rendered incapable of resistance.

The driver and postillion had from the beginning fraternized with the Fenians.

"You see, gentlemen," said the swordsman, "how useless was your resistance. If you had shot one of our men, I probably could not have saved your lives."

"I suppose this means robbery," said Laurence. "If so, you may as well rifle our pockets at once."

"As you are an Englishman, and of course ignorant of Ireland," said the leader, calmly, "I excuse your insolent remarks. But you had better not let any of the men around hear you speak of them as robbers."

"Then, if you are not robbers and cutthroats, what the devil are you?"

"Fenians!"

"Fenians be—blessed!" observed our British hero.

"You had better, for your own sake, sir, be silent. Get into the carriage."

Laurence and Gerald were promptly lifted in. The leader and another man got in likewise. The word to march was given, and the carriage went on. Laurence could hardly believe the evidence of his senses. He felt like a man in a dream—like the victim of a nightmare. He gazed at Gerald, who sat silent and sullen, bearing defeat ungraciously. As he turned round rather abruptly, his elbow struck against something hard. It was only a

revolver, which one of his guards was kindly holding toward his prisoner's breast as a little measure of precaution.

"In the name of the devil, Gerald," said Laurence, speaking now in French that his captors might not understand, "what is the meaning of all this? Is it a dream? Is it a practical joke, or a piece of mummery? Who are these *canaille?*"

"M. Barrymore has no difficulty in comprehending," said the man with the sword, in fluent French, and with excellent accent. "*He* understands his country, although he refuses to fight in her cause, and has degenerated so far from the patriotism of his ancestors as to show himself the enemy of her flag. M. Barrymore was offered a command only the other day, and he refused. He will have to answer now for his desertion."

Laurence looked at Gerald. "They did offer me a command," said Barrymore, coolly. "Of course I declined. I am a loyal man. Now I am in their power. Let them kill me if they choose—they are quite capable of it."

Again Laurence mentally asked himself, "Am I dreaming? Am I mad? Is this the year 1867? Was I reading the *Times* this morning?"

He gave up the whole conundrum in despair.

A dreary hour or two passed away, and Laurence actually fell fast asleep. He only woke when some of his captors were lifting him out of the carriage. He now found himself standing on the edge of a grassy lawn or field in front of a large and partly ruined castle. There were cannon at the gates of the castle and on the roof, and a green flag was flying. Near the castle was a whole mass of armed men. Laurence could see the gun-barrels glittering in the autumn sunset.

"Bring up the prisoners at onst," said a messenger who came down to meet the Fenian band and their captives.

"Is the Chief here?" asked the man with the sword.

"No; the Chief's across the river. He's to attack in the morning airly, I'm tould. But *she's* here—bedad the worse luck for some people, I'm thinking!" and he cast a glance at Laurence and Gerald.

"Gentlemen," said the man with the sword, "you are about to be brought before the Chief's daughter. In the absence of the Chief she commands. For your own sakes, I earnestly recommend prudence."

Gerald shrugged his shoulders contemptuously. Laurence began to think the whole affair rather interesting. The two young men were led between armed ranks toward the crowd in front of the castle. As they came near the crowd divided, and a lady on horseback rode forward, then checked her horse, and with a commanding gesture indicated where the prisoners were to stand. She was a young woman, very handsome, with fair hair and a superb form, and she sat her horse like a queen. In all his bewilderment Laurence could observe her deep-blue lustrous eyes, her clustering fair hair, her graceful gestures, her full noble bust. She wore a green riding-habit, and a cavalier hat with a green feather. She had pistols in her belt, and a sword hung at her side.

"Am I assisting at a scene in the Opera Comique?" Laurence asked of himself. The ropes which bound the prisoners were removed, and the first use Laurence made of his freedom was to take off his hat and bow to the beautiful Amazon. She acknowledged his salute with grace and dignity.

"You are the Englishman?" she asked.

"I am an Englishman, certainly. May I ask whom I have the honour of addressing?"

"All that it concerns you to know, sir, is that I am at present in command of this castle and these Fenian soldiers. My name your countrymen may know some day."

"Pray excuse me," said Laurence, "if I ask you one question. Do you really mean to tell me, madame, that these fellows are Fenians—that there is a Fenian army?"

"Your ignorance, sir—the blind perverse ignorance of your countrymen—may perhaps be allowed to excuse your question; but I have no time to answer such folly. Look around you if you would learn. Now we have something else to do. Gerald Barrymore!"

Her loud clear tone rang like a trumpet-call. Barrymore stood forward silently, and bent his head.

"Gerald Barrymore, you have openly declared yourself a traitor to the cause of your country. You have refused to join us; you have done all you could to betray us to the enemy; to-day you actually dared to fire upon our flag. What have you to say why you should not die a traitor's death?"

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Laurence; "can this be serious?"

"I have nothing to say," replied Gerald, calmly, "except that I am no traitor to my country, but a true patriot. I care little to say even this to you. I know I can expect no mercy, and I don't ask any. Do your worst."

"Gerald Barrymore, I need not tell you that I would spare you if I could; that I have

tried to win you to the true cause you know only too well. But the time has come when we can no longer hold any terms with traitors. This Englishman is only a foreign enemy—you are a renegade, a deserter, a traitor; and your doom is death!"

"Heavens, what a fury!" thought Laurence. Then he thrust his friend aside, and broke out into a regular oration addressed to the Amazon. It was a piece of impassioned declamation blended with high forensic argument. Never had Laurence before known how eloquent he was, and how he had mastered all the principles of constitutional, international, and martial law. He was Erskine, Choate, Webster, and Jules Favre all in one. Utterly forgetting his principles and his nationality in the cause of his friend and client, the devoted advocate actually besought the Judge-Amazon not to sully the noble flag she had raised, not to bring dishonour on the great cause she represented, by violating the fundamental principles of honourable warfare. He thought he saw a softening expression on her features—nay, she actually did for a moment cover her mouth with her handkerchief, to hide her emotions no doubt—but she controlled herself and said, with some severity in her tone—

"In your zeal for your friend, sir, you forget yourself. You forget that *we* have no cause, no flag, no battle-field, no principles—nay, that there is no Fenianism, and that there are no Fenians!"

"The court is against me," thought poor Laurence, sadly; and abandoning the high ground of argument, he was about to move simply in arrest of judgment, when the Fenian Chieftainess cut him short.

"Spare your eloquence, sir. We have little time here for the making of speeches. Gerald Barrymore, you have until sunrise to-morrow morning to decide your fate. If then you join our ranks, and pledge your word of honour to serve us faithfully, you shall live. If not, you shall be shot at once as a traitor."

"On my word, Gerald," exclaimed Laurence, "I do think you had better join these people. After all, you are an Irishman, you know; and I suppose it is somehow or other your national cause."

"The Englishman," said the lady, with a sweet smile, "is an honourable enemy, and teaches a recreant Irishman his duty. Remove the prisoner! Mr. Spalding—that, I think, is your name?—you will do me the honour of dining with me. In my father's absence I am host and commandant."

"Much honoured, I am sure," faltered Laurence; "but my poor friend Barrymore! How can I leave him?"

"My invitation, Mr. Spalding, is a command! We dine at seven."

She bowed; one of his captors touched him on the arm and led him away. He was conducted to a small room in the castle. He passed armed men everywhere. At seven o'clock an armed escort came for him, and led him into a large dining-hall well set out and lighted. He was placed at the right hand of the hostess, who looked unspeakably lovely in her complete evening toilette. A large number of retainers, a few of whom were the hostess's women attendants, dined at the table. Laurence drank liberally of champagne, and grew into a condition of wonder and ecstasy such as he had not believed it possible this later age could bring to mortal. His hostess was fascinating, bewitching. Nothing could surpass her brilliancy and beauty—not even her condescending, encouraging, almost tender friendliness. Laurence's susceptible soul was melting under her sunny influence. A harper played during the dinner some delicious plaintive Irish airs, and sang Irish words to them. Laurence knew nothing of music, and did not understand a word, but he demanded an *encore* enthusiastically.

The lady talked with him frankly and fervently of Fenianism, its strength and its hopes. She expressed utter amazement at the ignorance that prevailed on the subject in England.

"I declare to you," said Laurence, "if I were to go back to-morrow, and tell people in London what I have actually seen here—seen with my own eyes—they would not believe me!"

"Extraordinary and infatuated people!' said the lady. "You shall return, Mr. Spalding, and endeavour to enlighten England. You shall go to-morrow if you will, if you are anxious to go. I will not detain you."

And he thought he heard a faint sigh; and her eyes rested for a moment on his. Alas! by this time the thought of returning was hateful to Laurence's soul.

"Not to-morrow—oh, not to-morrow!" he pleaded. "In fact, you know, in order to do any good in England, I ought to see a little more of the strength of your movement. I had better wait—much better."

"To-morrow," said the lady, with another half-sigh, "we hope for a decisive engagement. Should my father drive the enemy from the field, we push forward; should he fail, we defend this castle until each man and woman in it perishes amidst the ruins!"

Laurence started. This exquisite creature

to die, and by the weapons of his countrymen! He began to think whether it would be utterly disgraceful for an Englishman to adopt the cause of Ireland. After all, did not the Geraldines do this; and who could be finer fellows than the Geraldines? Why, confound it all! what was Silken Thomas, of whom he had heard his friend Barrymore speak in moments of exaltation? And, by-the-way, there was Barrymore, whose awful situation he had almost forgotten; of course, if he joined the Fenian ranks, Barrymore would do the same, and his life would be saved! The only disagreeable thing would be, that perhaps Barrymore might become too agreeable to the Chieftainess! There certainly was a tender tone in her voice that day as she addressed poor Barrymore, even while she was pronouncing his death-sentence.

"No, Mr. Spalding," said the lady, gracefully rising from her seat, and looking at our hero with eyes of soft and melancholy expression. "You are a brave and generous enemy, and I cannot allow you to peril your life for no purpose in our dangers. Return to England—the life of your friend Barrymore shall be spared for your sake—return, and report us and our cause aright to the unsatisfied! You are free—you shall be safely escorted to the English camp. If we triumph, you and I may meet again; if we fail, remember me sometimes as a friend. Leave us, and farewell!"

"Never!" exclaimed Laurence, passionately. "I will stay by you—fight for you! I renounce everything for you! I am a Fenian for your sake; I will die for you, but I will not leave you!"

She took, without speaking, a green ribbon from her corset, and passed it through his button-hole. At the same time she made a signal to one of her attendants. Laurence pressed the ribbon to his heart, then clasped her hand, bent over it, and touched it with his lips.

A peal of laughter rent the air, and Laurence, looking up amazed and angry, saw Gerald Barrymore and several men whom he had met in Dublin standing around, and holding their sides in mirth as they pointed to poor Spalding and his green order of Fenianism.

"Three cheers," cried Barrymore, "for the Fenian volunteer!" and oh, how uproariously echoed the wild response to the invitation!

The Fenian Chieftainess had fled, leaving the echo of a silvery peal of merry laughter behind her!

Poor Laurence Spalding! Cruel, cruel Grace Barrymore! Treacherous friend, Gerald Barrymore! The whole affair from beginning to end was a wicked practical joke to punish Laurence Spalding for his saucy sneer at Irish insurrection and the reality of Fenianism. The armed Fenians were the Barrymore tenantry and servants; the man with the sword who spoke French was a Barrymore cousin, and the Fenian Amazon was, of course, the charming Grace herself!

Only fancy Laurence's feelings as he came down to breakfast next morning and met the laughing eyes of his hostess. But he had taken heart of grace; he had risen to the height of the situation, and he appeared in the breakfast-room with the green ribbon adorning his button-hole.

He spent a few delightful weeks with the Barrymores, and was well repaid with hospitality and friendliness for his droll humiliation. And the upshot of the whole affair is that he has turned the tables, that he has made a captive of his fair captor, and that she is to be Mrs. Laurence Spalding; and he vows that all his life through he will be proud of his wearing of the Green!

THE FRIARS OF DIJON.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

When honest men confess'd their sins,
And paid the church genteelly—
In Burgundy two Capuchins
Lived jovially and freely.

They march'd about from place to place,
With shrift and dispensation;
And mended broken consciences,
Soul-tinkers by vocation.

One friar was Father Boniface,
And he ne'er knew disquiet,
Save when condemned to saying grace
O'er mortifying diet.

The other was lean Dominick,
Whose slender form, and sallow,
Would scarce have made a candlewick
For Boniface's tallow.

Albeit he tippled like a fish,
Though not the same potation;
And mortal man ne'er clear'd a dish
With nimbler mastication.

Those saints without the shirts arrived,
One evening late, to pigeon
A country pair for alms, that lived
About a league from Dijon;

Whose supper-pot was set to boil,
On faggots briskly crackling:
The friars enter'd, with a smile
To Jacquez and to Jacqueline.

They bow'd and bless'd the dame, and then
In pious terms besought her,
To give two holy-minded men
A meal of bread and water.

For water and a crust they crave,
Those mouths that, even on Lent days,
Scarce knew the taste of water, save
When watering for dainties.

Quoth Jacquez, "That were sorry cheer
For men fatigued and dusty;
And if ye supp'd on crusts, I fear
You'd go to bed but crusty."

So forth he brought a flask of rich
Wine, fit to feast Silenus,
And viands, at the sight of which
They laugh'd like two hyænas.

Alternately the host and spouse
Regaled each pardon-gauger,
Who told them tales right marvellous,
And lied as for a wager—

'Bout churches like balloons convey'd
With aeronautic martyrs;
And wells made warm, where holy maid
Had only dipped her garters.

And if their hearers gaped, I guess,
With jaws three inch asunder,
'Twas partly out of weariness,
And partly out of wonder.

Then striking up duets, the frères
Went out to sing in matches,
From psalms to sentimental airs,
From these to glees and catches.

At last, they would have danced outright,
Like a baboon and tame bear,
If Jacquez had not drunk Good-night,
And shown them to their chamber.

The room was high, the host's was nigh:
Had wife or he suspicion,
That monks would make a raree-show
Of chinks in the partition?—

Or that two confessors would come,
Their holy ears out-reaching
To conversations as hum-drum
Almost as their own preaching?

Shame on you, friars of orders gray,
That peeping knelt, and wriggling,
And when ye should have gone to pray,
Betook yourselves to giggling!

But every deed will have its meed:
And hark! what information
Has made the sinners, in a trice,
Look black with consternation!

The farmer on a hone prepares
His knife, a long and keen one;
And talks of killing both the frères,
The fat one, and the lean one,

To-morrow by the break of day;
He orders too, saltpetre,
And pickling-tubs——But, reader, stay!
Our host was no man-eater.

The priests knew not that country-folk
Give pigs the name of friars;
But startled, witless of the joke,
As if they trod on briars.

Meanwhile, as they perspired with dread,
The hair of either craven
Had stood erect upon his head,
But that their heads were shaven.

What, pickle and smoke us limb by limb!
God curse him and his larders!
St. Peter will bedevil him,
If he saltpetre friars.

Yet, Dominick, to die!—the bare
Idea shakes one oddly;—
Yes, Boniface, 'tis time we were
Beginning to be godly.

Would that, for absolution's sake,
Of all our sins and cogging,
We had a whip, to give and take
A last kind mutual flogging.

O Dominick, thy nether end
Should bleed for expiation;
And thou shouldst have, my dear fat friend,
A glorious flagellation.

But having ne'er a switch, poor souls,
They bow'd like weeping willows,
And told the saints long rigmaroles
Of all their peccadilloes.

Yet, 'midst this penitential plight,
A thought their fancies tickled;
'Twere better brave the window's height
Than be at morning pickled.

And so they girt themselves to leap,
Both under breath imploring
A regiment of saints to keep
Their host and hostess snoring.

The lean one lighted like a cat,
Then scamper'd off like Jehu,
Nor stopp'd to help the man of fat,
Whose cheek was of a clay hue—

Who, being by nature more design'd
For resting than for jumping,
Fell heavy on his parts behind,
That broaden'd with the plumping.

There long beneath the window's sconce
His bruises he sat pawing,
Squat as the figure of a bouze
Upon a Chinese drawing.

At length he waddled to a sty;
The pigs, you'd thought for game sake,
Came round and nosed him lovingly,
As if they'd known their namesake.

Meanwhile the other flew to town,
And with short respiration
Bray'd like a donkey up and down—
Ass-ass-ass-assination!

Men left their beds, and night-capp'd heads
Popp'd out from every casement;
The cats ran frighten'd on the leads;
Dijon was all amazement.

Doors bang'd, dogs bay'd, and boys hurra'd,
Throats gaped aghast in bare rows,
Till soundest-sleeping watchmen woke,
And even at last the mayor rose—

Who, charging him before police,
Demands of Dominick surly,
What earthquake, fire, or breach of peace
Made all this hurly-burly?

Ass—quoth the priest—ass-assins, sir,
Are (hence a league, or nigher)
About to salt, scrape, massacre,
And barrel up a friar.

Soon, at the magistrate's command,
A troop from the gens-d'armes' house
Of twenty men rode, sword in hand,
To storm the bloody farm's-house.

As they were cantering toward the place,
Comes Jacquez to the swineyard,
But started when a great round face
Cried, "Rascal, hold thy whinyard."

'Twas Boniface, as mad's King Lear,
Playing antics in the piggery:—
"And what the devil brought you here,
You mountain of a friar, eh?"

Ah, once how jolly, now how wan,
And blubber'd with the vapours,
That frantic Capuchin began
To cut fantastic capers—

Crying, "Help! hallo! the bellows blow,
The pot is on to stew me;
I am a pretty pig—but no!
They shall not barbacue me."

Nor was this raving fit a sham;
In truth, he was hysterical,
Until they brought him out a dram,
And that wrought like a miracle.

Just as the horsemen halted near,
Crying, "Murderer, stop, ohoy, oh!"
Jacquez was comforting the frère
With a good glass of noyau—

Who beckon'd to them not to kick up
A row; but, waxing mellow,
Squeez'd Jacquez' hand, and with a hiccup
Said, "You're a d——'d good fellow."

Explaining lost but little breath:—
Here ended all the matter;
So God save Queen Elizabeth,
And long live Henri Quatre!

The gens-d'-armes at the story broke
Into horse-fits of laughter,
And, as if they'd known the joke,
Their horses neigh'd thereafter.

Lean Dominick, methinks, his chaps
Yawn'd weary, worn, and moody;
So may my readers too, perhaps,
And thus I wish 'em Good-day.

SUMMER EVENING.

It was a lovely summer's loveliest eve,
When she, far lovelier still, her secret told.
The lingering sunset took reluctant leave;
As ray by ray expired in purpling gold,
The very twilight, dying, seemed to grieve
Lest never more such joy it should behold.
All nature slept as if on folded wing,
And silence listened like a charmèd thing.

THE CRUSADERS AT ANTIOCH.

BY EDWARD GIBBON.

In the eventful period of the siege and defence of Antioch, the Crusaders were alternately exalted by victory or sunk in despair—either swelled with plenty or emaciated with hunger. A speculative reasoner might suppose that their faith had a strong and serious influence on their practice, and that the soldiers of the cross—the deliverers of the holy sepulchre—prepared themselves by a sober and virtuous life for the daily contemplation of martyrdom. Experience blows away this charitable illusion; and seldom does the history of profane war display such scenes of intemperance as were exhibited under the walls of Antioch. The grove of Daphne no longer flourished, but the Syrian air was still impregnated with the same vices; the Christians were seduced by every temptation that nature either prompts or reprobates; the authority of the chiefs was despised; and sermons and edicts were alike fruitless against those scandalous disorders, not less pernicious to military discipline than repugnant to evangelic purity. In the first days of the siege and the possession of Antioch the Franks consumed with wanton and thoughtless prodigality the frugal subsistence of weeks and months. The desolate country no longer yielded a supply; and from that country they were at length excluded by the arms of the besieging Turks. Disease, the faithful companion of want, was envenomed by the rains of the winter, the summer heats, unwholesome food, and the close imprisonment of multitudes. The pictures of famine and pestilence are always the same, and always disgustful; and our imagination may suggest the nature of their sufferings and their resources. The remains of treasure or spoil were eagerly lavished in the purchase of the vilest nourishment; and dreadful must have been the calamities of the poor, since, after paying three marks of silver for a goat, and fifteen for a lean camel, the Count of Flanders was reduced to beg a dinner, and Duke Godfrey to borrow a horse. 60,000 horses had been reviewed in the camp; before the end of the siege they were diminished to 2000, and scarcely 200 fit for service could be mustered on the day of battle. Weakness of body and terror of mind extinguished the ardent enthusiasm of the pilgrims, and every motive of honour and religion was subdued by the desire of life. Among the chiefs three heroes may be found without fear or reproach: Godfrey of Bouillon was supported by his magnanimous piety; Bohemond by ambition and interest; and Tancred declared, in the true spirit of chivalry, that as long as he was at the head of forty knights he would never relinquish the enterprise of Palestine. But the Count of Toulouse and Provence was suspected of a voluntary indisposition; the Duke of Normandy was recalled from the sea-shore by the censures of the Church; Hugh the Great, though he led the vanguard of the battle, embraced an ambiguous opportunity of returning to France; and Stephen, Count of Chartres, basely deserted the standard which he bore and the council in which he presided. The soldiers were discouraged by the flight of William, Viscount of Melun, surnamed the *Carpenter*, from the weighty strokes of his axe; and the saints were scandalized by the fall of Peter the Hermit, who, after arming Europe against Asia, attempted to escape from the penance of a necessary fast. Of the multitude of recreant warriors, the names (says an historian) are blotted from the book of life; and the opprobrious epithet of the rope-dancers was applied to the deserters who dropped in the night from the walls of Antioch. The Emperor Alexius, who seemed to advance to the succour of the Latins, was dismayed by the assurance of their hopeless condition. They expected their fate in silent despair; oaths and punishments were tried without effect; and to rouse the soldiers to the defence of the walls it was found necessary to set fire to their quarters.

For their salvation and victory they were indebted to the same fanaticism which had led them to the brink of ruin. In such a cause, and in such an army, visions, prophecies, and miracles were frequent and familiar. In the distress of Antioch they were repeated with unusual energy and success. St. Ambrose had assured a pious ecclesiastic that two years of trial must precede the season of deliverance and grace; the deserters were stopped by the presence and reproaches of Christ himself; the dead had promised to rise and combat with their brethren; the Virgin had obtained the pardon of their sins; and their confidence was relieved by a visible sign—the seasonable and splendid discovery of the HOLY LANCE. The policy of their chiefs has on this occasion been admired, and might surely be excused; but a pious fraud is seldom produced by the cool conspiracy of many persons, and a voluntary impostor might depend on the support of the wise and the credulity of the people. Of the diocese of Marseilles there was a priest of low cunning and loose manners, and his name was

Peter Bartholemy. He presented himself at the door of the council-chamber to disclose an apparition of St. Andrew, which had been thrice reiterated in his sleep, with a dreadful menace if he presumed to suppress the commands of Heaven. "At Antioch," said the apostle, "in the church of my brother St. Peter, near the high altar, is concealed the steel head of the lance that pierced the side of our Redeemer. In three days that instrument of eternal, and now of temporal salvation, will be manifested to his disciples. Search and ye shall find; bear it aloft in battle, and that mystic weapon shall penetrate the souls of the miscreants." The pope's legate, the Bishop of Puy, affected to listen with coldness and distrust; but the revelation was eagerly accepted by Count Raymond, whom his faithful subject, in the name of the apostle, had chosen for the guardian of the holy lance. The experiment was resolved; and on the third day, after a due preparation of prayer and fasting, the priest of Marseilles introduced twelve trusty spectators, among whom were the count and his chaplain; and the church doors were barred against the impetuous multitude. The ground was opened in the appointed place; but the workmen, who relieved each other, dug to the depth of twelve feet without discovering the object of their search. In the evening, when Count Raymond had withdrawn to his post, and the weary assistants began to murmur, Bartholemy, in his shirt, and without his shoes, boldly descended into the pit; the darkness of the hour and of the place enabled him to secrete and deposit the head of a Saracen lance; and the first sound, the first gleam of the steel, was saluted with a devout rapture. The holy lance was drawn from its recess, wrapped in a veil of silk and gold, and exposed to the veneration of the Crusaders. Their anxious suspense burst forth in a general shout of joy and hope, and the desponding troops were again inflamed with the enthusiasm of valour. Whatever had been the arts, and whatever might be the sentiments of the chiefs, they skilfully improved this fortunate revolution by every aid that discipline and devotion could afford. The soldiers were dismissed to their quarters with an injunction to fortify their minds and bodies for the approaching conflict, freely to bestow their last pittance on themselves and their horses, and to expect with the dawn of day the signal of victory. On the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul the gates of Antioch were thrown open; a martial psalm, "Let the Lord arise, and let his enemies be scattered!" was chanted by a procession of priests and monks; the battle-array was marshalled in twelve divisions, in honour of the twelve apostles; and the holy lance, in the absence of Raymond, was intrusted to the hands of his chaplain. The influence of this relic or trophy was felt by the servants, and perhaps by the enemies of Christ; and its potent energy was heightened by an accident, a stratagem, or a rumour of a miraculous complexion. Three knights, in white garments and resplendent arms, either issued, or seemed to issue, from the hills. The voice of Adhemar, the pope's legate, proclaimed them as the martyrs St. George, St. Theodore, and St. Maurice; the tumult of battle allowed no time for doubt or scrutiny; and the welcome apparition dazzled the eyes or the imagination of a fanatic army. In the season of danger and triumph the revelation of Bartholemy of Marseilles was unanimously asserted; but as soon as the temporary service was accomplished, the personal dignity and liberal alms which the Count of Toulouse derived from the custody of the holy lance provoked the envy and awakened the reason of his rivals. A Norman clerk presumed to sift, with a philosophic spirit, the truth of the legend, the circumstances of the discovery, and the character of the prophet; and the pious Bohemond ascribed their deliverance to the merits and intercession of Christ alone. For a while the Provincials defended their national palladium with clamours and arms; and new visions condemned to death and hell the profane sceptics who presumed to scrutinize the truth and merit of the discovery. The prevalence of incredulity compelled the author to submit his life and veracity to the judgment of God. A pile of dry faggots, four feet high and fourteen long, was erected in the midst of the camp; the flames burned fiercely to the elevation of thirty cubits; and a narrow path of twelve inches was left for the perilous trial. The unfortunate priest of Marseilles traversed the fire with dexterity and speed, but his thighs and belly were scorched by the intense heat; he expired the next day; and the logic of believing minds will pay some regard to his dying protestations of innocence and truth. Some efforts were made by the Provincials to substitute a cross, a ring, or a tabernacle in the place of the holy lance, which soon vanished in contempt and oblivion. Yet the revelation of Antioch is gravely asserted by succeeding historians; and such is credulity, that miracles most doubtful on the spot and at the moment will be received with implicit faith at a convenient distance of time and space.—*History of the Crusades.*

OLD TIME'S HOLIDAY.

SUGGESTED ON SEEING A PICTURE OF TIME PLAYING ON A HARP.

[Rev. William Lisle Bowles, born at King's Sutton, 1762; died 1850. Educated at Winchester and Oxford; became vicar of Bremhill, prebendary of Salisbury, and canon residentiary. He wrote many poems, and some of his early sonnets were highly esteemed by Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge. His chief works are: *St. Michael's Mount; The Battle of the Nile; The Sorrows of Switzerland; The Spirit of Discovery, or the Conquest of the Ocean; The Missionary of the Andes; The Grave of the Last Saxon; St. John in Patmos; Elen Gray;* &c. &c. He also published an edition of Pope's works, and several volumes on religious subjects. "He has a fine eye for the beautiful and the true; and, although his enthusiasm was tempered, we never miss a cordial sympathy with whatever is pure, noble, and generous."—D. M. Moir's *Poetical Literature.*]

Though swift the moments pass along,
To some they scarcely seem to move;
Whilst Fancy sings her elfin song,
Of Hope, of Joyance, and of Love.

As through a valley far remote I stray'd,
Methought, beside a mould'ring temple's stone,
The tale of whose dark structure was unknown,
I saw the form of Time: his scythe's huge blade
Lay swathed in the grass, whose gleam was seen
Fearful, as oft the wind the tussocks green
Moved, stirring to and fro: the beam of morn
Cast a dim lustre on his look forlorn;
When, touching a responsive instrument,
Stern o'er the chords his furrow'd brow he bent:
Meantime a naked boy, with aspect sweet,
Play'd smiling with the hour-glass at his feet!
Apart from these, and in a verdant glade,
A sleeping Infant on the moss was laid,
O'er which a female form her vigils kept,
And watch'd it, softly breathing as it slept.
Then I drew nigh, and to my list'ning ear
Came, stealing soft and slow, this ditty clear:

"Lullaby, sing lullaby,—
Sweetest babe, in safety lie;
I thy mother sit and sing,
Nor hear of Time the hurrying wing.

"Here, where innocence reposes,
Fairy sylphs, your sports delay;
Then the breath of morning roses
From its bed of bliss convey.

"Lullaby, sing lullaby,—
Sweetest babe, in safety lie;
I thy mother sit and sing,
Nor hear of Time the hurrying wing."

Hush'd in sweet slumber, its calm eye-lids closed,
One little hand upon its heaving breast,
Amidst the flow'rs a beauteous Child reposed,
And ring-doves murmur'd it to stiller rest.
Unseen, far off, the mutt'ring thunder roll'd;
Unheard, far off, the meteor lightnings play'd;
When all was sunshine here, and clouds, like gold,
Hung, as delaying, o'er the shadowy glade.
I turn'd, and lo! a bevy bright and fair
Come dancing, youths and virgins in a throng.
Heard ye the animated air
Rich tones of pleasure and of hope prolong?

"'Golden lads and lasses gay,'
Now is life's sweet holiday:
Time shall lay by his scythe for you,
And Joy the valley with fresh violets strew."

Then sweeter came, methought with accents clear,
The song, in soft accordance to mine ear.
It said, "O Youth, still joyous on thy way,
Mayst thou be found; now that her purple wing
The morning waves and the fresh woodlands sing.
Nor let cold Wisdom's voice thy heart dismay,
Telling thee Hope and Pleasure last not long;
That Age will come, like pilgrim poor and old,
And wan Disease, with cheerless aspect cold;
But listen to my mirth-inspiring song:
The shadow'd landscape, and the golden sun,
The skies so pure, the vernal pastures green,
And hills and vales, at distance softer seen,
Invite thee life's glad race secure to run;
Thine every joy the smiling prospect yields—
To-morrow to fresh streams and fairer fields."

As light of heart they pass'd along,
At once the dark Musician changed his song:

"Who, in tender transport lying,
While the gentle wizard sings,
Thinks not of the hour that's flying,
Or the noise of human things?"

I look'd, and saw upon a lake, alone,
Stealing beneath the bank, a little boat
(Upon whose sail the beams of morning shone)
Soft on its shade without a murmur float,
Aërial rocks gleam'd o'er the woods remote:
On all things round there was a silence deep,
Save when at times was heard the turtle's note,
Or distant pipe, or bell of wand'ring sheep.
Upon the bank myrtles and lilies grew,
And spreading woodbines mark'd a sylvan cave,
And sometimes, deck'd with flow'rs of various hue,
The green-sward slope descended to the wave.

And in that boat, with look that witness'd joy
And hope, a beautiful and winged Boy
Sat at the helm, and as the breezes fann'd
His yellow-stirring hair, filling the sail
Gently, he smiled, and lifted in his hand
A blooming May-thorn, whilst the Wizard sung,
Old Time, as he himself were beautiful and young,
And seem'd with moody joy the fairy sight to hail:

THE SHEPHERD'S INVITATION

"Bless the hour Endearment gives!
Who on earth's cold climate lives,
But has felt his heart rejoice,
When woman's smile, and woman's voice,
Hath sent, with magical control,
All sweetness to the soften'd soul?

"Oh! Happiness, where art thou found
(If indeed on mortal ground)
But with faithful hearts alone,
That Love and Friendship have made one—
In tenderness and faith sincere,
In affection's sweetest tear!"

It was a livelong holiday;
And in that boat, far from the faithless crowd,
They who true love and mutual trust avow'd,
Pursued in peace their solitary way.
And it was bliss to see the manly youth,
Whose look bespoke sincerity and truth,
Gaze upon her he loved, as he could bless
Th' Almighty Being, in the living light
Of whose warm sun he felt such happiness,
Whilst tears of transport almost dimm'd his sight.
To tenderness and confidence resign'd,
On his protecting bosom she reclined
Her head: and so, beneath the gleamy sail,
They passed, amid the summer-shining vale.

Meantime the hoar Musician sings,
Hiding the shadow of his sable wings:—
"Come, and forget the coil of human things!
The sound of many sorrows, that dismay
The shrinking heart of man, here dies away!
Come, pure Endearment, be this moment thine;
Kiss from the lid the tears that rapturous shine,
And let one Spirit of Affection say,
Blest hours, but ah! too transient, could ye stay
Your rapid flight, how sweet were life's long way!"

Now where a gloom of thicker myrtles grew,
The fading vision lessen'd from my view.
As far away the stealing shadows float,
Still ev'ning slowly sheds her umbrage hoar,
One streak of light strays from the parting boat,
And softest sounds die on the distant shore.
I stood like one who, with delighted eyes,
Pursues the noontide rainbow as it flies;
When, from a cloud that sapphire-bright appear'd,
Words, like the sound of waves remote, I heard:

"Mortal, would thy search obtain
True wisdom in a world of pain?
Oh! when all the valleys ring
To music of life's opening spring,
Let not Flattery's syren lay
Lure thy trusting heart astray.
Let Gaiety's glad dance and song
Detain, but not detain thee long.
Love's enchanting visions gleam,
But, ah! they are not what they seem!
Nor yet let sullen Care destroy
Vernal hopes, and summer joy!
Use the present, but not so
That it may lead to years of woe.
Take the joys the Heav'ns impart
With a meek and thankful heart;
And think them, when they steal away,
But as companions of a day.
Love, and youth's delightful spring,
Time shall bear with rapid wing;
But, when Passion's hour is past,
Fidelity and Truth shall last;
Last till life's few sands are run!
And Nature views the sinking Sun!
Nor think that then the parting knell
Sounds o'er the grave a last farewell;
For higher, purer joys remain,
Far beyond yon starry plain;
Where sorrow shall no loss deplore,
Where Time and change shall be no more."

I look'd, and saw no more the boat, the stream;
Pass'd like the silent pictures of a dream:—
I turn'd to the same spot, where with white beard
That Phantom-Minstrel o'er his harp inclined;
I saw alone his Shadow vast, and heard
The sound of mighty pennons, clanging in the wind!

THE SHEPHERD'S INVITATION.[1]

Live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountains yields.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, by whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

LOVE'S ANSWER.

If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

SHAKSPEARE.

[1] Dr. John Donne has written a song called "The Bait" very similar to the foregoing, but coarse in some of its conceits.

VISIONS—A PHANTASY.

[Ivan Turgenieff, or Turgenjew, born at Orch, 9th November, 1818. The most prominent of modern Russian novelists. His principal works, translations of which have appeared in English, French, and other languages, are: *Memoirs of a Sportsman; Russian Life in the Interior; (Mémoires d'un Seigneur Ruse)*; *Fathers and Sons*, considered his masterpiece: it presents a photograph of the characteristics of old and new Russian society; *Lisa; Smoke;* &c. The first two works contained such powerful sketches of serfdom that the present Emperor Alexander declared them to be "one of the first incitements to the decree which gave freedom to thirty millions of serfs." The novelist visited Scotland in 1871 to pay homage to the memory of Scott at the Edinburgh Centenary Banquet.]

For a long time I tried in vain to sleep, and kept tossing from side to side. "The devil take all this nonsense of tipping tables," I said to myself, "it certainly shakes the nerves." At length, however, drowsiness began to get the upper hand.

Suddenly it seemed to me that a harp-string twanged feebly in my chamber. I lifted my head. The moon was low in the sky and shone full in my face; its light lay like a chalk-mark on the carpet. The strange sound was distinctly repeated. I raised myself on my elbow, my heart beat forcibly. A minute passed so—another—then in the distance a cock crowed and a second answered him from yet further.

My head fell back on the pillow. "It comes even to that," I thought, "my ears are fairly ringing."

In a moment more I was asleep, or seemed to myself to be sleeping. I had a singular dream. I thought that I was in my chamber in my own bed, wide awake. Suddenly I hear the noise again. I turn. The moon-beam on the floor begins to waver, to rise, to take shape, stands motionless before me like the white figure of a woman, transparent as mist.

"Who are you?" I ask, trying to retain my composure.

A voice resembling the soughing of the wind among the tree-tops answers me. "It is I—I—I. I am come for you."

"For me? But who are you?"

"Come at nightfall to the old oak-tree at the edge of the wood. I will be there."

I wish to see more closely the features of this mysterious being; an involuntary cold shudder runs through me. I find myself not lying, but in a sitting posture on my bed, and where the appearance of the figure was there is a long pale moon-streak on the floor.

I do not know how the next day passed. I tried, I remember, to read and to work a little but could accomplish nothing. Night fell; my heart beat as if I had been expecting some one. I went to bed and turned my face to the wall.

"Why did you not come?" The whisper was plainly audible in the chamber.

Hastily I turned my head.

There was the form again, the mysterious being with fixed eyes in its rigid countenance and an expression of woe.

"Come?" I heard faintly.

"I will come," I answered with uncontrollable terror. The shape wavered, sank into itself like a puff of smoke, and once more it was only the wan moonlight that lay on the smooth floor.

I passed the day in excitement. At tea I nearly emptied a bottle of wine, and for a moment stood hesitating at the open door, but almost immediately turned back and threw myself upon my couch. The blood rushed at fever-speed through my veins.

Again I heard the tones. I shrank, but would not look up. Then suddenly I felt myself tightly clasped by something, and a whisper in my very ear, "Come, come, come!" Trembling with fright I stammered, "I will come," and raised myself upright.

The woman's form was bending over the head of my bed. It smiled slightly, and faded, but not before I had been able to distinguish the features. It seemed to me that I had seen them before; but where—when? It was late when I rose, and I spent almost the whole day in the fresh air, went to the old oak-tree at the edge of the wood and regarded it thoroughly. Toward evening I seated myself beside the open window in my study. My housekeeper brought me a cup of tea, but I was unable to taste it. All sorts of thoughts besieged me, and I asked myself seriously whether I was not on the road to madness. It was just after sunset, and not only the sky but the whole atmosphere was suddenly suffused with a supernatural purple light; leaves and weeds, smooth as if freshly varnished, were alike motionless, there was something singular, almost mysterious, in this absolute quiet, this dazzling sharpness of outline, this combination of intense glow with the stillness of death itself. A large gray bird flew noiselessly toward me and settled itself upon the balustrade of my balcony. I looked at it and it looked at me, its head sideways, with its round, dusky eye. "Are you sent to remind me?" I thought.

The bird spread its wings and flew away as silently as it had come. I remained at the window for some time longer absorbed in thought. I seemed to be under a spell, a gentle but irresistible power controlled me, as the boat is swept on by the current long before the cataract is in sight. When I regained possession of myself the glow was gone from the sky, which had grown dark, and the enchanted stillness had ceased. A light breeze had sprung up, the moon rode bright and brighter through the blue expanse, and in her cold light the trees shimmered, half dusk half silver. My old servant entered with a lamp, but the draught from the window extinguished the flame. I waited no longer, thrust my hat on my head and hurried to the old oak-tree at the edge of the wood.

Years ago this oak had been struck by lightning; its top was shivered and entirely blasted, but the trunk had still vigour for coming centuries. As I approached, a filmy cloud drew over the moon; blackest shadow lay under the broad branches. At first I was not conscious of anything unusual, but as I glanced to one side my heart throbbed—a white form was standing motionless by a tall sapling between me and the tree. My hair stood on end, but I plucked up courage and walked steadily on.

Yes, it was she, my nightly visitant. As I drew near, the moon shone out in full splendour. The figure seemed woven, as it were, out of a half-transparent milky cloud; through the face I could see a twig that stirred with the wind, only the hair and the eyes were of a somewhat darker colouring, and on one finger of the folded hands I saw the faint glimmer of a narrow ring. I remained standing before it and attempted to speak to it, but my voice died in my throat; although I was not sensible of fear. Its glance was full upon me, the expression was neither of grief nor of gladness, but a rigid, unlife-like attention. I waited to be addressed, but it kept immovable and silent, with its death-like stare fixed on me. Again I felt my self-possession failing.

"I am come," I said at last with a mighty effort. My voice was hollow and unnatural.

"I love you," returned a whisper.

"You love me?" I asked in amazement.

"Give yourself to me," was answered, still in the same tone.

"Give myself to you? You are only a ghost. You have no bodily existence." A peculiar excitement had taken possession of me. "What are you? Smoke—air—vapour? Give myself up to you? First answer me—who are you? Have you lived on earth? And whence do you now come?"

"Give yourself to me. I will do you no ill. Say but two words: 'take me.'"

I looked at it attentively. "What is it talking about?" I thought. "What does it all mean? How can it take me? Shall I venture?"

"Very good," I answered so that it should hear, with unexpected loudness, indeed, as if some one had hit me from behind, "Take me!"

I had hardly pronounced the syllables when the form bent forward with a smile, so that the features trembled for a moment, and slowly extended its arms. I would fain have drawn back, but found it already out of my power. It twined about me, my body was caught up a yard from the ground, and gently, and not too rapidly, I floated over the still and dewy grass.

My head swam. Involuntarily I closed my eyes, only to open them, however, the next moment. We were still floating upward. But the wood was no longer to be seen. Under us lay a wide plain, flecked here and there with shadow. With horror I realized that we had gained a fearful height.

"I am lost. I am in the devil's clutches," was the thought that shot lightning-like through my brain. Till this moment the idea of demoniacal interference in my undertaking had not occurred to me. We were borne constantly farther, and took our flight higher and higher as it appeared.

"Where are you taking me?" burst from me at length.

"Wherever you will," answered my guide. It clung closer and closer to me, its face almost touching my own. Yet I could not feel the contact.

"Take me back to the earth. This height makes me giddy."

"Good; only shut your eyes and hold your breath."

I followed this counsel and found myself sinking like a stone, the wind fairly whistling through my hair. When I recovered myself we were hovering just above the ground, so that we stirred the tops of the grass blades.

"Put me down," I said, "on my feet, I have had enough of flying. I am no bird."

"I believed it would be pleasant to you. We have no other power."

"We? Who are you, then?"

No answer.

"Can't you tell me anything?"

A woful tone, like that which had wakened me the first night, trembled at my ear. All

this while we had been moving almost imperceptibly through the damp night air.

"Set me down," I repeated. My guide moved quietly aside, and I stood upon my feet. It remained before me again with folded hands. I had regained my composure, and looked closely in its face. There was the same expression of melancholy not human.

"Where are we?" I inquired, for I did not recognize my surroundings.

"You are not far from home, but in a moment you may be there."

"What? Must I trust myself to you again?"

"I have done you no harm and will let none come to you. We can fly till dawn, not later. I can take you wherever you may desire—to the ends of the earth. Resign yourself to me; say once more 'take me.'"

"Then—'take me.'"

Again she clasped me. I was lifted from the ground and we floated in air.

"Whither?" she asked me.

"On, straight on."

"But here are trees."

"Rise above them—only gingerly."

We soared upward, and took once more an onward course. Instead of grass, the tops of the trees waved under our feet. The wood seen from above, presented a singular appearance, with its moon-lighted, prickly back. It was like some monstrous sleeping creature, and the low, steady rustling of the leaves, like measured breath, carried the resemblance yet farther. Now and then we passed above a little clearing, along whose edge a charmingly indented line of shadow lay. Occasionally we heard below us the plaintive cry of a hare, nearer, the hoot of owls rang dolefully; the air was full of wild and piny smells; on all sides the moonlight lay absolute and cold, and high above our heads shone the Pleiades. Speedily we left the wood behind us, and debouched upon a plain through which some stream ran like a ribbon of mist. We flew along its banks over bushes that were still and heavy with dampness. Here the little waves swelled blue on the river, there they rose dark and threatening. Sometimes a fine faint fragrance rose in a wonderful fashion, as if the water were taking life and soul; it was where the water-lilies unfolded their white petals in a maidenly splendour, conscious that no hand could reach them. The whim seized me to gather one of these, and behold me already at the surface of the stream. There was an unpleasant sensation of moisture in my face as I broke the tough stem of a great flower. We flew from shore to shore like the jack-o'-lanthorns which we saw glittering about us, and which we seemed to chase. At times we hit upon whole families of wild ducks squatting in a circle in a hollow of the reeds, but they did not stir; it was a chance if one or another would withdraw its head from its wing, look about it, and hasten to bury its beak again in the soft down, or make a cackling accompanied by a shake of the whole body. We roused a heron; he emerged from a clump of willows, stretched his legs, spread his clumsy wings, and flapped heavily away. Nowhere did a fish leap in the water, apparently they also slept. I had by this time become accustomed to the sensation of flying, and even began to find it agreeable: every one who has dreamed of flying will understand this. I began to scrutinize the wonderful being who bore me, and whom I had to thank for these incredible experiences.

It had the appearance of a woman with delicate, not Russian, features. Grayish-white, nearly transparent, with scarcely perceptible shading, it reminded me of an alabaster vase, and once more seemed suddenly, strangely familiar to me.

"May I talk to you?" I asked it.

"Speak."

"I see a ring on your finger. You have lived on earth, then, have been married?"

I stopped, but there was no answer.

"What is your name, or rather what was your name?"

"You may call me Ellis."

"Ellis! That is an English name. Are you an Englishwoman? Have you known me before?"

"No."

"Why have you appeared to me then?"

"I love you."

"Well—does this satisfy you?"

"Yes; we are flying and circling together in pure space."

"Ellis!" I cried, "can it be that you are a lost soul?"

My companion's head sank. "I do not understand," she whispered.

"I conjure you in the name of God"—I began.

"What are you saying?" she asked, bewildered. And I fancied that the arm that surrounded me like a chill girdle, trembled slightly.

"Do not fear, my beloved," Ellis said, "do not fear." Her face turned to mine and approached it closely, and I felt a curious sensation on my lips, like the prick of a fine needle.

. . . . . .

I looked down. We had again ascended to a tremendous height, and were flying over a large city unknown to me, which was built on the side of a high hill. Church spires rose here and there from the dark mass of roofs and gardens, a bridge arched the river-bend, everything lay in the deepest stillness, bound in sleep. Domes and crosses glimmered faintly in the peaceful light; a gray-white road ran still and straight as an arrow from one end of the city and vanished still and straight in the dim distance among the monotonous fields.

"What is this city?" I asked.

"——sow."

"——sow is in the ——schen province, is it not?"

"Yes."

"Then we are a long way from home?"

"For us distance is not."

"Truly?" A sudden recklessness awoke in me. "Take me to South America then."

"To America—there I cannot. There it is day."

"So, we are birds o' night, then, both of us. Well, wherever you can, only let it be right far."

"Shut your eyes and hold your breath," was Ellis's response, and we began to move with the swiftness of a hurricane. With stunning violence the wind rushed past my ears.

We stopped, but the rushing sound did not cease. On the contrary, it increased to a frightful roar, like a thunder peal.

"Now you can open your eyes," Ellis said.

I obeyed. Good Heavens, where am I?

Over the heavy clouds are hurrying across the sky like a herd of angry beasts, and below is another monster, the sea, in wildest rage. White foam is spouting and seething madly, waves tower mountain-high and dash themselves with hoarse fury against a gigantic, pitch-black reef. Everywhere the howling of the tempest, the icy breath of the revolted elements, the hollow roar of the breakers, through which at times I caught something like loud lamentations, distant cannon and the peal of bells; ear-splitting grate and crunch of the chalk cliffs, the sudden cry of an unseen gull, and against the gray horizon the outline of a reeling vessel—everywhere confusion, horror, and death. My head swam, my heart stopped; I closed my eyes anew.

"What is that and where are we?"

"Off the southerly coast of the Isle of Wight, before the Blackgang Rock, where so many vessels are lost," replied Ellis, this time with great distinctness of tone, and, as I fancied, a shade of joyous excitement.

"Take me away—away from here—home."

I shrank into myself and pressed my hands over my eyes. I could feel that we were moving more swiftly than before; already the wind ceased to howl and shriek, it blew evenly in my face, but so strongly that I could hardly breathe.

"Take your foot-hold," I heard Ellis say.

I made a mighty effort to regain my full consciousness and the mastery of myself. I felt the ground beneath my feet, but could hear no more than if everything about me lay dead; only on my own temples the veins throbbed violently, unevenly, and with a little inward ringing; I was still half fainting. But I stood up and opened my eyes.

We were on the bank of my own pond. Straight before me I could see through the slender willow leaves the glassy surface of the water, dappled here and there with mist. On the right was a ryefield in tremulous motion, on the left rose steady and dewy-wet the trees of my garden. The morning had already breathed on them. In the empty gray sky a pair of narrow clouds hung like smoke-wreaths; they were russet, the first faint hint of dawn had reached them, the eye could not distinguish as yet any spot on the wide horizon where the daylight should break. The stars were gone, there was no stir yet in the magical half-light, everything drew consciously to its awakening.

"Morning, morning is here!" Ellis murmured in my ear. "Farewell till to-morrow."

I turned to her. She rose, lightly swaying, from the ground, and lifted both arms above her head. Head, arms, and shoulders were suddenly suffused with a warm, rosy flesh tint, the fire of life glowed in the shadowy eyes, a smile of secret joy played over the scarlet lips, it was a charming woman all at once who stood before me. But almost instantly she sank back as if exhausted, and melted away like mist.

I stood motionless.

When things about me had re-assumed the aspects of ordinary life, I looked round, and it seemed to me as if the rosy glow that had irradiated the form of my shadowy companion had not faded, but still permeated the air and surrounded me on every side. It was the Dawn. An irresistible languor crept over me, and I went to the house. As I was passing the hennery my ear caught the first morning gabble of the young geese (of all winged creatures these are the earliest to stir) and I saw the jackdaws perched on the ridge-pole busily preening their feathers against the milky-coloured sky. From time to time they all flew off simultaneously, and after a short flight settled again silently in their old places.

From the wood at hand sounded twice or thrice the shrill cry of the mountain cock that had alighted in the dewy grass to seek for berries there. With a slight chilliness in my limbs I reached my own bed and sank at once into a profound sleep.

On the following night as I neared the oak-tree, Ellis glided to meet me as toward a familiar friend. Nor did I experience the horror of yesterday in her presence, indeed I was almost glad to see her; I did not even speculate on what might happen, but only desired to be taken to some great distance and to some interesting places.

Ellis placed her arm about me and our flight began.

. . . . . .

Our flight was less rapid than usual, and I could follow with my eye the unfamiliar aspect of the familiar ground as it unrolled like an endless panorama before me. Woods, bushes, fields, ravines, streams, occasionally villages and churches; then fields, woods, bushes, and ravines again. I had a feeling of sadness and also of indifference, almost of ennui; but not in the least because it was Russia over which we were taking our flight. No; the earth in and for itself; this flat plain that spread beneath me, the whole planet with its short-lived, helpless races, oppressed with poverty, sickness, and care, chained to a clod of dust; this rough and brittle crust, this sediment upon our planet's fiery core on which a mould is grown that we call by the high-sounding title of the vegetable world; these men-flies, a hundred times less useful than the flies themselves, with their dwellings of clay and the fugitive trace of their little monotonous lives, their eternal strife against the inevitable and the immutable—how it shocked me! My heart beat heavily in my bosom; the desire to contemplate any longer these unmeaning pictures had entirely left me. Yes, it was ennui that I felt, but something sharper than ennui as well. Not once did I feel pity for my fellow-men; every other thought was swallowed up in one that I hardly dare to name; it was loathing, and the profoundest, deepest loathing of all was—for myself.

"O cease," breathed Ellis, "cease your thoughts, else it would be impossible for me to carry you. You are too heavy."

"Home!" I cried to her with the tone in which I had summoned my driver once when at four o'clock in the morning I took leave of the friends at Moscow with whom I had been discussing Russia's future. "Home!" I repeated and closed my eyes.

It was not long till I opened them. Ellis began to nestle against me in a singular way; she nearly stifled me. I turned my eyes upon her and the blood curdled in my veins. Every one will understand me who has ever chanced to catch an expression of extreme terror on a stranger's face without any suspicion of its cause. A transport of horror drew and distorted Ellis's pallid, almost blotted-out features, Never had I seen the like on mortal face; here was a bodiless, nebulous ghost, a shadow, and such rigidity of fear!

"Ellis! What is the matter with you?" I asked at last.

"He! It is he!" With difficulty she brought the words forth.

"He? Who is he?"

"Do not name him, do not name him," Ellis stammered in haste. "We must seek some refuge, else it is all at an end, and for ever. Look! There!"

I turned my head to the side where her shuddering finger was pointing, and was conscious of Something—something that was indeed awful to look upon.

This something was the more frightful that it had no decided form. A clumsy, horrible, dark-yellow thing, spotted like a lizard's belly, neither cloud nor smoke, was crawling snake-like over the earth. Its motion was measured, broad-sweeping from above to below and from below to above, like the ill-omened flight of a bird of prey that seeks its booty; from time to time it swooped upon the earth in an indescribable, hideous way; so the spider pounces upon the entrapped fly. Who or what art thou, grewsome Shape? Under its influence—I saw and felt this—everything shrivelled and grew rigid. A foul, pestilential chill spread upward. I felt myself fainting; my sight grew dim, my hair stood on end. It was a Power that was approaching; a power that knows no obstacle, that subjects everything to itself; that, blind and formless and senseless, sees everything, knows everything, controls everything; like a vulture selects its prey, like a snake crushes it and licks it with its deadly tongue.

"Ellis, Ellis," I shrieked like a madman, "That is Death! The very, living Death himself!"

The lamentable sound that I had heard before escaped Ellis's lips, only this time it was far more like a mortal cry of despair; and we flew on. Our flight was singularly and frightfully unsteady; Ellis turned over and over in the air, plunged first in one direction then in the other, like a partridge that,

wounded unto death, still endeavours to distract the dog from her brood. But in the meanwhile long feelers, like extended arms, or rather lassos, had disengaged themselves from the lump, and were stretching out after us with groping movements. And then of a sudden it rose into the gigantic shape of a shrouded figure on a pale horse. It grew, filling the heavens themselves. More agitated, more desperate became Ellis's flight. "He has seen me—it is all over—I am lost," I caught in broken whispers. "O miserable that I am! The opportunity so close! Life within my grasp! and now—nothingness—nothingness!"

I could bear it no longer. Consciousness left me.

When I came to myself I was lying on my back in the grass, and I felt through my body a dull ache as if after a heavy fall. Morning flickered in the sky. I could clearly distinguish my surroundings. Nor far off there was a willow-fringed road that ran beside a birch wood. The region seemed familiar. I began to recall what had happened to me, and could not repress a shudder as I remembered the last awful spectacle.

"But what can have terrified Ellis?" I thought. "Can she be subject to his power? Is she not immortal? How is it possible that she can be doomed to annihilation?"

A low moan sounded not far away. I hastily turned my head in that direction, and there, two paces from me, lay the motionless form of a young woman in a white garment, with thick, unbound hair, and shoulders bared. One arm was over her head, the other had fallen across her bosom, the eyelids were closed, and the tightly-compressed lips were stained slightly with a reddish froth. Could it be Ellis? But Ellis was a ghost, and it was a real woman whom I saw. I crawled over to her and bent above her. "Ellis, is it you?" I cried. The eyelids quivered, slowly uplifted; dark, expressive eyes fixed themselves earnestly on my face, and in the next instant a warm, moist, fragrant mouth was pressed to mine, slender, strong arms clasped themselves round my neck, a hot breast swelled against my own. "Farewell! farewell!" the dying voice said, and everything disappeared.

I staggered to my feet like a drunken man, passed my hand across my forehead, and looked about me. I found myself on the ——schen road, two versts from my country-seat. Before I reached home the sun had risen.

For some nights following this I waited, let me confess it, not altogether without fear, for the return of my companion, but she came no more. One evening, indeed, I stationed myself at the old place, at the old hour, but nothing unusual occurred. After all, I could not regret the end of so singular an intimacy. I pondered much and earnestly upon this inexplicable, incomprehensible experience, and had to come to the conclusion that not only positive science is in no condition to handle it, but that it is out of the range of legends and fairy tales even. Indeed, what was Ellis? A ghost, a wandering soul, an evil spirit, a sylph, a vampire, finally? At times the fancy possessed me that Ellis was in truth a woman whom I had known; and I ransacked my memory to find where I might have seen her before. Hold! a moment more and I have it! But it never came. Everything grew confused like a dream. Yes, I have thought much and, as is very often the case, have arrived at no conclusion. I could not bring myself to ask the advice or the opinion of others, for fear of being taken for a madman. At last I gave up all my gropings; to tell the truth, I had other things to think of. First, the emancipation of the serfs and the equal distribution of lands, &c., intervened; then the condition of my health, that has received a shock; I have a pain in my chest, cough much, and suffer from sleeplessness. I am visibly growing thin. I am as yellow as a mummy. The doctor assures me that I suffer from consumption of the blood, calls my complaint by a Greek name, "*anæmie*," and declares that I must go to Gastein.

GOOD WISHES.

BY P. J. BAILEY.

For every leaf the loveliest flower
Which beauty sighs for from her bower—
For every star a drop of dew—
For every sun a sky of blue—
For every heart a heart as true.

For every tear by pity shed
Upon a fellow-sufferer's head,
Oh! be a crown of glory given;
Such crowns as saints to gain have striven—
Such crowns as seraphs wear in heaven.

For all who toil at honest fame,
A proud, a pure, a deathless name;
For all who love, who loving bless,
Be life one long, kind, close caress—
Be life all love, all happiness.

—*Festus.*

THREE BEAUTIES.

A LETTER FROM LADY MARIAN TO LADY GRACE.

How strange it seems, dear Grace, that we
  Remain, while Polly's left us;—
Ah, what a force we were, we three,
Who could withstand our coquetry,
  Till Time of charms bereft us!

Poor Polly's gone—and that's a sign
  Our time is coming fast, love;
And just because the day's decline
Is now a source of much repine,
  I talk about the past, love.

Ah me, the morning and the night
  Of old just touched hands, gracing
The act with cheer and promise bright;
But now, as if in our despite,
  They seem to be embracing.

Three beauties were we;—Harry Hood
  Declared upon his honour,
That every time he came he would
Have asked us, but he never could
  Say which might bring him *bonheur*.

He could not choose one of the three,
  And kindly did not bore us;
So, bolder men won you and me,
And Polly—well, we never see
  What fate there is before us.

She was an honest wife, that's plain,
  And he—we shall not name him,
Although it goes against the grain
To let him 'scape our just disdain,
  We'll let her virtues blame him.

She suffered much and never spoke—
  Was always too submissive;
She lingered till her spirit broke,
Then Heaven freed her from the yoke
  In this way most decisive.

Peace to her!—of the beauties three,
  Two only now remaining,
Our very selves revived I see
In children—sunny buds, while we
  Are the old roses waning.

There are we three, as young as when
  We laughed at every wooer:
Each gay and lovely and as vain—
Distraction to weak-minded men—
In them, dear Grace, we live again;
  God keep them well and pure!

Goodbye, dear, and we must not fret
  That time old ties *will* sever;
Our best being done, needs no regret:
Man's value on what's won is set—
  God values the endeavour.

ARCHER E. HERBERT.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

[Sir Archibald Alison, D.C.L., born at Kenley, Shropshire, 29th December, 1792; died at Glasgow, 23d May, 1867. Historian and essayist. Called to the Scottish bar in 1814; became sheriff of Lanarkshire in 1828, and was created a baronet by the Derby government in 1852. His chief works are: *The History of Europe; Essays, Political, Historical, and Miscellaneous* —contributed for the most part to *Blackwood's Magazine; Principles of Criminal Law*, &c. His *History of Europe* is regarded as one of the most remarkable historical works of the century. "Its vigour of research and its manliness of principle, its accurate knowledge and its animation of style, have been the grounds of its remarkable public favour, as they are the guarantees for its permanent popularity."—*Blackwood.*]

Autobiography, when skilfully and judiciously done, is one of the most delightful species of composition of which literature can boast. There is a strong desire in every intelligent and well-informed mind to become familiar with the private thoughts, and secret motives of action, of those who have filled the world with their renown. We long to learn their early history, to be made acquainted with their first aspirations, to discover how they became so great as they afterwards turned out. Perhaps literature has sustained no greater loss than that of the memoirs which Hannibal wrote of his life and campaigns. From the few fragments of his sayings which Roman admiration or terror has preserved, his reach of thought and statesmanlike sagacity would appear to have been equal to his military talents. Cæsar's *Commentaries* have always been admired; but there is some doubts whether they really were written by the dictator; and, supposing they were, they relate almost entirely to military movements and public events, without giving much insight into private character. It is that which we desire in autobiography: we hope to find in it a window by which we may look into a great man's mind. Plutarch's *Lives* owe their vast and enduring popularity to the insight into private character which the innumerable anecdotes he has collected of the heroes and statesmen of antiquity afford; and the lasting reputation of Boswell's *Johnson* is mainly to be ascribed to the same cause.

Gibbon's autobiography is the most perfect account of an eminent man's life, from his own hand, which exists in any language. Independent of the interest which naturally belongs to it as the record of the studies, and the picture of the growth of the mind of the greatest historian of modern times, it possesses

a peculiar charm from the simplicity with which it is written, and the judgment it displays, conspicuous alike in what is revealed and what is withheld in the narrative. It steers the middle channel so difficult to find, so invaluable when found, between ridiculous vanity on the one side, and affected modesty on the other. We see, from many passages in it, that the author was fully aware of the vast contribution he had made to literature, and the firm basis on which he had built his colossal fame. But he had good sense enough to see that those great qualities were never so likely to impress the reader, as when only cautiously alluded to by the author. He knew that vanity and ostentation never fail to make the character in which they predominate ridiculous —if excessive, contemptible; and that, although the world would thankfully receive all the details, how minute soever, connected with his immortal work, they would not take off his hands any symptom of himself entertaining the opinion of it which all others have formed. It is the consummate judgment with which Gibbon has given enough of the details connected with the preparation of his works to be interesting, and not enough to be ridiculous, which constitutes the great charm, and has occasioned the marked success, of his autobiography. There are few passages in the English language so popular as the well-known ones in which he has recounted the first conception and final completion of his history, which, as models of the kind, as well as passages of exquisite beauty, we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of transcribing, the more especially as they will set off, by way of contrast, the faults in some parallel passages attempted by Chateaubriand and Lamartine:—

"At the distance of twenty-five years, I can neither forget nor express the strong emotions which agitated my mind as I first approached and entered the Eternal City. After a sleepless night, I trod with a lofty step the ruins of the Forum. Each memorable spot—where Romulus stood, or Tully spoke, or Cæsar fell—was at once present to my eyes; and several days of intoxication were lost, or enjoyed, before I could descend to a cool and minute investigation. It was at Rome, on the 15th October, 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing this Decline and Fall of the city first started to my mind. But my original plan was circumscribed to the decay of the city, rather than of the empire; and though my reading and reflections began to point towards that object, some years elapsed, and several avocations intervened, before I was seriously engaged in the execution of that laborious work."—*Life*, p. 198, 8vo edition.

Again the well-known description of the conclusion of his labours:—

"I have presumed to mark the moment of conception: I shall now commemorate the hour of my final deliverance. It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion; and that, whatever might be the future fate of my History, the life of the historian must be short and precarious."—*Life*, p. 255, 8vo edition.

Hume's account of his own life is a model of perspicuity, modesty, and good sense; but it is so brief that it scarcely can be called a biography. It is not fifty pages long. The wary Scotch author was well aware how vanity in such compositions defeats its own object: he had too much good sense to let it appear in his pages. Perhaps, however, the existence of such a feeling in the recesses of his breast may be detected in the prominent manner in which he brings forward the discouragement he experienced when the first volume of his History was published, and the extremely limited sale it met with for some time after its first appearance. He knew well how these humble beginnings would be contrasted with its subsequent triumphant success. Amidst his many great and good qualities, there is none for which Sir Walter Scott was more admirable than the unaffected simplicity and good sense of his character, which led him to continue through life utterly unspotted by vanity, and unchanged by an amount of adulation from the most fascinating quarters, which would probably have turned the head of any other man. Among the many causes of regret which the world has for the catastrophes which overshadowed his latter years, it is not the least that it prevented the completion of that autobiography with which Mr. Lockhart has commenced his *Life*. His simplicity of character, and the vast number of eminent men with whom he was intimate, as well as the merit of that fragment itself, leave no room for doubt that he would have made a most charming memoir, if he had lived to complete it. This observation does not detract in the slightest degree from the credit justly due to

Mr. Lockhart for his admirable *Life* of his illustrious father-in-law: on the contrary, it forms its highest encomium. The charm of that work is mainly owing to its being so imbued with the spirit of the subject, that it may almost be regarded as an autobiography.

Continental writers of note have, more than English ones, fallen into that error which is of all others the most fatal in autobiography—inordinate vanity. At the head of all the delinquents of this class we must place Rousseau, whose celebrated *Confessions* contain a revelation of folly so extreme, vanity so excessive, and baseness so disgraceful, that it would pass for incredible if not proved by the book itself, which is to be found in every library. Not content with affirming, when past fifty, that there was no woman of fashion of whom he might not have made the conquest if he had chosen to set about it, he thought fit to entertain the world with all the private details of his life, which the greater prudence of his most indiscreet biographers would have consigned to oblivion. No one who wishes to discredit the Genevese philosopher, need seek in the works of others for the grounds of doing so. Enough is to be found in his own to consign him to eternal execration and contempt. He has told us equally in detail, and with the same air of infantine simplicity, how he committed a theft when in service as a lackey, and permitted an innocent girl, his fellow-servant, to bear the penalty of it; how he alternately drank the wine in his master's cellars, and made love to his wife; how he corrupted one female benefactress who had sheltered him in extremity of want, and afterwards made a boast of her disgrace; and abandoned a male benefactor who fell down in a fit of apoplexy on the streets of Lyons, and left him lying on the pavement, deserted by the only friend whom he had in the world. The author of so many eloquent declamations against mothers neglecting their children, on his own admission, when in easy circumstances, and impelled by no necessity, consigned *five* of his natural children to a foundling hospital, with such precautions against their being known that he never did or could hear of them again! Such was his vanity, that he thought the world would gladly feed on the crumbs of this sort which fell from the table of the man rich in genius. His grand theory was, that the human mind is born innocent, with dispositions only to good, and that all the evils of society arise from the follies of education or the oppression of government. Judging from the picture he has presented of himself, albeit debased by no education but what he himself had afforded, we should say his disposition was more corrupt than has ever been imagined by the most dark-minded and bigoted Calvinist that ever existed.

Alfieri was probably as vain in reality as Rousseau; but he knew better how to conceal it. He had not the folly of supposing that he could entertain women by the boastful detail of his conquests over them. He judged wisely, and more like a man who had met with *bonnes fortunes*, that he would attain more effectually the object of interesting their feelings, by painting their conquests over him. He has done this so fully, so sincerely, and with such eloquence, that he has made one of the most powerful pieces of biography in any language. Its charm consists in the picture he has drawn, with equal truth and art, of a man of the most impetuous and ardent temperament, alternately impelled by the strongest passions which can agitate the breast—love and ambition. Born of a noble family, inheriting a great fortune, he exhibited an uncommon combination of patrician tastes and feelings with republican principles and aspirations. He was a democrat because he knew the great by whom he was surrounded, and did not know the humble who were removed to a distance. He said this himself, after witnessing at Paris the horrors of the 10th August:—"Je connais bien les grands, *mais je ne connais pas les petits.*" He drew the vices of the former from observation, he painted the virtues of the latter from imagination. Hence the absurdity and unnatural character of many of his dramas, which, to the inhabitant of our free country, who is familiar with the real working of popular institutions, render them, despite their genius, quite ridiculous. But, in the delineation of what passed in his own breast, he is open to no such reproach. His picture of his own feelings is as forcible and dramatic as that of any he has drawn in his tragedies; and it is far more truthful, for it is taken from nature, not an imaginary world of his own creation, having little resemblance to that we see around us. His character and life were singularly calculated to make such a narrative interesting, for never was one more completely tossed about by vehement passions, and abounding with melodramatic incidents. Alternately dreaming over the most passionate attachments, and labouring of his own accord at Dante fourteen hours a day; at one time making love to an English nobleman's wife, and fighting him in the Park, at another driving through France with fourteen blood horses in harness; now stealing from the Pretender his queen, now striving to emulate

Sophocles in the energy of his picture of the passions, he was himself a living example of the intensity of those feelings which he has so powerfully portrayed in his dramas. It is this variety, joined to the simplicity and candour of the confessions, which constitutes the very charm of this very remarkable autobiography. It could have been written by no one but himself; for an ordinary biographer would only have described the incidents of his life, none else could have painted the vehement passions, the ardent aspirations, from which they sprang.

From the sketches of Goethe's life which have been preserved, it is evident that, though probably not less vain than the French philosopher or the Italian poet, his vanity took a different direction from either of theirs. He was neither vain of his turpitudes, like Rousseau, nor of his passions, like Alfieri. His self-love was of a more domestic kind; it was characterized more by the home-scenes of the Fatherland. No one will question the depth of Goethe's knowledge of the heart, or the sagacity of the light which his genius has thrown on the most profound feelings of human nature. But his private life partook of the domestic affections and unobtrusive rest in which it was passed, exempt alike from the grinding poverty which too often impelled the Genevese watchmaker's son into disgraceful actions, or the vehement passions which drove the Italian nobleman into brilliant crimes. Hence his biography exhibits an extraordinary mixture of lofty feelings with puerile simplicity, of depth of views with childishness, of divine philosophy with homely inclinations. Amidst all his enthusiasm and effusions of sentiment, he was as much under the influence as any man of creature-comforts; and never hesitated to leave the most lofty efforts of the muse, to participate in the substantial advantages of rich preserves or sweet cakes. This singular mixture arose, in a great measure, from the habits of his life, and the limited circle by which, during the greater part of it, he was surrounded. Living with a few friends in the quiet seclusion of a small German town, the object of almost superstitious admiration to a few females by whom he was surrounded, he became at once a little god of his own and their idolatry, and warmly inclined, like monks all over the world, to the innocent but not very elevating pleasures of breakfast and dinner. Mahomet said that he experienced more difficulty in persuading his four wives of his divine mission than all the rest of the world besides; and this, says Gibbon, was not surprising, for they knew best his weaknesses as a man. Goethe thought, on the same principle, his fame was secure, when he was worshipped as a god by his female coterie. He had the highest opinion of his own powers, and of the lofty mission on which he was sent to mankind; but his self-love was less offensive than that of Rousseau, because it was more unobtrusive. It was allied rather to pride than vanity; and though pride may often be hateful, it is never contemptible.

The *Life of Lord Byron* which Moore has published leaves no room for doubt, that the latter acted wisely in consigning the original manuscript of the noble poet's autobiography to the flames. Assuming that a considerable part of that biography is taken from what the noble bard had left of himself, it is evident that a more complete detail of his feelings and motives of action would have done anything rather than have added to his reputation. In fact, Moore's *Life* has done more than anything else to lower it. The poetical biographer had thought and sung so much of the passions, that he had forgot in what light they are viewed by the generality of men; he was so deeply imbued with the spirit of his hero, that he had come to regard his errors and vices as not the least interesting part of his life. That they may be so to that class of readers, unhappily too extensive, who are engaged in similar pursuits, is probably true; but how small a portion do these constitute of the human race, and how weak and inaudible does their applause become, in the progress of time, when compared to the voice of ages! What has become of the innumerable licentious works whose existence in antiquity has become known from the specimens disinterred in the ruins of Herculaneum? Is there one of them which has taken its place beside the *Lives of Plutarch?* Whatever is fetid, however much prized at the moment, is speedily sunk in the waves of time. Nothing permanently floats down its stream but what is buoyant from its elevating tendency.

Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is so replete with the sayings and thoughts of the intellectual giant, whom it was so much his object to elevate, even above his natural Patagonian stature, that it may be regarded as a sort of autobiography, dictated by the sage in his moments of *abandon* to his devout worshipper. It is not going too far to say, that it is among the most popular books in the English language. Johnson's reputation now mainly rests on that biography. No one now reads the *Rambler* or the *Idler*—few the *Lives of the Poets*, interesting as they are, and admirable as are the criticisms on our greatest authors which they contain. But Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is in everybody's

hands; you will hear the pithy sayings, the admirable reflections, the sagacious remarks it contains, from one end of the world to the other. The secret of this astonishing success is to be found in the caustic tone, sententious brevity, and sterling good sense of Johnson, and the inimitable accuracy, faithful memory, and almost infantine simplicity of his biographer. From the unbounded admiration with which he was inspired for the sage, and the faithful memory with which he was gifted, he was enabled to commit to paper, almost as they were delivered, those admirable sayings which have ever since been the delight and admiration of the world. We almost live with the members of the Literary Club; we hear their divers sentiments, and can almost conceive their tones of voice. We see the gigantic form of the sage towering above his intellectual compeers. Burke said that Johnson was greater in conversation than writing, and greater in Boswell than either; and it is easy to conceive that this must have been the case. The *Life* contains all the admirable sayings, *verbatim* as they were delivered, and without the asperity of tone and manner which formed so great a blot in the original deliverer. Johnson's sayings were of a kind which were susceptible of being accurately transferred, and with full effect to paper, because they were almost all reflections on morals, men, or manners, which are of universal application, and come home to the senses of mankind in every age. In this respect they were much more likely to produce an impression in biography than the conversation of Sir Walter Scott, which, however interesting to those who heard it, especially for the first time, consisted chiefly of anecdotes and stories, great part of the charm of which consisted in the mode of telling and expression of the countenance, which, of course, could not be transferred to paper.

But it is not every eminent man who is so fortunate as to find a biographer like Boswell, who, totally forgetful of self, recorded for posterity, with inimitable fidelity, all the sayings of his hero. Nor is it many men who would bear so faithful and searching an exposure. Johnson, like every other man, had his failings; but they were those of prejudice or manner, rather than morals or conduct. We wish we could say that every other eminent literary man was equally immaculate, or that an entire disclosure of character would, in every case, reveal no more weakness or failings than have been brought to light by Boswell's faithful chronicle. We know that every one is liable to err, and that no man is a hero to his *valet-de-chambre*. But being aware of all this, we were not prepared for the immense mass of weaknesses, follies, and errors, which have been brought to light by the indiscreet zeal of biographers, in the character of many of our ablest literary, poetical, and philosophical characters. Certainly, if we look at the details of their private lives, these men of literary celebrity have had little title to set up as the instructors, or to call themselves the benefactors of mankind. From the days of Milton, whose divine genius was so deeply tarnished by the asperity of his feelings, and the unpardonable license in controversy which he permitted to his tongue, to those of Lord Byron, who scandalized his country and the world by the undisguised profligacy of his private life, the biography of literary men, with a few brilliant exceptions—in the foremost of which we must place Sir Walter Scott—consists in great part of a series of follies, weaknesses, or faults, which it would be well for their memory could they be buried in oblivion. We will not say that the labours of their biographers have been the *Massacre of the Innocents*, for truly there were very few innocents to massacre; but we will say that they have, in general, done more to degrade those they intended to elevate, than the envenomed hostility of their worst enemies. We forbear to mention names, which might give pain to many respectable persons still alive. The persons alluded to, and the truth of the observation, will be at once understood and admitted by every person acquainted with the literary history of France and England during the last century.

Vanity and jealousy—vanity of themselves, jealousy of others—are the great failings which have hitherto tarnished the character and disfigured the biography of literary men. We fear it is destined to continue the same to the end of the world. The qualities which contribute to their greatness, which occasion their usefulness, which insure their fame, are closely allied to failings which too often disfigure their private lives, and form a blot on their memory, when indiscreetly revealed in biography, either by themselves or others. Genius is almost invariably united to susceptibility; and this temperament is unhappily too apt to run into irritability. No one can read Disraeli's essay on *The Literary Character*, the most admirable of his many admirable works, without being convinced of that. Celebrity of any sort is the natural parent of vanity, and this weakness is in a peculiar manner fostered in poets and romance writers, because their writings interest so warmly the fair, who form the great dispensers of general fame, and convey it in the most

flattering form to the author. It would perhaps be unjust to women to say that poets and novelists share in their weaknesses; but it is certain that their disposition is, in general, essentially feminine, and that, as they attract the admiration of the other sex more strongly than any other class of writers, so they are liable in a peculiar degree to the failings, as well as distinguished by the excellencies, by which their female admirers are characterized. We may regret that it is so; we may lament that we cannot find poets and romancers who, to the genius of Byron, or the fancy of Moore, unite the sturdy sense of Johnson, or the simplicity of character of Scott; but it is to be feared such a combination is as rare, and as little to be looked for in general life, as the union of the strength of the war-horse to the fleetness of the racer, or the courage of the mastiff to the delicacy of the grayhound. Adam Smith long ago pointed out the distinction between those who serve and those who amuse mankind; and the difference, it is to be feared, exists not merely between the philosopher and the opera-dancer, but between the instructors of men in every department of thought, and those whose genius is devoted rather to the pleasing of the eye, the melting of the feelings, or the kindling of the imagination. Yet this observation is only generally, not universally, true; and Sir Joshua Reynolds remains a memorable proof that it is possible for an artist to unite the highest genius and most imaginative power of mind to the wisdom of a philosopher, the liberality of a gentleman, the benevolence of a Christian, and the simplicity of a child.

THE SIMMER GLOAMIN'.

The midges dance aboon the burn,
  The dew begins to fa',
The paitricks down the rushy howm
  Set up their e'ening ca';
Now loud and clear the blackbird's sang
  Rings through the briery shaw,
While, fleeting gay, the swallows play
  Around the castle wa'.

Beneath the gowden gloamin' sky
  The mavis mends his lay,
The redbreast pours its sweetest strains,
  To charm the lingering day;
While weary yeldrins seem to wail
  Their little nestlings torn,
The merry wren, frae den to den,
  Gaes jinking through the thorn.

The roses fauld their silken leaves,
  The foxglove shuts its bell,
The honey-suckle and the birk
  Spread fragrance through the dell.
Let others crowd the giddy court
  Of mirth and revelry,
The simple joys that nature yields
  Are dearer far to me.

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

THE MERRY HEART.

BY HENRY HART MILMAN, D.D.

I would not from the wise require
The lumber of their learned lore;
Nor would I from the rich desire
A single counter of their store.
For I have ease, and I have health,
And I have spirits light as air;
And more than wisdom, more than wealth,—
A merry heart, that laughs at care.

Like other mortals of my kind,
I've struggled for dame Fortune's favour,
And sometimes have been half-inclined
To rate her for her ill-behaviour.
But life was short—I thought it folly
To lose its moments in despair;
So slipp'd aside from melancholy,
With merry heart, that laugh'd at care.

And once, 'tis true, two 'witching eyes
Surprised me in a luckless season,
Turn'd all my mirth to lonely sighs,
And quite subdued my better reason.
Yet 'twas but love could make me grieve,
And love you know's a reason fair,
And much improved, as I believe,
The merry heart, that laugh'd at care.

So now from idle wishes clear,
I make the good I may not find;
Adown the stream I gently steer,
And shift my sail with every wind.
And half by nature, half by reason,
Can still with pliant heart prepare
The mind, attuned to every season,
The merry heart, that laughs at care.

Yet, wrap me in your sweetest dream,
Ye social feelings of the mind,
Give, sometimes give your sunny gleam,
And let the rest good-humour find.
Yes, let me hail and welcome give
To every joy my lot may share,
And pleased and pleasing let me live
With merry heart, that laughs at care.

LEGEND OF THE GREAT PLANE-TREE OF FRAUENSTEIN.

[Right Hon. Sir Francis Bond Head, P.C., K.C.H., and Knight of the Prussian military Order of Merit, born at Hermitage, near Rochester, 1st January, 1793; died at Croydon, 20th July 1875. He served with the Royal Engineers at Waterloo, and under the Prussian General Ziethen at Fleurus. In 1825 he took charge of an association for working the gold and silver mines of Rio de la Plata. A ride of six thousand miles supplied the materials for his *Rough Notes of a Journey Across the Pampas* (1826). He was next appointed assistant-commissioner of poor-law for Kent, and then Governor of Upper Canada, where he suppressed an internal rebellion, and repelled an invasion of "sympathizers" from the United States. For this important service, amongst other honours conferred upon him, he was created a baronet in 1838; and in 1867 he was made a privy-councillor. His chief works are: *Bubbles from the Brunnen of Nassau* (from which we quote); *Life of Bruce; The Emigrant; A Faggot of French Sticks; A Fortnight in Ireland; Stokers and Pokers; The Royal Engineer; Narrative of his Administration in Upper Canada*; &c. He was awarded £100 a year in recognition of his services to literature.]

What more than its castle attracted my attention in the village of Frauenstein was an immense plane-tree, the limbs of which had originally been trained almost horizontally, until, unable to support their own weight, they were now maintained by a scaffolding of stout props. Under the parental shadow of this venerable tree the children of the village were sitting in every sort of group and attitude; one or two of their mothers, in loose easy dishabille, were spinning; many people were leaning against the upright scaffolding; and a couple of asses were enjoying the cool shade of the beautiful foliage, while their drivers were getting hot and tipsy in a wine-shop, the usual sign of which is in Germany the branch of a tree affixed to the door-post.

As I had often heard of the celebrated tree of Frauenstein, before which I now stood, I resolved not to quit it until I had informed myself of its history, for which I well knew I had only to apply to the proper authorities; for in Germany, in every little village there exists a huge volume, either deposited in the church, or in charge of an officer called the Schuldheisz, in which the history of every castle, town, or object of importance is carefully preserved. The young peasant reads it with enthusiastic delight; the old man reflects upon it with silent pride; and to any traveller searching for antiquarian lore, its venerable pages are most liberally opened, and the simple information they contain generously and gratuitously bestowed.

On inquiring for the history of this beautiful tree, I was introduced to a sort of doomsday-book about as large as a church Bible; and when I compared this volume with a little secluded spot so totally unknown to the world as the valley or glen of Frauenstein, I was surprised to find that the autobiography of the latter could be so bulky—in short, that it had so much to say of itself. But it is the common weakness of man, and particularly, I must acknowledge, of an old man, to fancy that all his thoughts, as well as actions, are of vast importance to the world; why, therefore, should not the humble Frauenstein be pardoned for an offence which we are all in the habit of committing?

In this ancient volume the rigmarole history of the tree was told with so much eccentric German genius, it displayed such a graphic description of high-born sentiments and homely life, and altogether it formed so curious a specimen of the contents of these strange sentimental village histories, that I venture to submit the following literal translation, in which the German idiom is faithfully preserved at the expense of our English phraseology.

The old Count Kuno seized with a trembling hand the pilgrim's staff: he wished to seek peace for his soul, for long repentance consumed his life. Years ago he had banished from his presence his blooming son, because he loved a maiden of ignoble race. The son, marrying her, secretly withdrew. For some time the count remained in his castle in good spirits—looked cheerfully down the valley—heard the stream rush under his windows—thought little of perishable life. His tender wife watched over him, and her lovely daughter renovated his sinking life; but he who lives in too great security is marked in the end by the hand of God, and while it takes from him what is most beloved, it warns him that here is not our place of abode.

The "Haus-frau" (wife) died, and the count buried the companion of his days; his daughter was solicited by the most noble of the land, and because he wished to ingraft this last shoot on a noble stem, he allowed her to depart, and then, solitary and alone, he remained in his fortress. So stands deserted, upon the summit of the mountain, with withered top, an oak!—moss is its last ornament—the storm sports with its last few dry leaves.

A gay circle no longer fills the vaulted chambers of the castle—no longer through

them does the cheerful goblet's "clang" resound. The count's nightly footsteps echo back to him, and by the glimmer of the chandeliers the accoutred images of his ancestors appear to writhe and move on the wall as if they wished to speak to him. His armour, sullied by the web of the vigilant spider, he could not look at without sorrowful emotion. Its gentle creaking against the wall made him shudder.

"Where art thou," he mournfully exclaimed, "thou who art banished? O my son, wilt thou think of thy father, as he of thee thinks—or . . . . art thou dead? and is that thy flitting spirit which rustles in my armour, and so feebly moves it? Did I but know where to find thee, willingly to the world's end would I in repentant wandering journey—so heavily it oppresses me what I have done to thee! I can no longer remain—forth will I go to the God of Mercy, in order, before the image of Christ, in the Garden of Olives, to expiate my sins!"

So spoke the aged man—enveloped his trembling limbs in the garb of repentance—took the cockle-hat—and seized with the right hand (that formerly was accustomed to the heavy war-sword) the light long pilgrim's staff. Quietly he stole out of the castle, the steep path descending while the porter looked after him astounded, without demanding "Whither?"

For many days the old man's feet bore him wide away; at last he reached a small village, in the middle of which, opposite to a ruined castle, there stands a very ancient plane-tree. Five arms, each resembling a stem, bend towards the earth, and almost touch it. The old men of former times were sitting underneath it, in the still evening, just as the count went by; he was greeted by them, and invited to repose. As he seated himself by their side, "You have a beautiful plane-tree, neighbours," he said.

"Yes," replied the oldest of the men, pleased with the praise bestowed by the pilgrim on the tree; "it was nevertheless PLANTED IN BLOOD!"

"How is that?" said the count.

"That will I also relate," said the old man. "Many years ago there came a young man here in knightly garb, who had a young woman with him, beautiful and delicate, but, apparently from their long journey, worn out. Pale were her cheeks, and her head, covered with beautiful golden locks, hung upon her conductor's shoulder. Timidly he looked round—for, from some reason, he appeared to fear all men; yet, in compassion for his feeble companion, he wished to conduct her to some secure hut, where her tender feet might repose. There, under that ivy-grown tower, stands a lonely house belonging to the old lord of the castle; thither staggered the unhappy man with his dear burden, but scarcely had he entered the dwelling than he was seized by the prince, with whose niece he was clandestinely eloping. Then was the noble youth brought bound, and where this plane-tree now spreads its roots flowed his young blood! The maiden went into a convent; but before she disappeared she had this plane-tree planted on the spot where the blood of her lover flowed: since then it is as if a spirit life were in the tree that cannot die, and no one likes a little twig to cut off, or pluck a cluster of blossom, because he fears it would bleed."

"God's will be done!" exclaimed suddenly the old count, and departed.

"That is an odd man!" said the most venerable of the peasants, eyeing the stranger who was hastening away; "he must have something that heavily oppresses his soul, for he speaks not, and hastens away; but, neighbours, the evening draws on apace, and the evenings in spring are not warm. I think in the white clouds yonder, towards the Rhine, are still concealed some snow-storms; let us come to the warm hearth."

The neighbours went their way, while the aged count, in deep thought, passed up through the village, at the end of which he found himself before the churchyard. Terrific black crosses looked upon the traveller—the graves were netted over with brambles and wild roses—no foot tore asunder the entwinement. On the right hand of the road there stands a crucifix, hewn with rude art. From a recess in its pedestal a flame rises towards the bloody feet of the image, from a lamp nourished by the hand of devotion.

"Man of sorrow," thus ascended the prayer of the traveller, "give me my son again—by thy wounds and sufferings, give me peace—peace!"

He spoke, and turning round towards the mountain, he followed a narrow path, which conducted him to a brook, close under the flinty, pebbly, grape hill. The soft murmurs of its waves rippling here and there over clear bright stones harmonized with his deep devotion. Here the count found a boy and a girl, who, having picked flowers, were watching them carried away as they threw them into the current.

When these children saw the pilgrim's reverend attire, they arose—looked up—seized the old man's hand, and kissed it. "God bless

thee, children!" said the pilgrim, whom the touch of their little hands pleased. Seating himself on the ground, he said, "Children, give me to drink out of your pitcher."

"You will find it taste good out of it, stranger-man," said the little girl; "it is our father's pitcher in which we carry him to drink upon the vine-hill. Look! yonder he works upon the burning rocks—alas! ever since the break of day; our mother often takes out food to him."

"Is that your father," said the count, "who with the heavy pickaxe is tearing up the ground so manfully, as if he would crush the rocks beneath?"

"Yes," said the boy, "our father must sweat a good deal before the mountain will bring forth grapes; but when the vintage comes, then how gay is the scene!"

"Where does thy father dwell, boy?"

"There in the valley beneath, where the white gable-end peeps between the trees; come with us, stranger-man; our mother will most gladly receive you, for it is her greatest joy when a tired wanderer calls in upon us."

"Yes," said the little girl; "then we always have the best dishes; therefore do come—I will conduct thee."

So saying, the little girl seized the old count's hand, and drew him forth—the boy, on the other side, keeping up with them, sprang backwards and forwards, continually looking kindly at the stranger; and thus slowly advancing, they arrived at the hut.

The Haus-frau (wife) was occupied in blowing the light ashes to awaken a slumbering spark as the pilgrim entered; at the voices of her children she looked up, saw the stranger, and raised herself immediately; advancing towards him with a cheerful countenance, she said—

"Welcome, reverend pilgrim, in this poor hut—if you stand in need of refreshment after your toilsome pilgrimage, seek it from us; do not carry away the blessing which you bring with you farther."

Having thus spoken, she conducted the old man into the small but clean room. When he had sat down, he said—

"Woman, thou hast pretty and animated children; I wish I had such a boy as that!"

"Yes!" said the Haus-frau, "he resembles his father—free and courageously he often goes alone upon the mountain, and speaks of castles he will build there. Ah! sir, if you knew how heavy that weighs upon my heart!"—(the woman concealed a tear).

"Counsel may here be had," said the count; "I have no son, and will of yours, if you will give him me, make a knight—my castle will some of these days be empty—no robust son bears my arms."

"Dear mother!" said the boy, "if the castle of the aged man is empty, I can surely, when I am big, go thither?"

"And leave me here alone?" said the mother.

"No; you will also go!" said the boy, warmly; "how beautiful is it to look from the height of a castle into the valley beneath!"

"He has a true knightly mind," said the count; "is he born here in the valley?"

"Prayer and labour," said the mother, "is God's command, and they are better than all the knightly honours that you can promise the boy; he will, like his father, cultivate the vine, and trust to the blessing of God, who rain and sunshine gives. Knights sit in their castles, and know not how much labour, yet how much blessing and peace, can dwell in a poor man's hut! My husband was oppressed with heavy sorrow: alas! on my account was his heartfelt grief; but since he found this hut, and works here, he is much more cheerful than formerly; from the tempest of life he has entered the harbour of peace—patiently he bears the heat of the day; and when I pity him, he says, 'Wife, I am indeed now happy!' Yet frequently a troubled thought appears to pierce his soul. I watch him narrowly—a tear then steals down his brown cheeks. Ah! surely he thinks of the place of his birth—of a now very aged gray father; and whilst I see you, a tear also comes to me—so is perhaps now"—

At this minute the little girl interrupted her, pulled her gently by the gown, and spoke—

"Mother! come into the kitchen; our father will soon be home."

"You are right," said the mother, leaving the room; "in conversation I forgot myself."

In deep meditation the aged count sat and thought, "Where may, then, this night my son sleep?" . . . .

Suddenly he was roused from his deep melancholy by the lively boy, who had taken an old hunting-spear from the corner of the room, and placing himself before the count, said—

"See! thus my father kills the wild boar on the mountains—there runs one along! my father cries 'Huy!' and immediately the wild boar throws himself upon the hunter's spear; the spear sticks deep into the brain! it is hard enough to draw it out!" The boy made actions as if the boar was there.

"Right so, my boy!" said the aged man; but does thy father, then, often hunt upon these mountains?"

"Yes! that he does; and the neighbours

praise him highly, and call him the valiant extirpator, because he kills the boars which destroy the corn."

In the midst of this conversation the father entered; his wife ran towards him, pressed his sinewy hand, and spoke—

"You have had again a hot labouring day."

"Yes," said the man; "but I find the heavy pickaxe light in hand when I think of you. God is gracious to the industrious and honest labourer, and that he feels truly when he has sweated through a long day."

"Our father is without!" cried suddenly the boy, threw the hunter's spear into the middle of the room, and ran forwards. The little girl was already hanging at his knees.

"Good evening, father!" cried the boy; "come quick into the room—there sits a stranger-man—a pilgrim whom I have brought to you!"

"Ah! there you have done well," said the father; "one must not allow one tired to pass one's gate without inviting him in. Dear wife!" continued he, "does not labour well reward itself, when one can receive and refresh a wanderer? Bring us a glass of our best home-grown wine—I do not know why I am so gay to-day, and why I do not experience the slightest fatigue."

Thus spoke the husband—went into the room—pressed the hand of the stranger, and spoke—

"Welcome, pious pilgrim! your object is so praiseworthy; a draught taken with so brave a man must taste doubly good!"

They sat down opposite to each other in a room half dark: the children sat upon their father's knees.

"Relate to us something, father, as usual," said the boy.

"That won't do to-day," replied the father; "for we have a guest here—but what does my hunter's spear do there? have you been again playing with it? Carry it away into the corner."

"You have there," said the pilgrim, "a young knight who knows already how to kill boars—also you are, I hear, a renowned huntsman in this valley; therefore you have something of the spirit of a knight in you."

"Yes!" said the vine-labourer; "old love rusts not, neither does the love of arms; so often as I look upon that spear, I wish it were there for some use . . . formerly . . . but, aged sir, we will not think of the past. Wife! bring to the revered"——

At this minute the Haus-frau entered, placed a jug and goblets on the table, and said—

"May it refresh and do thee good!"

"That it does already," said the pilgrim, "presented by so fair a hand, and with such a friendly countenance!"

The Haus-frau poured out, and the men drank, striking their glasses with a good clank; the little girl slipped down from her father's knee, and ran with the mother into the kitchen; the boy looked wistfully into his father's eyes smilingly, and then towards the pitcher—the father understood him, and gave him some wine; he became more and more lively, and again smiled at the pitcher.

"This boy will never be a peaceful vine-labourer, as I am," said the father; "he has something of the nature of his grandfather in him—hot and hasty, but in other respects a good-hearted boy—brave and honourable. Alas! the remembrance of what is painful is most apt to assail one by a cheerful glass. If he did but see thee—thee—child of the best and most affectionate mother, on thy account he would not any longer be offended with thy father and mother; thy innocent gambols would rejoice his old age; in thee would he see the fire of his youth revived again; but"——

"What dost thou say there?" said the pilgrim, stopping him abruptly; "explain that more fully to me."

"Perhaps I have already said too much, reverend father; but ascribe it to the wine, which makes one talkative. I will no more afflict thee with my unfortunate history."

"SPEAK!" said the pilgrim, vehemently and beseechingly; SPEAK! who art thou?"

"What connection hast thou with the world, pious pilgrim, that you can still trouble yourself about one who has suffered much, and who has now arrived at the port of peace?"

"SPEAK!" said the pilgrim; "I must know thy history."

"Well," replied he, "let it be! I was not born a vine-labourer—a noble stem has engendered me, but love for a maiden drove me from my home."

"Love?" cried the pilgrim, moved.

"Yes! I loved a maiden, quite a child of nature, not of greatness; my father was displeased—in a sudden burst of passion he drove me from him—wicked relations, who, he being childless, would inherit, inflamed his wrath against me, and he, whom I yet honour, and who also surely still cherishes me in his heart—he"——

The pilgrim suddenly rose, and went to the door.

"What is the matter with thee?" said the astonished vine-labourer; "has this affected thee too much?"

The boy sprang after the aged man, and held him by the hand. "Thou wilt not depart, pilgrim?" said he.

At this moment the Haus-frau entered with a light. At one glance into the countenance of the vine-labourer the aged count exclaimed, "My Son!" and fell motionless into his arms. As his senses returned, the father and son recognized each other. Adelaide, the noble faithful wife, weeping, held the hands of the aged man, while the children knelt before him.

"Pardon, father!" said the son.

"Grant it to me!" replied the pilgrim, "and grant to your father a spot in your quiet harbour of peace, where he may end his days. Son! thou art of a noble nature, and thy lovely wife is worthy of thee—thy children will resemble thee—no ignoble blood runs in their veins. Henceforth bear my arms; but, as an honourable remembrance for posterity, add to them a pilgrim and the pickaxe, that henceforth no man of high birth may conceive that labour degrades man, or despise the peasant who in fact nourishes and protects the nobleman."

WHOM HAVE I IN HEAVEN BUT THEE?

I love, and have some cause to love, the Earth:
She is my Maker's creature, therefore good;
She is my mother, for she gave me birth;
She is my tender nurse, she gives me food.
But what's a creature, Lord, compared with Thee?
Or what's my mother or my nurse to me?

I love the Air: her dainty sweets refresh
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me.
Her shrill-mouthed choir sustain me with their flesh,
And with their polyphonian notes delight me.
But what's the Air, or all the sweets that she
Can bless my soul withal, compared with Thee?

I love the Sea: she is my fellow-creature,
My careful purveyor—she provides me store;
She walls me round, she makes my diet greater,
She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore.
But, Lord of Oceans, when compared with Thee,
What is the Ocean or her wealth to me?

To Heaven's high city I direct my journey,
Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye—
Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky.
But what is Heaven, great God, compared with Thee?
Without thy presence, heaven's no heaven to me.

FRANCIS QUARLES (1635).

EDWIN THE FAIR.[1]

[Sir Henry Taylor, K.C.M.G., D.C.L., born at Bishop Middleham, Durham, 18th October, 1800. Dramatic poet and essayist. He spent some years in the Colonial Office. His works are: *Isaac Comnenus*, a play, 1827—the character of Isaac is remarkable for its singularly forcible expression of satirical humour and pathetic grandeur; *Philip Van Artevelde*, a dramatic romance, 1834. *The Statesman*, 1836; *Edwin the Fair*, a drama, 1842; *Notes from Life*, 1847; *Notes from Books*, 1848; *A Sicilian Summer*, 1850, and *St. Clement's Eve*. The story of the unfortunate love of Edwin and Elgiva is told in *Edwin the Fair*, in which the fanatic monk Dunstan plays the part of evil genius. "This is a dramatic poem full of life and beauty, thronged with picturesque groups, and with characters profoundly discriminated. They converse in language the most chaste, harmonious, and energetic." Sir James Stephen in the *Edinburgh Review*. We have selected two scenes from this poem, the wooing of Edwin and Elgiva, and the attempt of Dunstan to secure the abdication of the imprisoned king, who is happily rescued by his friends. He died in 1886.]

SCENE.—*Chamber in the Palace.*

ELGIVA *and* ETHILDA.

Elgiva. How is it I find favour in the sight
Of the Queen Mother, and so suddenly?
When I was last at court no word she spake
Of welcome by herself, the King, or thee.
Whence is the change?

Ethilda. I know not; but I know
That but one change in thee would work in us
All love that thou couldst wish. O sweet Elgiva,
Restore thyself to God in his true church,
And stray not in that howling wilderness
Where never is the voice of gladness heard,
Of bridegroom nor of bride.

Elgiva. My royal cousin,
'Tis thou that strayest in that wilderness.

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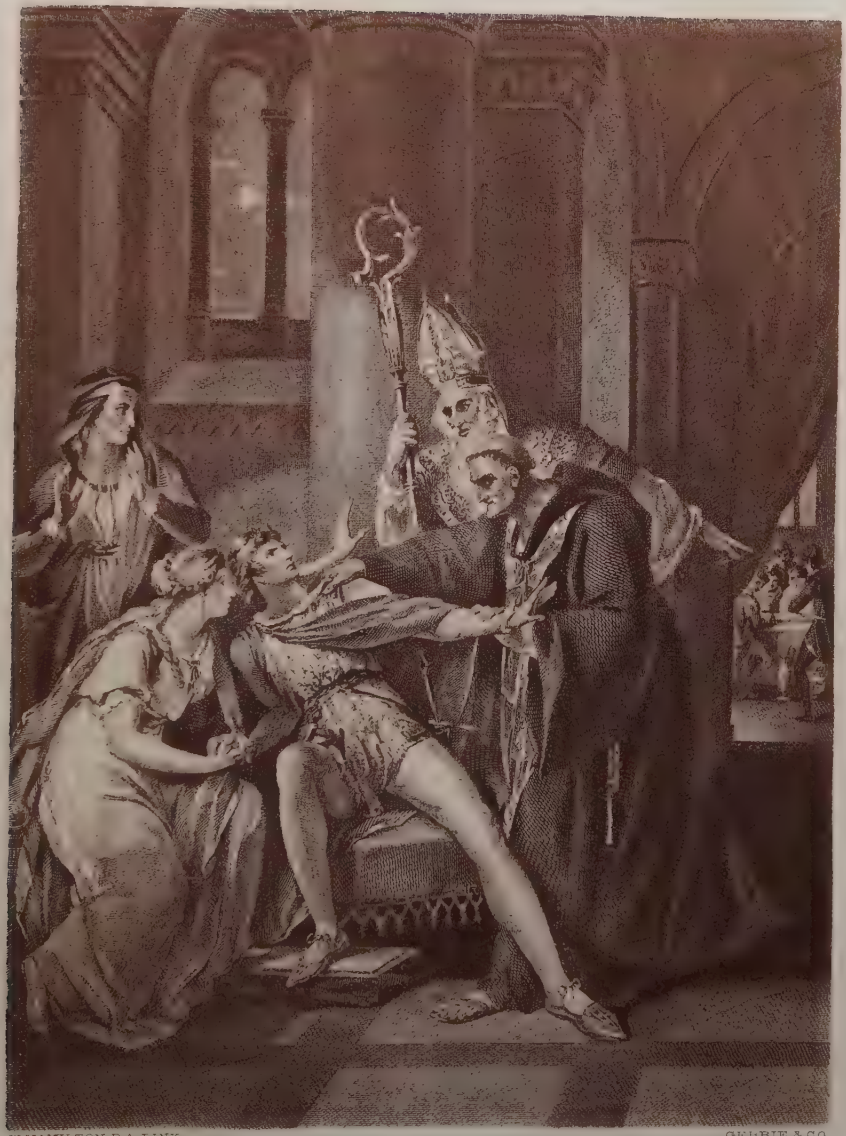
1 "Even when Anglo-Saxon history was less read and otherwise understood than it is now, some interest was always felt in the reign of Edwin the Fair. There was left to us little more than the outline of a tragic story; in some parts, indeed, even less—for here and there the outline itself is broken and wavering; but the little that was known was romantic enough to have impressed itself upon the popular mind, and the tale of 'Edwy and Elgiva' had been current in the nursery long before it came to be studied as an historical question. . . .

"The growing influence and uncompromising spirit of the monastic orders had been regarded by successive Kings, sometimes with favour, and sometimes with jealousy and fear; and according as one side or the other was uppermost, Seculars were ejected from their benefices and monasteries established; or Monks were ejected from the monasteries and Seculars restored. But upon the whole, the fanatical party had been gaining ground for more than a century: and in the reign immediately preceding that of Edwin monasteries had been multiplied throughout the land."—*Author's Preface.*



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EDWIN AND ELGIVA.

Except amongst the monks, I know not where
The voice is silenced of the bride and bridegroom.
I pray you be not factious for the monks.
Ask Athulf—ask my brother. Have you seen him?
He came but yesterday.

Ethilda. I saw him not.

Elgiva. Oh he is bright and jocund as the morn,
And there is not on earth that wilderness
Which he could not reclaim, and in its wastes
Detect the springs of fruitfulness and joy.

Ethilda. When last I saw him—ere he went to the west,
I was almost a child; but I remember
How wild he was with pleasantness and mirth.
I was gay then, although I seem'd not so
Beside his bounding spirit. Is he now
Of the same temper?

Elgiva. Not so thoughtless now,
And more in broken lights; but nature still
Predominates, whose revels in his heart
Hardly can care suspend.

Enter EDWIN.

Edwin. Oh this is kind!
You know not, my fair cousin, what a cloud
Came over all the court when you were gone;
It was as dreary as a city churchyard.
Now we shall smile again.

Enter an Usher.

Usher. Her Majesty
Prepares for her devotions, and bade say
She waits the Princess.

[*Exit.*

Ethilda. For this night adieu.

[*Exit.*

Elgiva. Adieu, good night, sweet kind Ethilda!

Edwin. Yes;
Kind is she always; she is kind to stay
Ever, when you are absent, by my side,
And also kind to go when you are here.

Elgiva. Your Majesty . . .

Edwin. We are alone, Elgiva;
Oh how I hate my title in your mouth,
Whence every other utterance is a charm.
Rather than speak as in the audience-chamber,
Let us be children once again, to rove
O'er hill, through vale, with interlacing arms,
And thrid the thickets where wild roses grow
Entangled with each other like ourselves.
Can you and will you those sweet days remember,
And strive to bring them back?

Elgiva. Those days—Oh Edwin!
Can I remember? when can I forget them?
When flowers forget to blow and birds to sing,
And clouds to kindle in the May-day dawn,
And every spring-tide sight and sound shall cease,
Or cease for me, then too for me shall cease
The sweet remembrance of the tender joys,
The smiles, the tears of those delightful days.

Edwin. And can they not repeat themselves? Again
Let us, though grown, be children in our hearts.
Then with the freedom and the innocence
Which led our childish steps we'll wander on
Through after life, but with a fuller joy.
Let recollections of the past, if sweet,
Plead sweetly for the present.

Elgiva. Edwin, Edwin!
You are a King.

Edwin. Now, see! I've summon'd up,
Like a magician whose strong spell evokes
A beautiful spirit, the spirit of the past,
And bid it speak and prophesy and plead;
And lo! it nothing answers but the words
The herald spoke when o'er my father's grave
He brake his wand of office. I am a King,
But may not Kings be happy? Nor not love?

Elgiva. Oh they are most unfortunate in that!
For when their hearts would rise from earth to heaven,
Leaving low aims, which can but be through love,
Then strangers intermeddle with their joy.
And strangers such as those that thee surround
Are opposites to joy and love not more
Than they are to all monarchy malignant.
The monks are enemies that Kings may fear,
Though of the bravest, and my father's house
Is hateful in their sight.

Edwin. Nay, talk not of them;
I loathe this monkery, and if I live
Will root it from my realm.

Elgiva. Oh that you may!
And earls not few and many a gallant thane
Would gladly in that cause their hearts' best blood
Pour out like water. Athulf is but one,
Yet if you knew him is he many's worth.

Edwin. If more of him I know not, yet that much
I amply know. Then surely with his aid
We may defy the monks, or better still
We may forget them, ay forget the world,
Its cares, its kingdoms, and unbank the hours
To that soft overflow which bids the heart
Yield increase of delight. Beloved Elgiva,
Thy beauty o'er the earth a passion breathes
Which softly sweeping through me, brings one tone
From all this plural being, as the wind
From yonder sycamore, whose thousand leaves
With lavish play to one soft music moved
Tremble and sigh together.

Elgiva. What a charm
The neighbouring grove to this lone chamber lends!
I've loved it from my childhood. How long since
Is it, that standing in this compass'd window
The blackbird sang us forth; from yonder bough
That hides the arbour, loud and full at first
Warbling his invitations, then with pause
And fraction fitfully as evening fell,
The while the rooks, a spotty multitude,
Far distant crept across the amber sky.
But hark! what strain is this? No blackbird's song,
Nor sighing of the sycamore!

Edwin. Some friend,
As if the key-note of our hearts divining,
Accordant music ministers. Hist! Hist!

(*A Song from without.*)

God speed thee, false day,
With thy gauds and thy splendour;
Thy glare frights away
All that's truthful and tender.

Give place then above
To the star that of old
Lit the glances of Love
When his secret was told.

Elgiva. It dies away.
Edwin. It is but distant more.

(*Song resumed.*)

On the bosom of night
Lie the tresses of truth,
But its moments take flight
With the light steps of youth.

Make the most of the least,
For too soon comes the warning,
When announced in the east
Is the gray-headed morning.

Edwin. Come, follow it; but stop—let me leap down
And help you from the window-sill. So quick!
If you are light of foot as Atalanta,
You ought like her to give your Love the start.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter the QUEEN MOTHER *and* DUNSTAN *from opposite sides.*

Queen Mother. So, well—so, well. It may be so, my lord;
But mercy on my soul! if she should prosper!
Dunstan. To bed, to bed; 'tis late.
Queen Mother. But if she should!
Dunstan. The sky is clear; the air is still; the blue
Of yonder firmament is pure and soft.
God rules the night. Saw'st thou the falling star?

SCENE.—*A Chamber in the Tower.*

DUNSTAN *and* EDWIN (a prisoner).

Dunstan. How does your grace?
Edwin. What need for you to ask?
Let me remind you of an antique verse:

What sent the messengers to hell
Was asking what they knew full well.

You know that I am ill and very weak.
Dunstan. You do not answer with a weaken'd wit.
Is there offence in this my visitation?
If so, I leave you.
Edwin. Yes, there is offence.
And yet I would not you should go. Offence
Is better than this blank of solitude.
I am so weary of no company
That I could almost welcome to these walls
The devil and his angels. You may stay.
Dunstan. What makes you weak? Do you not like your food,
Or have you not enough?
Edwin. Enough is brought;
But he that brings it drops what seems to say
That it is mix'd with poison—some slow drug;
So that I scarce dare eat and hunger always.
Dunstan. Your food is poison'd by your own suspicions.
'Tis your own fault. Though Gurmo's zeal is great,
It is impossible he should so exceed
As to put poison in your food,—I think.
But thus it is with Kings; suspicions haunt
And dangers press around them all their days;
Ambition galls them, luxury corrupts,
And wars and treasons are their talk at table.
Edwin. This homily you should read to prosperous kings;
It is not needed for a king like me,
Dunstan. Who shall read homilies to a prosperous king!
'Twas not long since that thou didst seem to prosper,
And then I warn'd thee; and with what event
Thou knowest; for thy heart was high in pride.
A hope that, like Salomé, danced before thee
Did ask my head. But I reproach thee not.
Much rather would I, seeing thee abased,
Lift up thy mind to wisdom.
Edwin. Heretofore
It was not in my thoughts to take thy head;
But should I reign again . . . Come then, this wisdom
That thou wouldst teach me; harmless as the dove
I have been whilome; let me now, though late,
Learn from the serpent.
Dunstan. To thy credulous ears
The world, or what is to a king the world,
The triflers of thy court, have imaged me
As cruel and insensible to joy,
Austere and ignorant of all delights
That arts can minister. Far from the truth
They wander who say thus. I but denounce
Loves on a throne and pleasures out of place.
I am not old; not twenty years have fled
Since I was young as thou; and in my youth
I was not by those pleasures unapproach'd
Which youth converses with.
Edwin. No! wast thou not?
How came they in thy sight?
Dunstan. When Satan first
Attempted me, 'twas in a woman's shape;
Such shape as may have erst misled mankind
When Greece or Rome uprear'd with Pagan rites
Temples to Venus, pictured there or carved
With rounded, polish'd and exuberant grace,
And mien whose dimpled changefulness betray'd
Through jocund hues the seriousness of passion.
I was attempted thus, and Satan sang
With female pipe and melodies that thrill'd
The soften'd soul, of mild voluptuous ease
And tender sports that chased the kindling hours
In odorous gardens or on terraces

To music of the fountains and the birds,
Or else in skirting groves by sunshine smitten
Or warm winds kiss'd, whilst we from shine to shade
Roved unregarded. Yes, 'twas Satan sang,
Because 'twas sung to me, whom God had call'd
To other pastime and severer joys.
But were it not for this, God's strict behest
Enjoin'd upon me,—had I not been vow'd
To holiest service rigorously required,
I should have own'd it for an angel's voice,
Nor ever could an earthly crown, or toys
And childishness of vain ambition, gauds
And tinsels of the world, have lured my heart
Into the tangle of those mortal cares
That gather round a throne. What call is thine
From God or man, what voice within bids thee
Such pleasures to forego, such cares confront?

Edwin. What voice? My kingdom's voice—my people's cry,
Whom ye devour—the wail of shepherds true
Over their flocks,—those godly, kindly priests
That love my people and love me withal—
Their voice requires me, and the voice of kings
Who died with honour and who live in me,
The voice of Egbert, Ethelbert, and Alfred.
What wouldst thou more? the voice of kings unborn
To whom my sceptre and my blood descends—
A thousand voices call me.

Dunstan. Sir, not so;
The voices of this people and those kings
Call on Prince Edgar, not on thee, to reign.
There is a voice calls thee, but not to reign,
The voice of her thou fain wouldst take to wife;
An excommunicated wretch she is
Ev'n now, and if thy lust of kingly power
Outbid thine other lusts, and starken thee
In grasping of that shadow of a sceptre
That still is left thee, 'tis a dying voice.
For know—unless thou by an instant act
Renounce the crown, Elgiva shall not live.
The deed is ready, to which thy name affix'd
Discharges from restraint both her and thee.
Say wilt thou sign?

Edwin. I will not.

Dunstan. Be advised.
What hast thou to surrender? I look round;
This chamber is thy palace, court, and realm.
I do not see the crown. Where is it hidden?
Is that thy throne? why 'tis a base joint-stool;
Or this thy sceptre? 'tis an ashen stick
Notch'd with the days of thy captivity.
Such royalties to abdicate, methinks,
Should hardly hold thee long; nay, I myself,
That love not ladies greatly, would give these
To ransom whom I loved.

Edwin. If all I have
Be nothing worth, why ask'st thou me to give it?
I trust thee not. I deem myself a king.
But let me go at large, and knowing then
How stands my realm, what's lost and what remains,
I'll answer thee.

Dunstan. Now, now, I bid thee answer:
Anon I bring the parchment that redeems
Another and thyself, both from captivity,
And one from worse. I bid thee be prepared.
[*Exit.*

Edwin. Elgiva! for thy ransom life were little,
A kingdom in itself of no account.
But oh! an abject and unkingly act
Done by a king, and, as his foes will say,
To save himself in his extremity,—
This is a purchase thou thyself wilt scorn,
Although thyself the rescued. Yet, oh! yet . . .
What step is this?

Enter EMMA.

Emma. My lord, the Abbot comes,
And I am here at peril of my life . . .
This from Earl Leolf . . . it says the Queen is safe . .
No more or I am lost . . . Earl Athulf . . . nay . .
[*Exit.*

Edwin (after reading the letter). Farewell, then, loved Elgiva! I shall die,
As now I may, with honour from mankind,
And no one in thine ear shall dare to breathe
A defamation of my kingly name.
They shall not say but that I died a king,
And like a king in my regalities.

Re-enter DUNSTAN (*holding a scroll*).

Dunstan. Thy signature to this.

Edwin. I will not sign.

Dunstan. Thou wilt not! Wilt thou that thy mistress die!

Edwin. Insulting Abbot! she is not my mistress;
She is my wife, my Queen.

Dunstan. Predestinate pair!
He knoweth who is the searcher of our hearts,
That I was ever backward to take life,
Albeit at His command. Still have I striven
To put aside that service, seeking still
All ways and shifts that wit of man could scheme
To spare the cutting off your wretched souls
In unrepented sin. But tendering here
Terms of redemption, it is thou, not I,
The sentence that deliverest.

Edwin. Our lives
Are in God's hands.

Dunstan. Sot, liar, miscreant, no!
God puts them into mine! and may my soul
In tortures howl away eternity
If ever again it yield to that false fear
That turn'd me from the shedding of thy blood!
Thy blood, rash traitor to thy God, thy blood!
Thou delicate Agag. I will spill thy blood!
Ho, Gurmo! . . . I have sinned like Saul . . . What, ho!
Gurmo, I say . . . The sword of Samuel . . . ho!

Enter GURMO.

Thou knowest thine office. Let me see thee soon.
[*Exit.*

Gurmo (falling on his knees). Mercy, my lord! I pray your grace to spare me.

Edwin. Mercy for thee; what mercy canst thou show?
Yet thou art but another s senseless weapon,
And if thou needst must do thy bloody work,
Strike; I forgive thee.

Gurmo. Gracious lord, not I.

Edwin. Then I may have some minutes more to live;
But if thou falter, soon will the Abbot find
A readier hand.

Gurmo. He knows not what I know.

Edwin. What dost thou know?

Gurmo. Hark! hear you not, my lord?
Trumpets and shouts! Anon they storm the Tower.

Edwin. 'Tis Athulf's cry! the guards are gone! 'Tis he!

THE SEARCH FOR LIVINGSTONE.

BY EDWARD KING.

Mr. Henry Stanley, the courageous searcher after and finder of Livingstone, must have had in large degree the feeling of limitless life, of unbounded capacity for effort, such as only youth can feel, when, after a long journey through Lower Egypt to Jerusalem, Constantinople, the Crimea, across the Caspian, down to Persepolis, to Bagdad, to India, and thence to Zanzibar, he paused on the borders of that mystic continent whose inhabitants wear the "shadowed livery of the burnished sun," and reflected that he had two dread foes to encounter—African fever and African ignorance.

Mr. Stanley resolutely refuses to take to himself the credit of originating the Livingstone expedition. On the contrary, he has told you all how a sudden telegram called him from Madrid to Paris, and how, when he reached the Grand Hotel late at night, he encountered young Mr. Bennett, who commanded him to complete a long and arduous series of travels by penetrating to Central Africa and finding Livingstone. Even the announcement of Mr. Stanley that Burton and Speke's journey into the great unknown land cost between £3000 and £5000 did not deter Mr. Bennett from his purpose—the only answer was explicit—

"Well, I will tell you what you will do. Draw a thousand pounds now, and when you have gone through that draw another thousand, and when that is spent draw another thousand, and when you have finished that draw another thousand, and so on; but FIND LIVINGSTONE!"

Mr. Stanley did not hesitate. His previous education and training in the school of journalism had accustomed him to rigorous obediences; and as he had done when the elder Bennett gave him ten minutes in which to consider whether or not he would accept the mission to Abyssinia, so now he simply drew a long breath, and agreed to find Livingstone living or Livingstone's bones dead.

A little less than a year after his interview with young Mr. Bennett at the Grand Hotel, Mr. Stanley sailed from Bombay in the barque *Polly*, and after a slow voyage of thirty-seven days arrived at Mauritius. During the voyage he became acquainted with the first mate, a Scotchman named William Lawrence Farquhar, and engaged him as a member of the expedition into Africa. He had also brought with him a Christian Arab boy of Jerusalem, named Selim, who was to act as interpreter; and the adventurous little party reached Zanzibar, via the Mauritius, January 6th, 1871.

Here was their last resting-place before the object of their expedition should be accomplished. In the early dawn of a glorious day they sailed through the channel which separates Zanzibar from Africa, and the highlands of the continent loomed up in ghastly prominence. Zanzibar itself gradually unfolded its low coast, over which the sap-green water ever rolled with low moaning, and presently a dense mass of white flat-topped houses came into view. Above many of them streamed the well-known banners of many foreign powers, denoting hospitable consulates; and the American consul welcomed the weary travellers to his commodious home. A brief repose, and the work began.

Mr. Stanley says that a day's sojourn in Zanzibar convinced him how little he knew respecting African people and things. All the estimates of expense, of pleasure, or of pain, which he had based upon copious studies in books of African travel, during the long voyages, were ridiculous. His brain was confused in vain efforts to distinguish one new type of nationality from another, one hard dialect from another still harder to master; and as he wandered through the crooked and narrow lanes, bordered with white-washed and ill-smelling rookeries, he for the first time began to appreciate the grave difficulties of his mission.

But here at Zanzibar, which is in a measure the Bagdad, the Ispahan, the Stamboul of East Africa—the great mart to which come the ivory, the gum copal, the hides, the orchilla, the timber, and the slaves from the

African interior, must the outfit of the caravan with which Stanley was to find Livingstone—nay, the very persons to receive the outfit, be sought. Here everything must be purchased; here he might be compelled to wait months before he could accumulate the necessary supplies. And here he was compelled to encounter two types of the genus trader, who excel in sharpness at a bargain the most exaggerated specimens ever known in America—the Banyan and the Muscat Arab. The Banyan exercises the most powerful influence upon the trade of Central Africa. He is an usurer of the worst class, a swindler, and a thief; but to his pockets money flows as naturally as water down a steep. The Arab is adventurous and shrewd; will undertake the most difficult and dangerous journeys into the centre of Africa after ivory and slaves; is usually of prepossessing appearance and manners, and easily dominates the simple tribes of the interior. Mr. Stanley had ample chance to learn all the pet meannesses of these traders ere he had completed his outfit.

A few days sped rapidly away, and Mr. Stanley had made no progress toward the one item of knowledge next his heart—had Livingstone latterly been heard from? Although he was anxious to conceal from the majority of the foreign residents at Zanzibar the real object of his mission, he finally felt impelled to ask Dr. Kirk, the British consul at Zanzibar, where he thought the great traveller was.

Dr. Kirk answered that Livingstone might be dead; that nothing had been heard from him for more than two years; and that there was even then a small expedition at Bagamoyo preparing to go in search of him.

Next day he began to organize the expedition. He must have more than an hundred men for a year, and immense stores of cotton sheeting, brass wire, and beads, which take the place of specie among barbarous tribes who have never heard of money, and who are perpetually at war with each other. Not a white man in Zanzibar could tell him how to equip his caravan; so he was compelled to ask an Arab merchant for details. Sheikh Hassid, a man of note and wealth in Zanzibar, came to his aid. From him Mr. Stanley learned that with forty yards of cloth daily food for one hundred men could be purchased along the route; the quantity that would be necessary for an absence of one or two years; the qualities and textures preferred or expected by the different tribes; and the white, black, brown, yellow, red, and green beads considered most acceptable. This question of currency was of the greatest difficulty. It was precisely as if one who contemplated a trip in Europe were compelled before leaving America to calculate exactly how many days it would take him to travel through France, how many through Prussia, Austria, Russia, etc.; and then to reckon, in the currency of each country, how much expense he should incur each day. Then this currency, which was of tremendous bulk, was to be transported on the shoulders of men for hundreds of miles, and was likely at any time to be swooped down upon by the chieftain of some thievish tribe. Mr. Stanley purchased supplies of currency for a two years' journey, and packed them in the capacious store-room of the American consulate. He had obtained the main sinews of war. Next arose a huge catalogue of provisions, cooking utensils, boats, ropes, twine, tents, donkeys, saddles, bagging, canvas, tan, needles, tools, ammunition and guns, equipments, hatchets, bedding, presents for chiefs, —and men! While Stanley was driven half mad by the haggling of steel-hearted Banyans, Hindis, and Arabs, in the crooked markets of Zanzibar, another sailor, an Englishman named Shaw, joined his expedition, and Shaw and Farquhar were made the two lieutenants of the caravan. Men who were familiar with the route toward Ujiji were next necessary, and Mr. Stanley was fortunate in securing the services of a number who had formerly been the servants of Speke and Grant. Six of these men wore medals awarded them for having aided in the "Discovery of the Sources of the Nile," and all were duly furnished with guns and clothing. Bombay, the captain of escort, succeeded in getting eighteen more free men to volunteer as "askari" or soldiers, and declared himself responsible for their conduct. Mr. Stanley's heart gladdened as he saw a fine-looking body of black men march into his head-quarters one day, and place themselves at his disposition. Each man was engaged for thirty-six dollars per year, and provided with a flint-lock musket, powder-horn, bullet-pouch, knife, hatchet, and powder and ball for two hundred rounds. A large boat capable of carrying twenty men, and a smaller one to hold six, were procured, Stanley not wishing to be subject to the capricious insolence of any African chief whenever a river was to be ferried. Only the timbers and thwarts of the boats, covered with well tarred canvas, were carried. Stanley's English assistants showed themselves deft workmen; and when the last purchase was made, a pile of material weighing six tons had been accumulated at the American consulate

in Zanzibar. Twenty-eight days after Mr. Stanley's arrival on the island, the equipment and organization of the "*New York Herald* Expedition" was complete; and after a visit to the sultan of the island, the reception of letters of introduction to officers and Arab merchants along the route, and presents of fine-blooded horses from the American merchants on the island, the expedition was ready to sail for the mainland, and for the dangers which lurked along the savage road.

Four clumsy crafts, called dhows, were anchored before the American consulate. Into one were lifted Mr. Stanley's two new horses, into two others the donkeys, and into the fourth the black escort and the bulky moneys of the expedition. Cheered by the foreign residents of the strange little island, which during his brief sojourn there Mr. Stanley had learned almost to love, the fleet set sail for Bagamoyo on the mainland. A sinuous line of green verdure, looming in a northerly direction to the sublimity of a mountain chain, greeted the traveller's eyes as Zanzibar, with its groves of cocoa-nut, mango, clove, and cinnamon, and its sentinel adjacent islets, faded from view. The distance from Zanzibar to Bagamoyo is only about twenty-five miles, yet it took the dull and lazy dhows ten hours before they dropped anchor on the top of the coral reef, plainly visible a few feet above the surface of the water, within a hundred yards of the beach.

Stanley's black soldiers celebrated their arrival on the mainland by repeated salvoes from their muskets to the mixed crowds of Arabs, Banyans, and Wasawahili who stood on the beach to welcome the "white master," and who greeted him most cordially. Every one cried out, "Yambo, Bana?"—(How are you, master); and Jemedar Esau, the commander of the local forces, gave material aid in the debarkation. Mr. Stanley was also greeted by a French Jesuit, who was in charge of a missionary post at Bagamoyo, and who afterward gave him many a good dinner and bottle of Burgundy in these African wilds. Nay, this good Jesuit even furnished the bottle of champagne which Stanley afterwards cracked with Livingstone on that memorable day when he came upon the "old man dressed in faded blue." In the gaily-lighted rooms of the mission village the young explorer, while remaining at Bagamoyo to perfect the equipment of his caravan, passed many a joyful evening; but the contrast was painful when he plunged from the light and cheer into the depths of the darkness of an African night, enlivened only by the wearying monotone of the frogs and crickets, and the distant howl of the hyena. Each morning brought fresh vexations; the native population of Bagamoyo had a supreme affection for the *Herald* donkeys, and stole them oftener than was convenient.

The expedition was hindered for some time at Bagamoyo by the knavishness of one of the native dignitaries who had formerly been employed by Burton and Speke, and who showed a real genius for procrastination in procuring the hundred and forty *pagazis*, or carriers of the goods which had been accumulated at Zanzibar. Mr. Stanley had numerous reasons for wishing to start on the march inland as speedily as possible. He desired to cross the sickly maritime region before the fever which was certain to come had seized firmly upon him; and he had learned that the original Livingstone caravan, which Dr. Kirk had despatched with supplies for Livingstone from Zanzibar, was about to proceed on its way, after having lain for one hundred days at Bagamoyo. The rainy season was also near at hand, and that meant a delay of forty days. Fifteen days passed by, and the pagazis promised by Ali-bin-Salim came not!

Meantime the soldiers and the porters whom Stanley had brought with him from Zanzibar, occupied themselves with the repacking of the cloth which was to serve as money. They cut a *doti*, or four yards, of Merikani (American cotton), ordinarily sold at Zanzibar for 2 dols. 75 cents for the piece of thirty yards, and spread it out. Then they took a piece, or bolt, of good Merikani, and instead of the double fold given it by the Nashua and Salem mills, they folded it into three parts, by which the folds had the breadth of a foot. This piece formed the first layer, and weighed about nine pounds; then came six other layers of various kinds of cottons, each bale or bundle weighing in all about seventy-two pounds. The cloth was then folded singly over these layers, each corner tied to another. The bale was next beaten down securely with a wooden mallet, and tied up with extreme nicety, so that when completed it was a solid mass three feet and a half long, a foot deep, and a foot wide. Of these bales the caravan had to convey eighty-two to Unyanyembe, many of which were to serve in payment of tribute to chieftains, and in the hiring of new carriers and soldiers for journeys beyond Ujiji. When the fifteen days which Mr. Stanley had believed would be the limit of his stay in Bagamoyo had expired, the wily Ali-bin-Salim failed to come to time with his soldiers and carriers; and a vexatious

delay occurred in obtaining fresh letters of introduction from Zanzibar, and in quarrelling with new knaves, until soldiers and carriers enough to start the first section of the caravan were secured. On making an estimate of the time of starting this branch of his expedition on the road to Unyanyembe, Mr. Stanley discovered that the cost of the carriage of the goods throughout the journey would considerably exceed the original cost of the goods themselves. The question of tribute was also very grave. The chiefs, it was found, would only be contented with costly stuffs, and Mr. Stanley made up his mind that African travel was as expensive as the dearest roystering along the well-worn routes from one European capital to another.

When at last the preparations were complete, and during these tedious months of hard labour, four caravans had been despatched by the commander of the *Herald* forces into the interior. Mr. Stanley headed the fifth and last detachment himself; and on the 21st of March, 1871, exactly seventy-three days after his arrival at Zanzibar, left the blue ocean behind him, and turned his back on civilization and his face toward Livingstone. The American flag was unfurled; the *Kirangozi* who upheld it stepped out majestically at the head of the little procession; twelve soldiers under Captain Marak Bombay, who had many times before made the journey, came next, in charge of seventeen donkeys and their loads; Selim, the boy-interpreter, proudly drove a little donkey-cart; the cook, tailor, and man-of-all-work followed leading the gray horse; the Englishman Shaw, rear-guard and overseer, was next, bestriding a donkey; and lastly, riding his bay horse, came the "Bana Mkuba," the "big master," the controller of the expedition. The little procession left the village of Bagamoyo at early morn, and defiled up a narrow lane shaded almost to twilight by the dense umbrage of two parallel hedges of mimosas. The soldiers sang loud and rude pæans of joy, and the little caravan sped briskly onward among the fertile fields, the luxurious vegetation, and the strange thickets from which constantly came the sibilant sound of innumerable insects. Naked men and women were tranquilly delving in the fields, as stolidly pursuing their daily tasks as would so many German or French peasants.

Beyond the Kingani river there were lawns and swards; here and there the road led through a grove of young ebony-trees, where the guinea-fowl and hartebeest were seen, or led up and down a succession of land-waves crested by the green foliage of the mango. Great flocks of green pigeons, jays, ibis, turtle-doves, golden pheasants, quails, and moor-hens winged their way above the heads of the travellers. Monkeys with round bullet-heads, white breasts, and long tufted tails, swung and chattered in the branches. The settlements in this section were usually the merest collection of straw huts, built with an especial reference to keeping out sunshine; a sluice and a few wells, the water almost always unfit to drink, because of the decayed matter which had been allowed to accumulate and had filtered through the soil; and a clearing of a few acres of jungle.

Ever and ever ahead rolled the monotonous land-waves, each ridge having its knot of jungle or its thin combing of heavily-foliaged trees, like every other; valleys bisected by little streams nestling between. From time to time Stanley's detachment caught up with the four preceding, and then there were quarrels, complainings, and fresh extortions from the soldiers and carriers composing the motley troop. Wherever his tent was pitched in a village, the giant negroes from the country round came to see him and to say, "Hi, hi! white man; I never saw anything like you before!" and when examining any object novel to them, like a watch or a fire-arm, would invariably retaliate, after an explanation of its qualities, with "Oh! you fool!" or "You are a liar!"—which is African etiquette for a mild expression of doubt or wonder.

Now and then the soldiers of the caravan were stricken down with sickness, and even on the march would prostrate themselves on the ground and cry, "Mama, mama!" although they were all grown men. The flies were a terrible pest; and the *Herald* commander began to foresee that he should soon lose his horses, which loss Dr. Kirk had predicted from the outset. When the "chufura," or any other venomous insect, fastened upon the donkeys or horses, the poor animals kicked and roared with pain, while the blood streamed from their limbs. The great thorns, *Acacia horrida*, sometimes caught in the thick European garments worn by Mr. Stanley, and tore them from his back; and once in a while he would trip against a convolvulus strong as ratline, and would measure his length upon a bed of thorns. Every day the fatiguing journey told upon him; his skin was torn and poisoned by thorns and strange plants; and he was heartily glad when he left the jungle for a time and travelled once more in the "open." In a few days his best horse succumbed to the

climate, and he saw that he should soon be compelled to walk side by side with his servants. The great chief of Kingani, the place where the horse died, was utterly amazed to learn that the beast had been buried by order of Mr. Stanley, and inquired who gave the white man permission to use the royal soil as a burial-ground. Whereupon Stanley ordered his men to dig up the body; but the great chief finally relented. The second horse died in a day or two from cancer in the stomach, and Stanley felt the loss bitterly, when, a few days afterward, he was compelled to penetrate a narrow jungle where fell plants emitted a fearful miasma, and thorny plants and creepers bristled on either side.

At Muhallah, just after Stanley had completed a long and tiresome march through deep clefts in a mountain chain, the expedition encountered an Arab caravan, bound eastward, with three hundred ivory tusks, and bringing news from Livingstone. Stanley looked upon them almost with awe. These Arabs had then really come from the interior, had seen Livingstone, could testify that he was alive! The young explorer's pulses beat deliriously, and the march through the valley of the Ungerengeri was taken up with alacrity and pleasure. In this section the natives were savage and brutal; they traded insolently, not suavely and cunningly, as among other tribes; and sometimes hinted at violence. The walled town of Simbamwenni was their next halting-place. There, in a well-built town, the sultana, the daughter of Kisabengo the infamous kidnapper, held her court and marshalled her warriors — fine-looking fellows armed with spears, bows, and muskets.

Near Simbamwenni the young explorer found that even his previous experience in the ague-fields of Arkansas would not grant him immunity from the East African fever, the dread mukurungu. All the horrible premonitory symptoms came rapidly on — the general lassitude, the spinal aches, the chillness over the whole body, a heavy head, swimming eyes, throbbing temples, and a distortion of all objects passing before the eyes. So he began to draw upon his stores of quinine, and by the time the ambassadors of the Sultana of Simbamwenni had arrived to demand their tribute, the crisis was over, but it was only a brief respite.

Mr. Stanley reviewed his progress when he had reached Simbamwenni. Since leaving Bagamoyo he found that he had travelled 119 miles in twenty-nine days. He saw no reason why a railway might not be constructed from Simbamwenni to the coast as readily as any section of the Union Pacific was built. After a few days of repose the caravans once more set off, in the midst of the rainy season, and, wading through Stygian quagmires, crossed a large river on tree-trunks, and came into a series of glades, opening one after another between forest-clumps of young trees, hemmed in distantly by isolated peaks and scattered mountains. Henceforward, with no adventures save the thievery of some of the servants and a prompt penalty of severe scourgings, and an arrest of some of his soldiers by emissaries of the sultana because he had not paid tribute enough, they went draggling through dripping woods enveloped in opaque mist, where the inundated country, with swathes of tiger-grass laid low by the turbid flood, and mounds of decaying trees and canes, were enough to engender the worst fever ever concocted under African skies. The soldiers arrested by the sultana were released when the mistress of Simbamwenni learned how strong in arms, "which could carry bullets half an hour's distance," the white master was.

So on through swamp and forest, over moor and fen, along the bases of mountains, the little expedition urged its way, its four detachments now forming a solid column, and now scattered over miles of territory, but always clinging to the same trail. The animals died rapidly; the negroes were smitten with all kinds of disorders, and acute dysentery prostrated Stanley. After a few days he was up again, and found his attention at once occupied by the caravan headed by Farquhar; that enterprising mariner bidding fair, long before reaching Ujiji, to have no stores left, so freely had he used them. He had managed also to contract elephantiasis, and was almost a cripple. Stanley's heart began to fail him.

By-and-by they came to the confines of an uninhabited wilderness, where the hill-tops were bared of their bosky crowns, and showed rocks bleached white by rain and sun. For five days' journey ahead of them stretched a wilderness in which there was neither food nor natural shelter; and while Stanley was fearfully waiting for his lagging comrades to come up, a singular procession appeared. First came stout Chowpereh, one of the master-carriers of the expedition, and on his head he carried proudly the cart which the poor donkeys had become too ill to trundle. Stanley promptly ordered the cart to be left by the roadside, and found that his European assistant Shaw had monopolized the draught-donkey, on the plea that he was too ill to walk. On the road through this wilderness desertions

from the expedition were frequent; and as fast as Stanley's soldiers could bring the fugitives back from the rear, they were placed in chains and soundly whipped, that they might not be likely to undertake any such rogueries in future. Shortly after, while the expedition was camped in a wild and lonely section of the country, Shaw and Farquhar one day came to breakfast with expressions on their faces which boded anything but good. When Mr. Stanley greeted them with a kindly "Good morning!" they did not answer him. As soon as a roast quarter of a goat, some stewed liver, some sweet-potatoes, and coffee had been served on the extempore table, Shaw began to quarrel with the food, and complained, with torrents of profanity, of the hardships he had endured. A quarrel ensued, in which Mr. Shaw measured his length on the ground, and in consequence of which he asked permission to return to the coast. Mr. Stanley therefore ordered him to bring his gun and pistol to head-quarters, and detailed five men to take the recalcitrant two hundred yards outside the camp, and there leave him. This was done, and the leader of the expedition then turned to his other white companion, Farquhar, who made no further complaints. After an hour or two of penance, Shaw was willing enough to come back, and professed devotion for the future.

But that same night, as Mr. Stanley lay wakeful in his tent, a shot was heard, and a bullet tore through the canvas a few inches above his body. He rose and went to Shaw's tent. The Englishman lay apparently asleep, and breathing heavily. Beside his blankets was his gun; Stanley felt it; it was warm. He inquired of him if he had fired. "Ah, yes," said Shaw, suddenly awakening, "I remember it; I dreamed I saw a thief pass my door, and I fired. Why? What is the matter?"

Stanley cautioned him as to the future, and charitably, in the New York fashion, said that he supposed he was temporarily insane.

Shaw somewhat recovered his strength, but Farquhar grew rapidly ill, from excesses along the route, and was soon unfitted for marching. A long halt in a fertile region was necessary, and when the expedition reached Ugogo, a "land rich with milk and honey, flour, and beans," a stay was ordered, and the half-famished men feasted for a week. Meantime Farquhar was placed in the kindly care of the chief of a village, to remain until he could regain his strength, and was given cloth and beads enough to purchase six months' provisions.

After a three days' halt at Iuwapwa, a beautiful country, whose greenly-tinted slopes, dark with many a densely-foliaged tree, whose many rills, flowing sweet and clear, nourishing thick patches of gum and thorn-bush, quaint sycamore and parachute-topped mimosa, and whose broad fields, with thousands of cattle tranquilly grazing in them, were grateful to the weary traveller—the expedition moved forward to Chunyo, where several Arab caravans were united with it, and whence they all set off, about four hundred strong, to cross the dread waterless region of Ugogo. On the road a new and dangerous fever attacked Stanley, and he was borne along in his hammock by his soldiers, his heated imagination teeming with dreadful figures. In each village through which they passed, thousands of naked men and women rushed to see the musungo—the white man; and the sultan of each district sent forth stern demands for tribute of cotton-cloth and beads. The country of the Ugogo was one of the most difficult to pass through, for there abode swarms of fierce and blood-thirsty warriors, and they endeavoured, by every possible device, to bring about quarrels. The fourth caravan of the *Herald* expedition distinguished itself by making a strong fight against some outlawed subjects of the Ugogo sultan, who had attempted to rob them, and by killing two of them. Some of the Ugogo sultans were arrant drunkards, and were always in an unfit condition to transact business; to which fact Mr. Stanley was happily indebted for much immunity from outrage.

On one occasion, when the caravans halted by the roadside near the village, the rascally savages crowded about them by thousands, insulting them in every possible manner, and endeavouring to provoke them to fight; but a few levelled rifles scattered the mob as quickly as it assembled. One of the Arab chiefs, now Stanley's companion, dressing himself in his best clothes, went to the sultan of the district and appealed for protection; but the sultan was, unhappily, very drunk, and all he was pleased to say was, "What do you want, you thief? You are come to steal my ivory or my cloths. Go away, thief." A friendly chief interfered, however, and peace was finally made.

On the 7th of June the caravan departed from this village, where they had so nearly escaped destruction; and after an attempt at mutiny on the part of the carriers and soldiers, because Stanley insisted on taking a shorter route than that usually employed for reaching Unyanyembe, they passed through the great Riti defile, over a rugged and steep ridge, where thorns of the prickliest nature punished them severely; where the gum-trees

stretched out their branches and entangled the loads; and the mimosa, with its umbrella-like top, served to shade them from the sun, but impeded a rapid advance. Great outcrops of syenite and granite, worn smooth by many feet, had to be climbed over; rugged terraces had to be ascended; and the resounding of shots in the forests from time to time, added no little to the general alarm and discontent. Stanley was compelled to ride around his caravan from hour to hour, as, had he not been watchful of every manœuvre, his soldiers would have deserted to a man. After they had left the difficult and dangerous country of the Ugogo, they found the people more friendly, food and water more plenty. The Wanyamwezi celebrated their departure from the hated region by singing quaint songs as they bore onward their burdens, making the great forest resound with their voices. Here the scenery was much more picturesque than anything that they had seen since leaving the coast. The ground rose into grander waves; hills cropped out here and there; castles of syenite appeared, giving a weird and strange look to the forest; the rocks assumed wonderfully fantastic shapes. Now they were round boulders, raised one above another, apparently susceptible to every breath of wind; anon they towered like blunt-pointed obelisks, taller than the tallest trees; again they took the shape of mighty waves vitrified. Here they were a small heap of fractured and riven rock; there they rose to the grandeur of mountains.

Passing through a succession of thriving and peaceful villages, where the races were given up to agriculture rather than to war, hunting only the elephant for his ivory, and trading decorously and willingly with passing caravans; now dragging onward across plains where the sun, like a globe of living flame, flared its heat on their heads, or descending toward the west, scorched the air before it was inhaled by the lungs which craved it; while *pagazis*, stricken down with the small-pox and fevers, fell by the roadside to die: now striding through forests gradually dwarfed into low jungles; now hurrying over subsiding, undulating, swelling plains, vanishing in front to one indefinite horizontal line, which purpled in the far distance, or through fields of ripening grain which followed the contour of the plain, and which rustled before the morning breeze, which came laden with the chills of Usagara; now visited at night by innumerable thieves, who tried to steal their cotton and their beads; now passing village after village, burned during the hostile incursion of some neighbouring tribes, and around which the grain in the fields was left standing, to be overgrown with jungle and weeds, they finally reached a little town not far from Unyanyembe, where they were hospitably received by the sultan, and whence, after a feast, they departed merrily for the half-way point which had been so long the object of their aspiration, and entered it joyfully, with banners flying, trumpets and horns blaring, and soldiers, who had mustered in new tarbooshes and long white shirts, firing volleys from their muskets, the Arab merchants meantime eagerly advancing to inquire the news, and to welcome Stanley and his companions. This was the great and happy occasion to which they had looked forward so eagerly ever since quitting the coast, and to reach which they had latterly made those noted marches of 178½ miles in sixteen days.

Mr. Stanley received a noiseless ovation as he walked side by side with the governor, Sayd-ben-Salim, toward his *tembe* in the capital of Unyanyembe. Soldiers were out by thousands; the warriors of the sultan hurried around their chiefs; the children—naked, dusky cherubs—were nestled between the legs of their parents, even infants a few months old—all paid the tribute due to the white man's colour, with one grand concentrated stare. The only persons with whom he could converse were the Arabs and the aged ruler of Unyanyembe.

At the house of the governor, within the fortified inclosure of the town, tea, made in a silver teapot, was served; and Mr. Stanley having walked eight miles before breakfast, with a tropical sun shining on him, did ample justice to the meal, and astonished the governor by the dexterous manner in which he managed to get away with eleven cups of the aromatic concoction of herbs of Assam, and the easy effortless style with which he diminished his tower of slapjacks. After breakfast the chief conveyed Mr. Stanley to the house which had been selected for him, because Speke and Grant had lived near there when they were at Unyanyembe. They crossed a low ridge to Kwihari. There was a glare of intense sunshine over the valley; the hills were bleached, or seemed to be; the corn had been cut, and the stubble and fields were a browny-white expanse. The houses were of mud, their flat roofs were of mud, and even the mud was of a browny whiteness. The huts were thatched, the stockades around them were of barked timber, and these were of a browny whiteness. The cold winds off the mountains of Usagara sent a chill through their very marrows, yet

the intense sunshiny glare never changed; and if one looked up, above him there was the sky, pale blue, spotless, awfully serene!

Stanley's house proved a comfortable place for Central Africa. In it was a reception-room, where he was to meet the great Arabs; a cook-house, a store-house, a prison for the refractory; his "white man's apartments," as the negroes called them—a bed-room, a gun-room, and a bath-room.

Bombay, the leader of Stanley's caravan, was ordered to unlock the strong store-room, to pile the bales of cloth in regular tiers, the packages of beads one above the other, and the wire in coils. The boats and canvas were placed high above the reach of white ants. The leaders of the first, second, and fourth *Herald* caravans were then received, their separate stores inspected, and the details of the events of their marches heard. The first caravan had been engaged in a war on the road, but had come out of the fight successful; and none of the others had suffered misfortune. In the afternoon, when Mr. Stanley had dismissed from his service the carriers whom he no longer needed, and sent letters and despatches by them to the coast, a long train of slaves came in procession, bearing trays full of good things from the Arabs; enormous dishes of rice, bowls full of curried chicken, huge wheaten cakes, pawpaws, pomegranates, and lemons. Then came men driving humpbacked oxen, sheep, and goats, and bringing fresh eggs and chickens. Mr. Stanley's people were reduced to twenty-five, and set up a howl of rejoicing over the prodigal plenitude now visible on their tables. On the second day after his arrival the Arab magnates from Tabora came to congratulate him. Tabora is the principal Arab settlement in Central Africa, with a population of 5000. The Arabs were fine handsome men, mostly from Oman, and each had a large retinue of servants with him. After having exchanged the usual stock of congratulations, Stanley accepted an invitation to return the visit at Tabora, and three days afterward, accompanied by eighteen bravely-dressed soldiers, he was presented to a group of stately Arabs in long white dresses and jaunty caps of snowy white, and introduced to the hospitalities of Tabora.

This visit was not without singular results. A certain chief of Uyoweh, named Mirambo, had for the last few years been in a state of chronic discontent with the policies of all the neighbouring chiefs. A kind of Napoleon III. in his own country, he had usurped power, entered the capital town, and constituted himself paramount by force. Certain feats of enterprise had firmly established him in his position, and he had carried war into all the surrounding country, and after destroying the populations over three degrees of latitude, had conceived a grievance against the Arabs, because they would not sustain him in his ambitious projects against their allies and friends. He had begun hostilities by halting Arab caravans, and demanding from them kegs of gunpowder and bales of cloth, and had finally declared that no Arab caravan should henceforth pass through his country to Ujiji, save over his dead body. This was a virtual declaration of war against the Arabs, who had accordingly resolved to humble this proud chieftain; and on the very day of Stanley's arrival in Tabora they held a council of war, in which it was resolved not to give up the ivory trade because of one opposing chief, but to put his beard, as they expressed it, under their feet, and to make the country so that they could walk through it with only their walking-canes.

Mr. Stanley's march toward Ujiji and Livingstone lay directly through the field of operations. As he found that the Arabs intended to finish the work quickly—at most within fifteen days—he volunteered to accompany them, taking his loaded caravan part of the way, and then, leaving it in charge of a few guards, to march with the rest toward Mirambo. He threw himself heartily into the enterprise, and returned to his house cheered by the Arabs.

Although fully aware of the danger he was about to incur, his mind was more firmly settled upon the expedition by an incident which occurred a few days afterward. The Livingstone caravan which had left ahead of him at Bagamoyo was still in Unyanyembe, and one day the chief of the caravan brought to Mr. Stanley a packet of missives directed to "Dr. Livingstone, Ujiji, Nov. 1st, 1870—registered letters." This convinced the young traveller that it would be but merciful to press on toward Livingstone, and give speedy relief, since he knew that the missives contained important advices; and that the Livingstone caravan, either owing to the thoughtlessness of Dr. Kirk, the consul at Zanzibar, or to its own recklessness, had already halted for a hundred days at Bagamoyo, and might halt for a hundred more in Unyanyembe. So he resolved to lose no time.

On the 7th of July, however, while sitting after dinner, sheltered from the heat of the sun, in his porch, he began to feel listless and languid, and a drowsiness came over him. All his life passed in retrospect before him. He

thought of the great forests of Arkansas—the dreaming days passed under the sighing pines on the Ouachita's shores; how he had drifted down the Mississippi; how he had wandered on foot through Spain and France, through Asia Minor; of his hurried march from Zanzibar; then there came a long blank, and he found he had been in bed two weeks, mortally ill with fever, attended by Shaw and his people. He owed his life to his own sagacity, because he had taught the Arab boy whom he had brought from Jerusalem with him the use of every medicine in his medicine-chest, and, thanks to the memory of the youth, he had been properly attended. No sooner had he recovered than Shaw was stricken down; then the Arab boy was prostrated; but by the 28th of July all had recovered, and he began to brighten up with the prospect of a march upon Mirambo's stronghold.

On the morning of the 29th fifty men were loaded with beads and cloth for Ujiji. Bombay the leader was missing, and after a long search was found blubbering at the prospect of being killed by Mirambo's soldiers. Only a stern lesson from Stanley's cane awakened him, and he finally led the caravan, the red blanket-robes of the men streaming behind them as the furious north-easter blew over them.

When they arrived at the rendezvous of the Arab army, which consisted of about 2200 men, armed with guns, flint-lock muskets, German and French double-barrels, English Enfields, and American Springfields, powder and ball were served out to all of Stanley's caravan; and although Stanley was again smitten with intermittent fever, an expedition at once set off into the hostile country. No sooner had they arrived in front of the first hostile village than a volley was opened on them as they emerged from the forests along the Unyanyembe road, and immediately the attacking force began its firing in the most splendid style. There were some ludicrous scenes of men pretending to fire and then jumping off to one side, then forward, then backward, with the agility of hopping-frogs; but the battle was none the less in earnest. The soldiers were soon rushing into the village from west, east, and north; and the poor villagers were flying from the inclosure toward the mountains, vigorously pursued. In about an hour the neighbourhood was cleared of the enemy, and two other villages were captured and committed to the flames. A second expedition of Arabs went out toward the stronghold where it was supposed Mirambo was living, and was defeated with great slaughter. Mirambo's men suddenly arose out of the long grass on each side of them, and stabbed them with their spears. The effect of this defeat was indescribable. Great consternation was brought among the Arabs by the news, and the next morning Stanley found that the Arabian forces were retreating, and his servants adjured him to follow, saying that "Mirambo was coming!" Stanley was wild with fever, and so ill that he would gladly have laid down by the roadside to die, but he was compelled to follow the retreating Arabs; and when he asked Selim, "Why did not you also run away and leave your master to die?" the Arab boy answered naïvely, "Oh, sir, I was afraid you would whip me." It never occurred to the Arab magnates that Mr. Stanley had any cause of complaint against them, or that he had a right to feel aggrieved for their base desertion of an ally, and they were consequently surprised when he told them that they must not consider him as an ally any longer. He succeeded, after some effort, in producing a little courage among them; but that finally failed, and they retreated still further, he being compelled to follow them to Tabora. Meantime a caravan came in from the sea-coast, reporting that Stanley's man Farquhar, whom he had left sick in Usagara, was dead, and that the body had been left naked in the jungle, without the slightest covering over it. Shaw was again taken down ill, and Stanley busied himself with preparations for another march, when he was surprised by the news that Mirambo had attacked Tabora with over 2000 men, and that a large force which had allied itself with him for the sake of plunder had also instituted an attack in an opposite direction; therefore a sally was at once determined against him. Some of the bravest of the Arabs saw a pavilion at some distance on the plain, which they knew to be Mirambo's war-tent, and under cover of a flag of truce approached the redoubtable chieftain, only to be incontinently slain by his men. The whole surrounding country was in flames, and Stanley at once began to prepare his house for defence. Loopholes for muskets were made in the stout gray walls, and refugees had guns put into their hands. Livingstone's men were invited to help defend their master's goods, and at night Stanley had 150 armed men in his court-yard, stationed at every possible point where an attack might be expected. The American flag was raised above the house; provisions and water enough for six days were brought in; rifle-pits were constructed round the exterior; all native huts that obstructed

the view were taken down; and while the commander of the *Herald* expedition freely admitted that, with cannon, fifty Europeans could easily take the position, he readily defied 10,000 Africans. After waiting some days, Mirambo, having heard of all these formidable preparations, retreated; and when the Arabs went in force to attack his village of Kazama, they found it vacant.

Shaw meantime grew rapidly worse, and Stanley daily feared that he would die. The only comfort which he had during these exciting times was in a packet of letters and newspapers from the American consul at Zanzibar. The expedition increased in numbers. Mirambo made no more attempt at war, but finally retreated in disgust. Stanley gave a grand banquet to celebrate his departure from the forbidding and unhealthy country. Pots of "pombe," or native beer, were served out to the people; and on the 20th of September the American flag was once more raised, and the Kirangozi shouted lustily his song as he upheld the "Stars and Stripes," and led the caravan along the southern route toward Ujiji and Livingstone.

There were fifty-four people in the newly-constituted caravan. Although the fevers came and went with terrible persistence, and from time to time carriers deserted, stealing cloths and guns, they made a fine march during four days; but at the end of that time Mr. Shaw was so capricious and constantly ill, as the result of his own excesses, that when he finally asked to be allowed to return to the coast, Stanley readily consented; but he warned Shaw not to desert the only companion really faithful to him, and said, "If you return, you die!" Shaw was not so afraid of death, however, as of progress forward into the unknown land of Africa; and a strong litter was made, on which he was transported back to Kwihara. The *Herald* caravan moved forward, and Shaw was soon lost in the distance. It moved forward through illimitable forests, stretched in grand waves beyond the ken of vision; ridges, forest-clad, rising gently one above another, until they receded in the dim, purple, blue distance, through a leafy ocean, where was only an indistinct outline of a hill far away, or here and there a tall tree higher than the rest, conspicuous against the translucent sky; now mounting to the summit of a ridge, expectant of a change, but only to find wearied eyes fixed upon the same vast expanse of woods, woods, woods; leafy branches, foliaged globes, or parachutes, green, brown, or sere in colour; forests one above another. "And I say," adds Mr. Stanley, "that though the Windsor and New Forests may be very fine and noble in England, yet they are but faggots of sticks compared with these eternal forests of Unyanyembe." Mountainous as it was, the journey would have been pleasant had not the fever continually racked the frame of the white man, and even penetrated the thick skins of his comrades. It was usually succeeded by a severe headache, with excessive pains about the loins and the spinal column, which presently would spread over the shoulder-blades, and, running up the neck, find a final lodgment in the back and front of the head. After languor and torpitude had seized the sufferer, raging thirst soon possessed him. The brain became crowded with strange fancies, figures of created and uncreated reptiles and headless monsters floated before the darkened vision, until, unable to longer bear the scene, the fever-stricken wretch made an effort, opened his eyes, and dissolved the delirious dream, only to glide into another more horrible.

Stanley next passed through a grand and noble expanse of grass-land, which was one of the finest scenes he had witnessed since leaving the coast. Great herds of buffalo, zebra, giraffe, and antelope coursed through the plains, and the expedition indulged in a day or two of hunting. Mr. Stanley, while crossing a river at this point, narrowly escaped being devoured by a crocodile, but little recked the danger, led on by the excitement of stalking wild boars, shooting buffalo-cows, and bagging hartebeests.

On the 7th of October, as they were breaking camp once more, to the great regret of the gormandizing savages, a mutiny occurred. Stanley was busy with preparations for the start, when he saw the men standing in groups, and conversing angrily together. He took his double-barrelled gun from the shoulder of Selim, the Arab boy; selected a dozen charges of buck-shot, and slipping two of them into the barrels, and adjusting his revolvers for handy work, he walked toward the men. As he advanced they seized their guns. When within thirty yards of the groups, he saw the heads of two men appear above an ant-hill on his left, with the barrels of their guns carelessly pointed towards the road. He took deliberate aim at them, threatening to blow their heads off if they did not come forward to talk to him. They presently came; but keeping his eye on Asmani, the larger of them, he saw him move his fingers to the trigger of his gun, and bring it to a "ready." Meanwhile the other fellow slipped round to the rear. Both men had murder in their eyes. Stanley

planted the muzzle of his rifle close to the wicked-looking face of the first, and ordered him to drop his rifle instantly. He did so; and in a few moments both were profuse in their protestations that they had not intended harm, but that they disliked to penetrate further into the country. Stanley found upon investigation that Bombay and Ambari were the instituters of the mutiny; and after giving them a sound thrashing with a spear-stalk, clapped them into chains, with the threat that they would be kept chained until they knew how to ask his pardon. A penitent request came in an hour, and they were released.

Now from time to time they heard from passing savages occasional rumours of the presence of white men at various points. This encouraged Stanley to believe that Livingstone was not far off, and gave him the necessary boldness to traverse the great wilderness beyond Marara, the transit of which he was warned would occupy nine days. The negroes became enthusiastic at the prospect of their journey's end, and said they could already smell the fish in the waters of Lake Tanganika. It constantly haunted Stanley's mind that if Dr. Livingstone should ever hear of his coming, which he might possibly do if he travelled out of the known road, he would leave, and his search for him would consequently be a stern-chase. They therefore boldly turned their faces north, and marched for the Malagarazi, a large river flowing from the east to the Tanganika. One of the exciting episodes of the journey was a boar-hunt, in which Mr. Stanley had a narrow escape from ignominious death. In one of the forests through which he passed he encountered a huge reddish-coloured boar; and after provoking him with bullets, and shooting him through and through, found that his formidable antagonist still had strength to charge furiously upon him. But Mr. Stanley, by placing his snow-white Indian helmet at the foot of a tree, and enticing the boar to rush at it, managed to escape, but did not succeed in bagging his game. On the 1st of November they arrived at the long-looked-for river, and after a fierce dispute with the officials of the primitive ferry, and a loss of one of the beasts of burden in the river, they met a caravan coming from the interior, and were told that a white man had just arrived at Ujiji.

"A white man!" cried Stanley.

"Yes; an old white man, with white hair on his face, and he was sick."

"Where had he come from?"

"From a very far country, indeed."

"Where was he—stopping at Ujiji?"

"Yes."

"And was he ever at Ujiji before?"

"Yes; he went away a long time ago."

"Hurrah!" said Stanley; "this must be Livingstone!"

Livingstone! Livingstone! Yes; but suppose that Livingstone were dead, or that he had departed on another exploring expedition. What then would become of Stanley's courage? He determined to hasten forward at all hazards; and passing through Ukha, where the scoundrelly chiefs and kings made most alarming exactions, and sadly diminished his stock of cloth—now running away by night to avoid fresh exactions on the following day, and now deciding to fight rather than submit to any more swindles, the caravan arrived on the 8th of November at the Rugufu river, at which point they could distinctly hear the thunders from the mysterious torrents which rolled into the cavernous recesses of Kabogo Mountain, on the further side of Lake Tanganika. The negroes informed Stanley that if he passed near there he must throw beads and cloth into the caverns to appease the god of the lake, or he would be lost. But the noise of the torrents gave Stanley the heartiest joy, because he knew that he was only forty-six miles from Ujiji, and possibly Livingstone! Still that was a march of eighteen hours. He could have ridden it in one day if his noble horse had been alive, but now he must toil forward at a snail's pace. The thought made him frantic! On the 9th, in the morning, they had a terrible journey, hiding in the thicket nearly every hour, in mortal dread of pursuit by the redoubtable warriors of Ukha; but by noon they had passed out of the limits of this dangerous territory, and reached a picturesque and sequestered series of valleys, where wild fruit-trees grew, and rare flowers blossomed. On this day they caught sight of the hills from which Lake Tanganika could be seen and passed through Ukarango. Stanley ordered his boy Selim to furbish up his tattered travelling suits, that he might make as good an appearance as possible. On the 236th day from Bagamoyo, and the 51st from Unyanyembe, they saw the Lake of Tanganika spread out before them, and around it the great blue-black mountains of Ugoma and Ukaramba. It was an immense broad sheet—a burnished bed of silver—a lucid canopy of blue above, lofty mountains for its valances, and palm-forests for its fringes.

Descending the western slope of the mountain, the port of Ujiji lay below, embowered in palms.

"Unfurl your flags and load your guns!" cried Stanley.

"Ay wallah, ay wallah, bana!" eagerly responded the men.

"One, two, three!"—and a volley from fifty muskets woke up the peaceful village below. The Kirangozi raised the American flag aloft once more; the men stepped out bravely as the crowds of villagers came flocking around them, shouting *Bindera Merikani!*—an American flag!

Suddenly Stanley heard a voice on his right say, in English, "Good morning, sir!"

The blood leaped fiercely to his heart. Was it then true? Livingstone was near at hand!

A black man, dressed in a long white shirt, announced himself to the young adventurer as "Susi, the servant of Dr. Livingstone."

"What? Is Dr. Livingstone here?"

"Yes, sir."

"In this village?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure, sure, sir. Why, I leave him just now."

Then another servant introduced himself; the crowds flocked around anew; Stanley scourged himself to keep down his furious emotions; and finally, at the head of his caravan, arrived before a semicircle of Arab magnates, in front of whom stood an old white man with a gray beard.

As Stanley advanced toward him, he noticed that he was pale, looked wearied, had on his head a bluish cap with a faded gold band around it, a red-sleeved waistcoat, and a pair of gray tweed trousers. He would have run to him, but he remembered the traditional coldness of the English race; and so he walked deliberately to him, took off his hat, and said:

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

"Yes," said he, with a kind smile, lifting his cap slightly.

Then they clasped hands; and, after the necessary formalities with the Arab magnates, Mr. Stanley explained himself and his mission.

It was a great day for the old explorer. There were letters from his children! "Ah!" he said, patiently, "I have waited years for letters." There was a whole epic of pathos in his voice.

And you may picture for yourselves that strangely-met pair seated in the explorer's house, Livingstone hearing for the first time of the great changes in Europe, and Stanley offering a brimming goblet of champagne, brought all the way from the Jesuit mission at Bagamoyo! They sat long together, with their faces turned eastward, noting the dark shadows creeping up above the grove of palms beyond the village, and the rampart of mountains; listening to the sonorous thunder of the surf of the Tanganika, and to the dreamy chorus which the night-insects sang. When Livingstone bade Stanley "Good night!" he added, "God bless you!"

Mr. Stanley remained four months in the company of Dr. Livingstone, during which time an intimate and rich friendship grew up between the two men. Stanley brought youth, impulse, generous freedom of expression, and long experience of travel, to the veteran: Dr. Livingstone gave a deep gratitude, a thorough Christian love, and the wisdom of age to the companionship. From November 10, 1871, until March 14, 1872, the men were daily together. Dr. Livingstone had been in Africa since March, 1866. He left Zanzibar in April of that year for the interior, with thirty men, and worked studiously at his high mission of correcting the errors of former travellers, until early in 1869, when he arrived in Ujiji, and took a brief rest. He had been deserted in the most cowardly manner by the majority of his followers, and was much of the time in want. At the end of June, 1869, he went on to the lake into which the Lualaba ran, and then was compelled to return the weary distance of 700 miles to Ujiji. The magnificent result of his labours, both in the interest of science and humanity, are now known to all the world. Up to the time of Mr. Stanley's arrival, to succour him with Mr. James Gordon Bennett's generous stock of supplies, Livingstone had refrained from communicating to the Royal Geographical Society of England, as a body, even an outline of his discoveries.

The two friends made a long cruise together on Lake Tanganika, traversing over 300 miles of water in the primitive manner of African travel, in twenty-eight days, and passing through a great variety of adventures; after which Mr. Stanley persuaded Livingstone to return with him to Unyanyembe, where he received his supplies, and enlisted soldiers and carriers enough to enable him to travel anywhere it might be necessary to thoroughly effect the settlement of the Nile problem. On the 27th of December they left Ujiji, and on the 31st of January met a caravan which brought them the news of the death of poor Shaw, Stanley's old comrade, at Kwihara, long before they reached Unyanyembe unharmed. On the 18th of February four years' supplies, brought by the caravans of the *Herald* and the faltering expedition despatched by Dr. Kirk, were given into Livingstone's possession; and on the 14th of March the two men parted, not without tears. On the way to Bagamoyo

Stanley suffered much anxiety on account of the precious box containing the Livingstone papers; and once, at the crossing of a stream, nothing saved it from being lost but the prompt aim of Stanley's pistol at the head of the careless bearer. It was not until sunset on the 6th of May that the worn and fatigued Stanley re-entered Bagamoyo, and learned, from members of the Dawson expedition quartered there, the real purport and scope of his own magnificent daring and success. The next morning he crossed to Zanzibar, and thence, as soon as possible, departed for Europe with his precious freight, the Livingstone journal and letters, and his own rich experience. These details, few in comparison with the mass given in Mr. Stanley's own account in his published book, *How I Found Livingstone*,[1] will serve to whet the reader's appetite. Mr. Stanley has not paraded himself as a hero; but those who read his book, as well as those who know him, can have no doubt that the heroic element is strong in his soul, and that his name will henceforth be as famous as those of Marco Polo, or the grimly striving Livingstone, who, with true British pluck, proposes to cling to his task of exploration until it is finished.[2]—*Scribner's (New York) Magazine.*

NORTHERN FARMER.

OLD STYLE.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.[3]

Wheer 'asta beän saw long and meä liggin' 'ere aloän?
Noorse? thoort nowt o' a noorse: whoy, Doctor's abeän an' agoän:
Says that I moänt 'a naw moor yaäle: but I beänt a fool:
Git ma my yaäle, for I beänt a-gooin' to breäk my rule.

Doctors, they knaws nowt, for a says what's nawways true:
Naw soort o' koind o' use to saäy the things that a do.
I've 'ed my point o' yaäle ivry noight sin' I beän 'ere,
An' I've 'ed my quart ivry market-noight for foorty year.

Parson's a beän loikewoise, an' a sittin 'ere o' my bed.
"The Amoighty's a taäkin o' you to 'issën, my friend," a said,
An' a towd ma my sins, an's toithe were due, an' I gied it in hond;
I done my duty by un, as I 'a done by the lond.

Larn'd a ma' beä. I reckons I 'annot sa mooch to larn.
But a cost oop, thot a did, 'boot Bessy Marris's barn.
Thof a knaws I hallus voäted wi' Squoire an' choorch an' staäte,
An' i' the woost o' toimes I wur niver agin the raäte.

An' I hallus comed to 's choorch afoor moy Sally wur deäd,
An' 'eerd un a bummin' awaäy loike a buzzard-clock[4] ower my yeäd,
An' I niver knaw'd whot a meän'd but I thowt a 'ad summut to saäy,
An' I thowt a said whot a owt to 'a said an' I comed awaäy.

Bessy Marris's barn! tha knaws she laäid it to meä.
Mowt 'a beän, mayhap, for she wur a bad un, sheä.
'Siver, I kep un, I kep un, my lass, tha mun understond;
I done my duty by un as I 'a done by the lond.

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[1] "*How I Found Livingstone in Central Africa.*—By Henry M. Stanley." London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

[2] It should be added that the English people very heartily recognized the courage and success of Mr. Stanley; and her majesty the Queen was amongst the first to mark her appreciation of the service he had rendered this country, by presenting him with a diamond-studded snuff-box.

[3] The Poet Laureate's works were first published by Moxon & Co.; were then transferred to Strahan & Co., and subsequently to H. S. King & Co. and Macmillan & Co.

[4] Cockchafer.

But Parson a comes an' a goos, an' a says it eäsy an' freeä
"The Amoighty's a taäkin o' you to 'issén, my friend," says 'eä.
I weänt saäy men be loiars, thof summun said it in 'aäste:
But a reäds wonn sarmin a weeäk, an' I 'a stubb'd Thornaby waäste.

D'ya moind the waäste, my lass? naw, naw, tha was not born then;
Theer wur a boggle in it, I often 'eerd un mysen;
Moäst loike a butter-bump,[1] for I 'eerd un aboot an' aboot,
But I stubb'd un oop wi' the lot, an' raäved an' rembled un oot.

Keäper's it wur; fo' they fun un theer a-laäid on 'is faäce
Doon i' the woild 'enemies[2] afoor I comed to the plaäce.
Noäks or Thimbleby—toner 'ed shot un as deäd as a naäil.
Noäks wur 'ang'd for it oop at 'soize—but git ma my yaäle.

Dubbut looäk at the waäste: theer warn't not feäd for a cow:
Nowt at all but bracken an' fuzz, an' looäk at it now—
Warnt worth nowt a haäcre, an' now theer's lots o' feäd,
Fourscore yows upon it an' some on it doon in seäd.

Nobbut a bit on it's left, an' I meän'd to 'a stubb'd it at fall,
Done it ta-year I meän'd, an' runn'd plow thruff it an' all,
If Godamoighty an' parson 'ud nobbut let ma aloän,
Meä, wi' haäte oonderd haäcre o' Squoire's, an' lond o' my oän.

Do Godamoighty knaw what a's doing a-taäkin' o' meä?
I beänt wonn as saws 'ere a beän an' yonder a peä;
An' Squoire 'ull be sa mad an' all—a' dear a' dear!
And I 'a monaged for Squoire come Michaelmas thirty year.

A mowt 'a taäken Joänes, as 'ant a 'aäpoth o' sense,
Or a mowt 'a taäken Robins—a niver mended a fence:
But Godamoighty a moost taäke meä an' taäke ma now
Wi' 'auf the cows to cauve an' Thornaby holms to plow!

Looäk 'ow quoloty smoiles when they sees ma a passin' by,
Says to thessén naw doot "what a mon a beä sewer-ly!"
For they knaws what I beän to Squoire sin fust a comed to the 'All;
I done my duty by Squoire an' I done my duty by all.

Squoire's in Lunnon, an' summun I reckons 'ull 'a to wroite,
For who's to howd the lond ater meä thot muddles ma quoit;
Sartin-sewer I beä, thot a weänt niver give it to Joänes,
Noither a moänt to Robins—a niver rembles the stoäns.

But summun 'ull come ater meä mayhap wi' 'is kittle o' steäm
Huzzin' an' maäzin' the blessed feälds wi' the Divil's oän teäm.
Gin I mun doy I mun doy, an' loife they says is sweet,
But gin I mun doy I mun doy, for I couldn abear to see it.

What atta stannin' theer for. an' doesn bring ma the yaäle?
Doctor's a 'tottler, lass, an a's hallus i' the owd taäle;
I weänt breäk rules for Doctor, a knaws naw moor nor a floy;
Git ma my yaäle I tell tha, an' gin I mun doy I mun doy.

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[1] Bittern. [2] Anemones.

A VIOLET'S ADVENTURES.

[H. A. Page (*nom de plume*), born at Dun, near Brechin, Forfarshire, 1837. Studied at the Edinburgh University, where he distinguished himself in rhetoric, metaphysics, and moral philosophy. He early became connected with newspapers as contributor and editor; removed to London in 1864, and since then has been an active contributor to the *Contemporary Review*, under Dean Alford; to the *British Quarterly*, *London Quarterly*, *Good Words*, and other reviews and magazines. He has written much in various styles on various topics. Of his separate works we may mention: *Memoir of Hawthorne*, with Stories now first published in England; *Golden Lives*—an admirable series of biographies; and *Out and all About*, a book of fables from which the following is taken, and by which the author will be probably best known for some time to come. This work is full of quaint fancy, picturesque humour, and skill in quiet satire; it displays in a remarkable degree the power of happily selecting symbols and of conveying great moral lessons in simple language.]

"True fame is hardly to be bought,
She sometimes follows where she is not sought."

—*Paraphrase of Persian Proverb.*

A wild Violet that grew very snugly sheltered at the foot of a high hill, once shook hands with a wandering Fairy, and was immediately seized with a great desire to know where the sun went to when it set and sank. This was perhaps a mere excuse for a wish to see the world, and to gratify vanity on the Violet's part; for it no sooner found that it could hold intercourse with beings of a superior order, than it began to look down upon its neighbours and old friends. It very ungraciously snubbed a young Fern that had been attentive to it, and had helped to carry water to it many a time. As for the young Primrose which it used to admire so much, the Violet would not vouchsafe the poor creature so much as a single word.

And the wild Violet was very firm; for the Fairy had told it that it could only succeed, if it kept itself aloof from all companions, and told no one of its secret. So it lay and waited, and, whenever it felt a warmer glow of life thrilling through its fibres, it hoped and dreamed its deliverance was now near at hand, and shut its ears to all that was going on near by, which before used to interest it much. And it fell into the habit of speaking to itself and laughing at the low aims of its old friends.

"As for affection," it would reflect, "that's all humbug! The Fern helped me because it was its nature to and couldn't help it; and as for that Primrose, she thought to mate with me and be honoured—poor, pale, yellow thing!" and even as he looked the Primrose seemed to fade and shrink away.

But the Violet had no time to make any work about that: he had his own business to mind; and just as the Primrose shrivelled and died, the Violet was loosed from earth, and, with a cheer that escaped him in spite of his resolution, he broke away from his old home without so much as an adieu, and made directly towards the sunsetting, as he had intended.

"Ah!" he said to himself, "I'll soon be famous,—men will learn to speak of me with respect and admiration; for I'll find out the secret of the sun, and come back and tell all about it, notwithstanding that I once lived in that mean hole east there;" and he quickened his pace again as he thought of it. So he wandered all day, till the sun-setting, when he sat down to see if he was making any progress. He could not convince himself that he had made much; but then he thought, "It is a great work, and doubtless demands much time;" and in sheer weariness he lay down on the bank to rest. He had not lain very long, when he was rudely shaken, and, looking up, he saw his friend the Fairy and a great number of others, some of them with heads like men, and others with the strangest appearance; but almost all of them giggling, and laughing, and dancing about in the oddest manner.

"Rise, and join us!" said the Fairy.

"I need rest," said the Violet, rubbing his eyes and looking round in amazement.

"We are your friends," said the Fairy, "and friendship is better than sleep."

"I don't know that," the Violet ventured to say, a little shortly, for he was almost unable to keep his eyes open.

"We'll prove it to you," said a pair of Compasses and a Triangle, that trotted up together, and peered into the Violet's face, in a way that would have been disrespectful if it hadn't been so evidently serious. "We are masters of the ceremonies," said they, "and look to the rules; so get up; it is our pleasure so! When the rest dance, we work; but, for all that, we're the *masters* here!"

"It's all right," said the Fairy, who had all this while been listening; "take this, and that will do for sleep, and better too;" and he gave the Violet a little white powder and sprinkled some liquid over his face.

"Put the powder on your tongue," said a Fairy Leaf that came up at the moment,

"and that'll make you right;" and he turned and pirouetted away again.

The Violet did as he was bid, and in a moment—O delightful sensation!—all weariness had vanished; and, like the others, he felt impelled to dance and sing. It was as though all the dull bliss of growing was pressed or concentrated into a single instant of time. So he mixed with the rest, and gave himself up to the spirit of the party, and poured forth his thoughts to any one that would listen, in language so sweet and convincing that he wondered at himself.

A Drumhead was very attentive and proved a remarkably good listener, gaining the Violet's respect immensely by his quietness, and his easy way of saying "Ha, ha!" "Yes, yes!" "So!" "Quite so!" "Re-ally!" "Do you say so!" "Hum!" "Well, I never!" and so forth. The awkward thing was, that they were followed by a Trombone, whose weakness was not to listen, but to make himself heard, as he went alongside blowing every now and then, on which the Drumhead once or twice whispered to the Violet, "He's a good fellow, and very useful to me, but he's cracked, quite cracked with vanity,"—here touching his forehead significantly—"and one must just humour him."

When the first faint light of morning came, all the Fairies vanished, and the Violet felt solitary and worn out. But whenever he thought of his great object, he resolved to go on. So he wandered for a while, till the sun became strong, and, reaching the border of a field, he thought to himself that he had better lie down and rest. But the buzzing of bees, and the chirping of crickets, and the singing of birds, and the very sound of the branches as they waved in the breeze that languidly stirred now and then, distressed him, and wouldn't let him sleep; and while he listened, as he really could not help doing, he began to fancy he heard words distinctly. At first it was just a vague hum, such as you, my reader, may sometimes have heard on suddenly coming close to a village school; but by-and-by he could more and more clearly make out words: "The Violet is full; the Violet is full!" He felt flattered at this notice; but turned round desiring sleep. He could not banish the words, however. They kept ringing in his ears, till his brain was quite in a fever, and he rose and walked on through the wood. The sun had sunk, and he had some difficulty in finding his way, as he had nothing to guide him aright now. He was sorry that he had not asked some advice on the point from the Compasses and the Triangle, who seemed to be so grave and so knowing; but he had not mentioned his secret to them, as he had not had any opportunity of asking the Fairy if it would be right for him to do so. The windings of the wood and the confused state of his mind at length made him lose all reckoning. He tried and tried to discover his exact whereabouts, but could not manage it, and went round and round in a maze as it seemed to him. To his horror, as he sat on a bank looking about, he beheld a great red bull feeding quite close to him, and at sight of it he rose and ran, for he was afraid of being eaten up and dying the most terrible of deaths. He was sure it was following him, and held on wildly, till his breath was almost spent in his breast. He fell prone into a field, over a tree-root, from beneath which, as it chanced, a Mole was just then looking out.

"Ah!" said the Mole, "you're in haste, and hasty folks are seldom well served. You look faint—can I do anything for you?"

"I want water sorely," said the Violet.

"You'll have plenty of it soon enough," said the Mole. "If it hadn't been for that, you wouldn't have found me here just at this moment." And as he spoke, thunder pealed through the wood, lightning darted through the trees, and struck some of them, rending their strong trunks in pieces.

"Come into my house!" said the Mole, roughly pulling the Violet, "till I close the door against the rain. It was for that I came up, and I may be too late, and we may both be ruined." And he at once set to throwing up earth in all directions. The atmosphere was so close, and the place so dark, that the Violet thought he would have died; but the Mole pulled him along passage after passage—up and down, and down and up—till they came to a round hall, and there they sat down.

"I wonder to see you out at such a time," said the Mole.

"I was seeking for my home—I'd lost my way," answered the Violet; for he remembered what the Fairy had said about keeping his great search a secret; but his chief reason was that he thought the Mole would laugh if he was told that a Violet had been trying to find where the sun went to when it set and sank out of sight. And then he began to describe the hill at the foot of which he had lived for so long.

"Oh, that must be Snow-cap," said the Mole; "you're very nearly lost in your own castle, for it's just at the border of the wood.

If you keep round to the left, five minutes, or even less, will bring you to it. But you can stay here quietly for the night, and then leave in the morning." To this the Violet, faint to exhaustion, at length agreed, and lay down. But there was little rest for him. The Mole was busy most part of the night. Now and again, the Violet heard the rain patter-pattering on the earth above, and a thunder-peal would rise over all else, and then he would tremble, so that the Mole would stop working, and look at him, and laugh to himself quietly, as he poked his sharp nose and his hand-like paws in the wet earth. "He's a tender fellow," thought the Mole; "but Violets are a good sort, and not given to travel. He looks as if he'd had trouble, and so I'm glad I befriended him. His folk may serve me some day, who knows?"

At length the morning came, clear and calm; the air and the sky, with their freshness and odour, seeming as though Nature strove through them to atone for her angry passion of the night. The Mole pointed out the way to the Violet, and after warm expressions of gratitude, he bade the Mole good-bye, and soon found himself at his old home, where he at once went to bed, and slept soundly for a good many hours.

. . . . . .

When he awoke, he found changes among his neighbours, though his absence had been so short. Some had gone away, others had come. The Wood-Sorrels and the Starworts were in the lodgings the Cousins Primrose and Cowslip had had, and the Ferns had added to their family, and were all the prouder and more overbearing-looking that they had got a little red-headed.

The Violet took in these facts as he opened his eyes in a half-dreamy way, and he felt that he was being scanned and criticized by all and sundry around, and that the Ferns were speaking about him to the others in a very disparaging manner. At first the Violet could not make out the words, but he shut his eyes and listened intently, and was sure he caught, amongst the gabble of flower-dialects, "The Violet is full! the Violet is full!" and he was seized with terrible chagrin and self-contempt in thinking of the airs he had given himself towards his neighbours before he had set out to find the secret of the sun. "And here I am again," he thought, "and perhaps they will contrive to make the place too hot for me. If they do, I'll take staff in hand once more and ascend the hill; they can't follow me there!"

The days passed slowly and heavily, and the Violet did not feel any more at peace; his neighbours treated him coldly, and seemed to combine against him, and kept up a constant chatter in which he was sure he heard himself named. So one fine morning he started, saying to himself—

"It may be all for the best. Why should I remain to disturb their peace or destroy my own self-respect by staying among people who despise me? I've heard say it's cold up there, but I deserve no better, and perhaps even there I may grow a little!"

So with a sore and humbled heart he set forth on his road. He journeyed for three days, only resting as long as to enable him to take refreshment. On the evening of the third day he found himself resting on a jutting spur of the mountain. The sun was sinking, and as he looked he suddenly exclaimed—

"I have found the secret, when I no more hoped to gain it, but only peace and quietness. Instead of travelling the plains, one must clamber higher and higher up towards the cold snow-peaks to see the sun the longer. Perhaps if I struggle to the top of this mountain it may be made all clear to me."

So, nerved with a new hope, he pushed on day by day, higher and higher, till he reached near to the summit, where patches of snow lingered in the shaded hollows even until summer time. There was a murmur of water and a cold air stirring, but he said to himself —

"I like it; this is the place for me." And planting himself in a crevice where some grass grew sweet and green on a little ridge, he settled himself and waited for the sunset. It was so glorious that it completely overwhelmed him; for long after the sun was lost to all below he could see it, and see it growing more brilliant and beautiful every moment.

"It is worth the trouble and the sacrifice," said the Violet; "here will I abide and do my duty, and strive to grow in the added light of the sun; and though men may call me the Mountain Violet, and tell of my past foolish ambitions, that will not matter, since they will once more speak of me with respect, if not with honour, and since, in spite of the coldness of my dwelling, I shall be longer than any of my old friends in the blessed light of the sun."

POETIC APHORISMS.

FROM THE SINNGEDICHTE OF FRIEDRICH VON LOGAU.—SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

MONEY.

Whereunto is money good?
Who has it not wants hardihood,
Who has it has much trouble and care,
Who once has had it has despair.

THE BEST MEDICINES.

Joy and Temperance and Repose
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

SIN.

Man-like is it to fall into sin,
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein,
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,
God-like is it all sin to leave.

POVERTY AND BLINDNESS.

A blind man is a poor man, and blind a poor man is;
For the former seeth no man, and the latter no man sees.

LAW OF LIFE.

Live I, so live I,
To my Lord heartily,
To my Prince faithfully,
To my Neighbour honestly,
Die I, so die I.

THE RESTLESS HEART.

A millstone and the human heart are driven ever round;
If they have nothing else to grind, they must themselves be ground.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

Whilom Love was like a fire, and warmth and comfort it bespoke;
But, alas! it now is quenched, and only bites us, like the smoke.

ART AND TACT.

Intelligence and courtesy not always are combined;
Often in a wooden house a golden room we find.

RETRIBUTION.

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness grinds he all.

TRUTH.

When by night the frogs are croaking, kindle but a torch's fire,
Ha! how soon they all are silent! Thus truth silences the liar.

THE RING.

BY PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

Thus to a fair Venetian maid,
The proudest of the train,
With which the Doge went forth arrayed
To wed his vassal main;
"This very day," her lover said,
"Will Venice go the sea to wed."

"Now tell me, lady, what to do,
To win this hand of thine;
I'll risk both soul and body too,
For such a prize divine."
"I'll have the bridal ring," said she,
"Wherewith the Doge will wed the sea."

Came forth the Doge and all his train,
And sailed upon the sea;
The banners waved, and music's strain
Rose soft and heavenwardly;
And blue waves raced to seize the ring
Which glided through them glittering.

The lover through the bright array
Rushed by the Doge's side:
A plunge—and plume and mantle gay
Lay lashing on the tide;
He heard a shriek, but down he dived,
To follow where the ring arrived.

He sought so long, that all above
Believed him gone for aye;
Nor knew they 'twas his haughty love
Who shrieked and swooned away.
At length he rose to light—half-dead—
But held the ring above his head.

The lady wept—the lover smiled—
She had not deemed he would
Have dared it,—was a foolish child—
And loved as none else could.
"Take it and be a faithful bride
To death," the lover said, and died.

The lady to a convent hied,
And took the holy vows;
And was till death a faithful bride
To her Eternal spouse.
And then the ring her lover gave
They buried with her in her grave.

—*Festus.*

THE TROUBADOURS.

[Henry Hallam, LL.D., born 1778; died 21st January, 1859. Educated at Eton and Oxford. One of the greatest historians of our century. *View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages*, from which the following is taken; *The Constitutional History of England*, from the Accession of Henry VII. to the Death of George II., and the *Introduction to the Literature of Europe in Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries*, are his principal works. He was a cordial co-operator with Wilberforce for the suppression of the slave-trade; and in 1830 received one of the two fifty-guinea gold medals awarded by George IV. for eminence in historical composition; the other medal was given to Washington Irving. "In extent and variety of learning, and a deep acquaintance with antiquarian lore, the historian of the middle ages may deservedly take a place with the most eminent writers in that style that Europe has produced." – *Sir A. Alison.*]

For three or four centuries after what was called the Romance tongue was spoken in France, there remain but few vestiges of its employment in writing; though we cannot draw an absolute inference from our want of proof, and a critic of much authority supposes translations to have been made into it for religious purposes from the time of Charlemagne. During this period the language was split into two very separate dialects, the regions of which may be considered, though by no means strictly, as divided by the Loire. These were called the Langue d'Oil, and the Langue d'Oc: or in more modern terms, the French and Provençal dialects. In the latter of these I know of nothing which can even by name be traced beyond the year 1100. About that time, Gregory de Bechada, a gentleman of Limousin, recorded the memorable events of the first crusade, then recent, in a metrical history of great length. This poem has altogether perished; which, considering the popularity of its subject, as M. Sismondi justly remarks, would probably not have been the case if it had possessed any merit. But very soon afterwards a multitude of poets, like a swarm of summer insects, appeared in the southern provinces of France. These were the celebrated Troubadours, whose fame depends far less on their positive excellence, than on the darkness of preceding ages, on the temporary sensation they excited, and their permanent influence on the state of European poetry. From William, count of Poitou, the earliest troubadour on record, who died in 1126, to their extinction about the end of the next century, there were probably several hundred of these versifiers in the language of Provence, though not always natives of France. Millot has published the lives of one hundred and forty-two, besides the names of many more whose history is unknown; and a still greater number, it cannot be doubted, are unknown by name. Among those poets are reckoned a king of England (Richard I.), two of Aragon, one of Sicily, a dauphin of Auvergne, a count of Foix, a prince of Orange, many noblemen, and several ladies. One can hardly pretend to account for this sudden and transitory love of verse; but it is manifestly one symptom of the rapid impulse which the human mind received in the twelfth century, and contemporaneous with the severer studies that began to flourish in the universities. It was encouraged by the prosperity of Languedoc and Provence, undisturbed, comparatively with other countries, by internal warfare, and disposed by the temper of their inhabitants to feel with voluptuous sensibility the charm of music and amorous poetry. But the tremendous storm that fell upon Languedoc in the crusade against the Albigeois shook off the flowers of Provençal verse; and the final extinction of the fief of Toulouse, with the removal of the counts of Provence to Naples, deprived the troubadours of their most eminent patrons. An attempt was made in the next century to revive them, by distributing prizes for the best composition in the Floral Games of Toulouse, which have sometimes been erroneously referred to a higher antiquity. This institution perhaps still remains; but, even in its earliest period, it did not establish the name of any Provençal poet. Nor can we deem those fantastical solemnities, styled Courts of Love, where ridiculous questions of metaphysical gallantry were debated by poetical advocates, under the presidency and arbitration of certain ladies, much calculated to bring forward any genuine excellence. They illustrate, however, what is more immediately my own object, the general ardour for poetry, and the manners of those chivalrous ages.

The great reputation acquired by the troubadours, and panegyrics lavished on some of them by Dante and Petrarch, excited a curiosity among literary men, which has been a good deal disappointed by further acquaintance. An excellent French antiquary of the last age, La Curne de St. Palaye, spent great part of his life in accumulating manuscripts of Provençal poetry, very little of which had ever been printed. Translations from part of this collection, with memorials of the writers, were published by Millot; and we certainly do not often meet with passages in his three

volumes which give us any poetical pleasure. Some of the original poems have since been published, and the extracts made from them by the recent historians of southern literature are rather superior. The troubadours chiefly confined themselves to subjects of love, or rather gallantry, and to satires (sirventes), which are sometimes keen and spirited. No romances of chivalry, and hardly any tales are found among their works. There seems a general deficiency of imagination, and especially of that vivid description which distinguishes works of genius in the rudest period of society. In the poetry of sentiment, their favourite province, they seldom attain any natural expression, and consequently produce no interest. I speak of course on the presumption that the best specimens have been exhibited by those who have undertaken the task. It must be allowed, however, that we cannot judge of the troubadours at a greater disadvantage than through the prose translations of Millot. Their poetry was entirely of that class which is allied to music, and excites the fancy or feelings rather by the power of sound than any stimulancy of imagery and passion. Possessing a flexible and harmonious language, they invented a variety of metrical arrangements perfectly new to the nations of Europe. The Latin hymns were striking but monotonous, the metre of the northern French unvaried; but in Provençal poetry almost every length of verse, from two syllables to twelve, and the most intricate disposition of rhymes were at the choice of the troubadour. The canzoni, the sestine, all the lyric metres of Italy and Spain, were borrowed from his treasury. With such a command of poetical sounds, it was natural that he should inspire delight into ears not yet rendered familiar to the artifices of verse; and even now the fragments of these ancient lays, quoted by M. Sismondi and M. Ginguené, seem to possess a sort of charm that has evaporated in translation. Upon this harmony, and upon the facility with which mankind are apt to be deluded into an admiration of exaggerated sentiment in poetry, they depended for their influence. And, however vapid the songs of Provence may seem to our apprehensions, they were undoubtedly the source from which poetry for many centuries derived a great portion of habitual language.

It has been maintained by some antiquaries that the northern romance, or what we properly call French, was not formed until the tenth century, the common dialect of all France having previously resembled that of Languedoc. This hypothesis may not be indisputable; but the question is not likely to be settled, as scarcely any written specimens of romance, even of that age, have survived. In the eleventh century, among other more obscure productions, both in prose and metre, there appears what, if unquestioned as to authenticity, would be a valuable monument of this language, the laws of William the Conqueror. These are preserved in a manuscript of Ingulfus's *History of Croyland*, a blank being left in other copies where they should be inserted (Gale, xv. Script. t. i. p. 88). They are written in an idiom so far removed from the Provençal, that one would be disposed to think the separation between these two species of romance of older standing than is commonly allowed. But it has been thought probable that these laws, which in fact were a mere repetition of those of Edward the Confessor, were originally published in Anglo-Saxon, the only language intelligible to the people, and translated at a subsequent period, by some Norman monk, into French (Ritson's *Diss. on Romance*, p. 66). This, indeed, is not quite satisfactory, as it would have been more natural for such a transcriber to have rendered them into Latin; and neither William the Conqueror nor his successors were accustomed to promulgate any of their ordinances in the vernacular language of England.

The use of a popular language became more common after the year 1100. Translations of some books of Scripture and acts of saints were made about that time, or even earlier, and there are French sermons of St. Bernard, from which extracts have been published, in the royal library at Paris. In 1126, a charter was granted by Louis VI. to the city of Beauvais in French. Metrical compositions are in general the first literature of a nation, and even if no distinct proof could be adduced, we might assume their existence before the twelfth century. There is, however, evidence, not to mention the fragments printed by Le Bœuf, of certain lives of saints translated into French verse by Thibault de Vernon, a canon of Rouen, before the middle of the preceding age. And we are told that Taillefer, a Norman minstrel, recited a song or romance on the deeds of Roland, before the army of his countrymen, at the battle of Hastings, in 1066. Philip de Than, a Norman subject of Henry I., seems to be the earliest poet whose works as well as name have reached us, unless we admit a French translation of the work of one Marbode upon precious stones to be more ancient. This de Than wrote a set of rules for computation of time, and an account of different

calendars. A happy theme for inspiration without doubt! Another performance of the same author is a treatise on birds and beasts, dedicated to Adelaide, queen of Henry I. (*Archæologia*, vols. xii. and xiii.) But a more famous votary of the muses was Wace, a native of Jersey, who, about the beginning of Henry II.'s reign, turned Geoffrey of Monmouth's history into French metre. Besides this poem, called *Le Brut d'Angleterre*, he composed a series of metrical histories, containing the transactions of the dukes of Normandy, from Rollo, their great progenitor, who gave name to the *Roman de Rou*, down to his own age. Other productions are ascribed to Wace, who was at least a prolific versifier, and if he seem to deserve no higher title at present, has a claim to indulgence, and even to esteem, as having far excelled his contemporaries without any superior advantages of knowledge. In emulation, however, of his fame, several Norman writers addicted themselves to composing chronicles, or devotional treatises in metre. The court of our Norman kings was to the early poets in the Langue d'Oil what those of Arles and Toulouse were to the troubadours. Henry I. was fond enough of literature to obtain the surname of Beauclerc; Henry II. was more indisputably an encourager of poetry; and Richard I. has left compositions of his own in one or other (for the point is doubtful) of the two dialects spoken in France.

If the poets of Normandy had never gone beyond historical and religious subjects they would probably have had less claim to our attention than their brethren of Provence. But a different and far more interesting species of composition began to be cultivated in the latter part of the twelfth century. Without entering upon the controverted question as to the origin of romantic fictions, referred by one party to the Scandinavians, by a second to the Arabs, by others to the natives of Brittany, it is manifest that the actual stories upon which one early and numerous class of romances was founded are related to the traditions of the last people. These are such as turn upon the fable of Arthur; for though we are not entitled to deny the existence of such a personage, his story seems chiefly the creation of Celtic vanity. Traditions current in Brittany, though probably derived from this island, became the basis of Geoffrey of Monmouth's Latin prose, which, as has been seen, was transfused into French metre by Wace. The vicinity of Normandy enabled its poets to enrich their narratives with other Armorican fictions, all relating to the heroes who had surrounded the table of the son of Uther. An equally imaginary history of Charlemagne gave rise to a new family of romances. The authors of these fictions were called Trouveurs, a name obviously identical with that of Troubadours. But, except in name, there was no resemblance between the minstrels of the northern and southern dialects. The invention of one class was turned to description, that of the other to sentiment; the firstre we epic in their form and style, the latter almost always lyric. We cannot perhaps give a better notion of their dissimilitude than by saying that one school produced Chaucer, and the other Petrarch. Besides these romances of chivalry, the trouveurs displayed their powers of lively narration in comic tales or fabliaux (a name sometimes extended to the higher romance), which have aided the imagination of Boccaccio and La Fontaine. These compositions are certainly more entertaining than those of the troubadours; but, contrary to what I have said of the latter, they often gain by appearing in a modern dress. Their versification, which doubtless had its charm, when listened to around the hearth of an ancient castle, is very languid and prosaic, and suitable enough to the tedious prolixity into which the narrative is apt to fall; and though we find many sallies of that arch and sprightly simplicity which characterizes the old language of France as well as England, it requires, upon the whole, a factitious taste to relish these Norman tales, considered as poetry in the higher sense of the word, distinguished from metrical fiction.

A manner very different from that of the fabliaux was adopted in the *Roman de la Rose*, begun by William de Loris about 1250, and completed by John de Meun half a century later. This poem, which contains about sixteen thousand lines in the usual octo-syllable verse, from which the early French writers seldom deviated, is an allegorical vision, wherein love, and the other passions or qualities connected with it, pass over the stage, without the intervention, I believe, of any less abstract personages. Though similar allegories were not unknown to the ancients, and, which is more to the purpose, may be found in other productions of the thirteenth century, none had been constructed so elaborately as that of the *Roman de la Rose*. Cold and tedious as we now consider this species of poetry, it originated in the creative power of imagination, and appealed to more refined feeling than the common metrical narratives could excite. This poem was highly popular in the middle ages, and became the source of those numerous

allegories which had not wholly ceased in the seventeenth century.

The French language was employed in prose as well as in metre. Indeed it seems to have had almost an exclusive privilege in this respect. The language of Oil, says Dante, in his treatise on vulgar speech, prefers its claim to be ranked above those of Oc and Si (Provençal and Italian), on the ground that all translations or compositions in prose have been written therein from its greater facility and grace; such as the books compiled from the Trojan and Roman stories, the delightful fables about Arthur, and many other works of history and science.

MORNING.

BY JAMES BEATTIE.

But who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crowned with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings;
The whistling ploughman stalks afield; and, hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings;
Thro' rustling corn the hare astonished springs;
Slow tolls the village clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequestered bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aërial tour.

—*The Minstrel.*

THE ARAB MAID'S SONG.

Oh, there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine through the heart—
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it through life had sought;
As if the very lips and eyes
Predestin'd to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkled and spoke before us then!

So came thy every glance and tone,
When first on me they breath'd and shone;
New, as if brought from other spheres,
Yet welcome as if loved for years.
Then fly with me—if thou hast known
No other flame, nor falsely thrown
A gem away that thou hadst sworn
Should ever in thy heart be worn.

—*Lalla Rookh*—THOMAS MOORE.

MANSIE WAUCH'S ANCESTORS.[1]

[David Macbeth Moir, M.D., born at Musselburgh, Edinburgh, 5th January, 1798; died at Dumfries, 6th July, 1851. As the "Delta" of *Blackwood's Magazine*, Dr. Moir earned wide and enduring fame, and at the same time he faithfully performed the arduous duties of a popular medical practitioner in his native borough. He contributed about four hundred poems to *Blackwood*, besides prose sketches; and he was an occasional contributor to other periodicals. His works are: *The Bombardment of Algiers*, and other poems; *The Legend of Genevieve*, with other tales and poems; *The Life of Mansie Wauch*, tailor in Dalkeith, written by himself (from which we quote); *Outlines of the Ancient History of Medicine;* two treatises on *Malignant Cholera; Domestic Verses*, including "Casa Wappy," and other poems on the death of three of the author's children; and *Sketches of the Poetical Literature of the Past Half-century*. His *Poetical Works*, with an appreciative memoir by Mr Thomas Aird, were published in two volumes by Blackwood & Sons, 1852. "His indeed was a life far more devoted to the service of others than to his own personal aggrandizement."—*Blackwood's Magazine* Mr. Aird says of the poet: "Good sound sense, and simple, healthy feeling, excited and exalted though these may be, never fail him. He draws from nature, and from himself direct."]

Auld Grandfaither died when I was a growing callant, some seven or aught year auld: yet I mind him full well; it being a curious thing how early matters take haud of one's memory. He was a straught, tall, auld man, with a shining bell-pow, and reverend white locks hinging down about his haffets; a Roman nose, and twa cheeks blooming through the winter of his lang age like roses, when, puir body, he was sand-blind with infirmity. In his latter days he was hardly able to crawl about alone; but used to sit resting himself on the truff seat before our door, leaning forit his head on his staff, and finding a kind of pleasure in feeling the beams of God's ain sun beaking on him. A blackbird, that he had tamed, hung above his head in a whand-cage of my faither's making; and he had taken a pride in learning it to whistle twa three turns of his ain favourite sang, "Oure the Water to Charlie."

I recollect, as well as yesterday, that on the Sundays he wore a braid bannet with a red worsted cherry on the tap o't; and had a single-

[1] "'The Autobiography of Mansie Wauch' began in 1824, and the series ran on for the three following years [in *Blackwood*]. So popular was it in Scotland, that I know districts where country clubs, waiting impatiently for the magazine, met monthly, so soon as it was issued, and had 'Mansie' read aloud by one of their number, amidst explosions of congregated laughter."—*Memoir* by Thomas Aird.

breasted coat, square in the tails, of light Gilmerton blue, with plaited white buttons, bigger than crown-pieces. His waistcoat was low in the neck, and had flap pouches, wherein he kept his mull for rappee, and his tobacco-box. To look at him wi' his rig-and-fur Shetland hose pulled up oure his knees, and his big glancing buckles in his shoon, sitting at our door-cheek, clean and tidy as he was kept, was just as if one of the auncient patriarchs had been left on earth, to let succeeding surveevors witness a picture of hoary and venerable eld. Puir body, mony a bit Gibraltar rock and gingebread did he give to me, as he would pat me on the head, and prophesy I would be a great man yet; and sing me bits of auld sangs about the bloody times of the Rebellion and Prince Charlie. There was nothing that I liked so well as to hear him set a-going with his auld-warld stories and lits; though my mother used sometimes to say, "Wheesht, grandfaither, ye ken it's no canny to let out a word of thae things; let byganes be byganes, and forgotten." He never liked to gie trouble, so a rebuke of this kind would put a tether to his tongue for a wee; but when we were left by ourselves, I used aye to egg him on to tell me what he had come through in his far-away travels beyond the broad seas; and of the famous battles he had seen and shed his precious blood in; for his pinkie was hacked off by a dragoon of Cornel Gardener's, down by at Prestonpans, and he had catched a bullet with his ankle over in the north at Culloden. So it was no wonder that he liked to crack about these times, though they had brought him muckle and no little mischief, having obliged him to skulk like another Cain among the Hieland hills and heather, for many a long month and day, homeless and hungry. No dauring to be seen in his own country, where his head would have been chacked off like a sybo, he took leg-bail in a ship, over the sea among the Dutch folk; where he followed out his lawful trade of a cooper, making girrs for the herring barrels, and so on; and sending, when he could find time and opportunity, such savings from his wages as he could afford, for the mainteenance of his wife and small family of three helpless weans, that he had been obligated to leave, dowie and destitute, at their native home of pleasant Dalkeith.

At lang and last, when the breeze had blown oure, and the feverish pulse of the country began to grow calm and cool, auld grandfaither took a longing to see his native land; and though not free of jeopardy from king's cutters on the sea, and from spies on shore, he risked his neck over in a sloop from Rotterdam to Aberlady, that came across with a valuable cargo of smuggled gin. When grandfaither had been obliged to take the wings of flight for the preservation of his life and liberty, my faither was a wean at grannie's breast: so, by her fending—for she was a canny industrious body, and kept a bit shop, in the which she sold oatmeal and red herrings, needles and prins, potaties, and tape, and cabbage, and what not—he had grown a strapping laddie of eleven or twelve, helping his two sisters, one of whom perished of the measles in the dear year, to gang errands, chap sand, carry water, and keep the housie clean. I have heard him say, when auld grandfaither came to their door at the dead of night, tirling like a thief o' darkness at the windowbrod to get in, that he was so altered in his voice and lingo, that no living soul kenned him, not even the wife of his bosom; so he had to put grannie in mind of things that had happened between them, before she would allow my faither to lift the sneck, or draw the bar. Many and many a year, for gude kens how long after, I've heard tell, that his speech was so Dutchified as to be scarcely ken-speckle to a Scotch European; but nature is powerful, and in the course of time he came in the upshot to gather his words together like a Christian.

Of my auntie Bell, that, as I have just said, died of the measles in the dear year, at the age of fourteen, I have no story to tell but one, and that a short ane, though not without a sprinkling of interest.

Among her other ways of doing, grannie kept a cow, and sold the milk round about to the neighbours in a pitcher, whiles carried by my faither, and whiles by my aunties, at the ransom of a ha'penny the mutchkin. Well, ye observe, that the cow ran yield, and it was as plain as pease that she was with calf:—Geordie Drouth, the horse-doctor, could have made solemn affidavy on that head. So they waited on, and better waited on for the prowie's calfing, keeping it upon draff and ait-strae in the byre; till one morning everything seemed in a fair way, and my auntie Bell was set out to keep watch and ward.

Some of her companions, howsoever, chancing to come by, took her out to the back of the house to have a game at the pallall; and in the interim, Donald Bogie the tinker from Yetholm, came and left his little jackass in the byre, while he was selling about his crockery of cups and saucers, and brown plates, on the auld ane, thro the town, in two creels.

In the middle of auntie Bell's game, she heard an unco noise in the byre; and kenning that she had neglected her charge, she ran round the gable, and opened the door in a great hurry; when seeing the beastie, she pulled it to again, and fleeing, half out of breath, into the kitchen, cried—"Come away, come away, mother, as fast as ye can. Ay, lyst, the cow's cauffed, and it's a cuddie!"

My own faither, that is to say auld Mansie Wauch with regard to myself, but young Mansie with reference to my grandfaither, after having run the errands, and done his best to grannie during his early years, was, at the age of thirteen, as I have heard him tell, bound a prentice to the weaver trade, which, from that day and date, for better for worse, he prosecuted to the hour of his death;—I should rather have said to within a fortnight o't, for he lay for that time in the mortal fever that cut through the thread of his existence. Alas! as Job says, "How time flies like a weaver's shuttle!"

He was a tall, thin, lowering man, black-aviced, and something in the physog like myself, though scarcely so well-faured; with a kind of blueness about his chin, as if his beard grew of that colour—which I scarcely think it would do—but might arise either from the dust of the blue cloth, constantly flying about the shop, taking a rest there, or from his having a custom of giving it a rub now and then with his finger and thumb, both of which were dyed of that colour, as well as his apron, from rubbing against, and handling the webs of checkit cloth in the loom.

Ill would it become me, I trust a dutiful son, to say that my faither was anything but a decent, industrious, hard-working man, doing everything for the good of his family, and winning the respect of all that kenned the value of his worth. As to his decency, few—very few indeed—laid beneath the mools of Dalkeith kirk-yard, made their beds there, leaving a better name behind them; and as to industry, it is but little to say that he toiled the very flesh off his bones, caaing the shuttle, from Monday morning till Saturday night, from the rising up of the sun, even to the going down thereof; and whiles, when opportunity led him, or occasion required, digging and delving away at the bit kail-yard, till moon and stars were in the lift, and the dews of heaven that fell on his head were like the oil that flowed from Aaron's beard, even to the skirts of his garment. But what will ye say there? Some are born with a silver spoon in their mouths, and others with a parritch-stick. Of the latter was my faither, for with all his fechting, he never was able much more than to keep our heads above the ocean of debt. Whatever was denied him, a kind Providence, howsoever, enabled him to do that; and so he departed this life contented, leaving to my mother and me, the two survivors, the prideful remembrance of being respectively, she the widow, and me the son of an honest man. Some left with twenty thousand cannot boast as much, so ilka ane has their comforts.

Having never entered much into public life, farther than attending the kirk twice every Sabbath, and thrice when there was evening service, the days of my faither glided over like the waters of a deep river that make little noise in their course; so I do not know whether to lament or to rejoice at having almost nothing to record of him. Had Buonaparte as little ill to account for, it would be well this day for him:—but, losh me! I had amaist skipped over his wedding.

In the five-and-twentieth year of his age he had fallen in love with my mother, Marion Laverock, at the Christening of a neighbour's bairn, where they both happened to forgather, little, I daresay, jalousing at the time their een first met, that fate had destined them for a pair, and to be the honoured parents of me, their only bairn. Seeing my faither's heart was catched as in the net of the fowler, she took every lawful means, such as adding another knot to her cockernony, putting up her hair in screw curls, and so on, to follow up her advantage; the result of all which was, that, after a three months' courtship, she wrote a letter out to her friends at Loanhead, telling them of what was more than likely to happen, and giving a kind invitation to such of them as might think it worth their whiles, to come in and be spectators of the ceremony. And a prime day I am told they had of it, having by advice of more than one consented to make it a penny-wedding; and hiring Deacon Laurie's maltbarn for five shillings, for the express purpose.

Many yet living, among whom are James Batter, who was the best-man, and Duncan Imrie, the heelcutter in the Flesh-market Close, are yet above board to bear solemn testimony to the grandness of the occasion, and the unaccountable numerousness of the company, with such a display of mutton-broth, swimming thick with raisins, and roasted jiggets of lamb,—to say nothing of mashed turnips and champed potatoes,—as had not been seen in the wide parish o' Dalkeith in the memory

of man. It was not only my faither's bridal-day, but it brought many a lad and lass together by way of partners at foursome reels and hieland jigs, whose courtship did not end in smoke, couple above couple dating the day of their happiness from that famous forgathering. There were no less than three fiddlers, two of them blind with the sma'-pox, and one naturally, and a piper with his drone and chanter, playing as many pibrochs as would have deaved a mill-happer,—all skirling, scraping, and bumming away throughither the whole afternoon and night, and keeping half the countryside dancing, capering, and cutting, in strathspey step and quick time, as if they were without a weary, or had not a bone in their bodies. In the days of darkness the whole concern would have been imputed to magic and glamour; and douce folk, finding how they were transgressing over their usual bounds, would have looked about them for the wooden pin that auld Michael Scott the warlock drave in behind the door, leaving the family to dance themselves to death at their leisure.

Had the business ended in dancing, so far well, for a sound sleep would have brought a blithe wakening, and all be tight and right again; but, alas and alackaday! the violent heat and fume of foment they were all thrown into, caused the emptying of so many ale-tankers, and the swallowing of so muckle toddy by way of cooling and refreshing the company, that they all got as fou as the Baltic; and many ploys that shall be nameless were the result of a sober ceremony, whereby two douce and decent people, Mansie Wauch, my honoured faither, and Marion Laverock, my respected mother, were linked thegither, for better for worse, in the lawful bonds of honest wedlock.

It seems as if Providence, reserving everything famous and remarkable for me, allowed little or nothing of consequence to happen to my faither, who had few cruiks in his lot; at least I never learned, either from him or any other body, of any adventures likely seriously to interest the world at large. I have heard tell, indeed, that he once got a terrible fright by taking the bounty, during the American war, from an Eirish corporal, of the name of Dochart O'Flaucherty, at Dalkeith Fair, when he was at his prenticeship: he, no being accustomed to malt liquor, having got fouish and frisky—which was not his natural disposition —over a half a bottle of porter. From this it will easily be seen, in the first place, that it would be with a fecht that his master would get him off, by obleeging the corporal to take back the trepan money; in the second place, how long a date back it is since the Eirish began to be the death of us; and in conclusion, that my honoured faither got such a fleg, as to spain him effectually for the space of ten years from every drinkable stronger than good spring-well water. Let the unwary take caution; and may this be a wholesome lesson to all whom it may concern.

In this family history it becomes me, as an honest man, to make passing mention of my faither's sister, auntie Mysie, that married a carpenter and undertaker in the town of Jedburgh; and who, in the course of nature and industry, came to be in a prosperous and thriving way; indeed, so much so, as to be raised from the rank of a private head of a family, and at last elected, by a majority of two votes, a member of the town-council itself.

There is a good story, howsoever, connected with this business, with which I shall make myself free to wind up this somewhat fusty and fushionless chapter.

Well, ye see, some great lord,—I forget his name, but no matter,—that had made a most tremendous sum of money, either by foul or fair means, among the blacks in the East Indies, had returned, before he died, to lay his bones at home, as yellow as a Limerick glove, and as rich as Dives in the New Testament. He kept flunkies wth plush small-clothes, and sky-blue coats with scarlet-velvet cuffs and collars,—lived like a princie,—and settled, as I said before, in the neighbourhood of Jedburgh.

The body, though as brown as a toad's back, was as prideful and full of power as auld King Nebuchadneisher; and how to exhibit all his purple and fine linen, he aye thought and better thought, till at last the happy determination came over his mind like a flash of lightning, to invite the bailies, deacons, and town-council, all in a body, to come and dine with him.

Save us! what a brushing of coats, such a switching of stoury trowsers, and bleaching of white cotton stockings as took place before the catastrophe of the feast, never before happened since Jeddert was a burgh. Some of them that were forward and geyan bold in the spirit, crawed aloud for joy, at being able to boast that they had received an invitation letter to dine with a great lord; while others, as proud as peacocks of the honour, yet not very sure as to their being up to the trade of behaving themselves at the tables of the great, were mostly dung stupid with not kenning what to think. A council meeting or two

took place in the gloamings, to take such a serious business into consideration: some expressing their fears and inward doun-sinking, while others cheered them up with a fillip of pleasant consolation. Scarcely a word of the matter for which they were summoned together by the town offisher—and which was about the mending of the old bell rope—was discussed by any of them. So after a sowd of toddy was swallowed, with the hopes of making them brave men, and good soldiers of the magistracy, they all plucked up a proud spirit, and, do or die, determined to march in a body up to the gate, and forward to the table of his lordship.

My uncle, who had been one of the ring-leaders of the chicken-hearted, crap away up among the rest, with his new blue coat on, shining fresh from the ironing of the goose, but keeping well among the thick, to be as little kenspeckle as possible; for all the folk of the town were at their doors and windows to witness the great occasion of the town-council, going away up like gentlemen of rank to take their dinner with his lordship. That it was a terrible trial to all cannot be for a moment denied; yet some of them behaved themselves decently; and if we confess that others trembled in the knees as if they were marching to a field of battle, it was all in the course of human nature.

Yet ye would wonder how they came on by degrees; and, to cut a long tale short, at length found themselves in a great big room, like a palace in a fairy tale, full of grand pictures with gold frames, and looking-glasses like the side of a house, where they could see down to their very shoes. For a while they were like men in a dream, perfectly dazzled and dumfoundered; and it was five minutes before they could either see a seat or think of sitting down. With the reflection of the looking-glasses, one of the bailies was so possessed within himself, that he tried to chair himself where chair was none, and landed, not very softly, on the carpet; while another of the deacons, a fat and dumpy man, as he was trying to make a bow, and throw out his leg behind him, tramped on a favourite Newfoundland dog's tail, that, wakening out of its slumbers with a yell that made the roof ring, played drive against my uncle, who was standing abaft, and wheeled him like a butterflee, side foremost, against a table with a heap o' flowers on't, where, in trying to kep himself, he drove his head like a battering-ram through a looking-glass, and bleached back on his hands and feet on the carpet.

Seeing what had happened, they were all frightened; but his lordship, after laughing heartily, was politer, and kent better about manners than all that; so bidding the flunkies hurry away with the fragments of the china jugs and jars, they found themselves sweating with terror and vexation, ranged along silk settees, cracking about the weather and other wonderfuls.

Such a dinner! the fume of it went round about their hearts like myrrh and frankincense. The landlord took the head of the table, the bailies the right and left of him; the deacons and councillors were ranged along the sides, like files of sodgers; and the chaplain, at the foot, said grace. It is entirely out of the power of man to set doun on paper all that they got to eat and drink; and such was the effect of French cookery, that they did not ken fish from flesh. Howsoever, for all that, they laid their lugs in everything that lay before them, and what they could not eat with forks they supped with spoons; so it was all to one purpose.

When the dishes were removing, each had a large blue glass bowl full of water, and a clean calendered damask towel, put down by a smart flunky before him; and many of them that had not helped themselves well to the wine, while they were eating their steaks and French frigassees, were now vexed to death on that score, imagining that nothing remained for them but to dight their nebs and flee up.

Ignorant folk should not judge rashly, and the worthy town-council were here in error; for their surmises, however feasible, did the landlord wrong. In a minute they had fresh wine decanters ranged down before them, filled with liquors of all variety of colours, red, green, and blue; and the table was covered with dishes full of jargonelles and pippins, raisins and almonds, shell-walnuts, and plumdamases, and nut-crackers, and everything they could think of eating; so that after drinking "The King, and long life to him," and "The constitution of the country at home and abroad," and "Success to trade," and "A good harvest," and "May ne'er waur be among us," and "Botheration to the French," and "Corny toes and short shoes to the foes of old Scotland," and so on, their tongues began at length not to be so tacked; and the weight of their own dignity, that had taken flight before his lordship, came back and rested on their shoulders.

In the course of the evening his lordship whispered to one of the flunkies to bring in some things—they could not hear what—as

the company might like them. The wise ones thought within themselves that the best aye comes hindmost; so in brushed a powdered valet, with three dishes on his arm of twisted black things just like sticks of Gibraltar-rock, but different in the colour.

Bailie Bowie helped himself to a jargonelle, and Deacon Purvis to a wheen raisins; and my uncle, to show that he was not frighted, and kent what he was about, helped himself to one of the long black things, which without much ceremony he shoved into his mouth, and began to. Two or three more, seeing that my uncle was up to trap, followed his example, and chewed away like nine-year olds.

Instead of the curious-looking black thing being sweet as honey—for so they expected—they soon found they had catched a Tartar; for it had a confounded bitter tobacco-taste. Manners, however, forbade them laying them down again, more especially as his lordship, like a man dumfoundered, was aye keeping his eye on them. So away they chewed, and better chewed, and whammelled them round in their mouths, first in one cheek and then in the other, taking now and then a mouthful of drink to wash the trash down, then chewing away again, and syne another whammel from one cheek to the other, and syne another mouthful, while the whole time their een were staring in their heads like mad, and the faces they made may be imagined, but cannot be described. His lordship gave his eyes a rub, and thought he was dreaming, but no—there they were bodily, chewing and whammelling, and making faces; so no wonder that, in keeping in his laugh, he sprung a button from his waistcoat, and was like to drop down from his chair through the floor, in an ecstasy of astonishment, seeing they were all growing sea-sick, and pale as stucco-images.

Frightened out of his wits at last, that he would be the death of the whole council, and that more of them would pushion themselves, he took up one of the segars—every one knows segars now, for they are fashionable among the very sweeps—which he lighted at the candle, and commenced puffing like a tobacco-pipe.

My uncle and the rest, if they were ill before, were worse now, so when they got to the open air, instead of growing better they grew sicker and sicker, till they were waggling from side to side like ships in a storm; and, no kenning whether their heels or heads were uppermost, went spinning round about like pieries.

"A little spark may make muckle wark." It is perfectly wonderful what great events spring out of trifles, or what seem to common eyes but trifles. I do not allude to the nine days' deadly sickness, that was the legacy of every one that ate his segar, but to the awful truth, that, at the next election of councillors, my poor uncle Jamie was completely black-balled—a general spite having been taken to him in the town-hall, on account of having led the magistracy wrong, by doing what he ought to have let alone, thereby making himself and the rest a topic of amusement to the world at large, for many and many a month.

Others, to be sure, it becomes me to make mention, have another version of the story, and impute the cause of his having been turned out to the implacable wrath of old Bailie Bogie, whose best black coat, square in the tails, that he had worn only on the Sundays for nine year, was totally spoiled on their way home in the dark from his lordship's, by a tremendous blash, that my unfortunate uncle happened, in the course of nature, to let flee in the frenzy of a deadly upthrowing.

THE INNER LIFE.

BY JAMES HEDDERWICK.

From tender thinkings to the eye's fine lid
A dew comes sweetly. Unforgotten sights,
Escapes of travel, chance-spent glorious nights
With those whose memory like a pyramid
Is broadly based and higher than all mists,
Our daily lot of fortune or of wrong,
We tell in fearless prose though the world lists.
But all have secrets which, like griefs in song,
Disguised are utter'd or kept always hid.
Some early cross or long-repented sin
Cowers in the heart, of daylight eyes afraid;
Some life-aim miss'd, or failure bitter made
By jeering tongues; some grovelling shame of kin
Draining mute drops; some haunting form and face
More precious than the spoils of many books;—
All these we lock as, in a secret place,
The letters of dead loves, for aching looks
When clouds of loneliness make gloom within.

But even the silent treasury of the breast,
By pride lone-sentinell'd, has a secret spring
Which lays it open. Music's sorrowing,
Through echo of some voice long years at rest,
May touch it groping in the tearful dark.
Some tale which has a mystery of truth
May on a sudden hit the invisible mark,
And charm the cloister'd memories of youth
To tears which but to weep is to be blest.

THE DAUGHTER OF THE CHATEAU.

[Henrietta Keddie ("Sarah Tytler"), born at Cupar, Fife, 1827. Novelist and miscellaneous writer. Her principal works are: *Nut Brown Maids: Papers for Thoughtful Girls; Citoyenne Jacqueline; The Old Masters; Lady Bell*, &c. There is pictorial power in her sketches of scenery, delicacy and clearness in her portrayal of character, good sense and a kindly nature apparent in her reflections; and she possesses the historic insight which enables her to reproduce the scenes and people of the past with remarkable spirit and fidelity.]

I.

One April day, in a year of grace now long gone by, a French peasant woman, with a girl of eleven years old, left the village of Saulecourt, and walked up the grass-grown road, which led through the neglected grounds to a chateau, such as used to be perched above every French village.

This middle-aged, short, brown-faced woman in the costume of a well-to-do peasant—striped petticoat, grass-green apron, and white cap, with long lappets shading gold ear-rings—was Madelinette of the mill. She had been intrusted with the sole care of a daughter of the chateau during the terrors of the great Revolution, and of the subsequent stormy, political years, when the count and his family had been in exile. The girl was dressed in the same style as her nurse, peasant-like and quaint in her short petticoat—red, white, and blue, after the fashion of the tricolour—with her buff apron, its bib fastened over her white boddice, and her cap without a border, fitting closely to her round curly black head and serving as a frame to her irregular, dimpled face. Though she had been suffered thus far to grow up in obscurity, she was a real demoiselle, and was now clamping in her wooden shoes on her way to her mother and her aunt, the members of her family who had at last returned to the chateau. The Revolution had formed a gulf which had cut the girl clean asunder from her family, so that the very name by which she had been christened—Angeline Ursule—and by which she was known at the chateau, had been rusticized by her foster-mother, Madelinette, into simple Urlurette.

Urlurette would not have recognized father or mother, brother or sister, had she met any of them by chance.

"Thou wilt be good, my pippin, and do credit to my training," counselled Madelinette, with a quaver in her voice; "assuredly I shall see thee when thou drivest past in the coach with the mules, as Madame the Countess was wont to take her airing."

"Without doubt thou shalt see me and hear me also, my mother," cried Urlurette, giving a little spring over a rough bit of the pathway, in order to lend emphasis to her purpose; "for I shall alight every time, and bring no end of nice things to thee, and my father, and Jeannot. The red wool for which thou hadst the great wish to knit the socks for my brother, the new bridle my father coveted for Sacristain. Who knows?"

"Softly, my child!" exclaimed Madelinette, as she furtively wiped the troublesome moisture from her brown eyes with her apron. "Thou must not tease the countess for gifts to us."

"But of what value is love without deeds?" insisted Urlurette, not troubling herself to make a loud show of her affection. How could she be supposed to do otherwise than love her father, mother, and brother?

"Hein! I don't want deeds," persisted Madelinette, disinterestedly; and deeds which are not wanted are no better than plaguey midges;" and, suiting the action to the word, she brushed aside an early swarm. "I shall be only too proud to see my *bibiche* sitting in the coach among silks and furs, and looking out of glass, gilding, and coats-of-arms."

"But I don't think I shall like that very well myself," said Urlurette, reflectively. "Thou knowest that I have such a great inclination to walk, run, and jump, my mother." And Urlurette looked very much as if she were about to give an example of her tastes, which must have contrasted oddly with her old woman's dress.

"Great ladies don't often walk, and never run," communicated Madelinette; "at least, they were not wont to do so. They may have learned these tricks, with others, when they were put to hard shifts, and discovered that they were flesh and blood. No shame to them for not knowing it. How could they guess it? But all the troubles are over, and we have kept our chateau." Madelinette looked round her proudly, but a little deprecatingly, at the changes produced by ten years' absenteeism and confiscation to the state.

To Urlurette the chateau, bringing with it no recollection of its former glories, was very grand indeed. There was to her no desolation in the long grass and reedy waste. She shrewdly suspected there would be plovers' eggs there, and tiny balls of curlews hopping thickly in the season. The king-cups, marsh-mallows, and moon-daisies were already colour-

ing the rough pasture amber, golden, and silvery-white. Urlurette was not so old as to be above a lurking weakness for the catkins on the willows and silver poplars, which, to her eyes, were quite as good as acacias and walnut-trees. Those willows and silver poplars drooped so prettily that there were natural bowers among them in which she should rejoice to receive her village companions, Margot, the little Jeanne, and Honorine, and where they might have the most delightful games of hide-and-seek when their brothers joined them after the field and shop work was done, and the feeding of the horses and cows was over.

"Dost thou not think, my princess," began Madelinette persuasively, "that thou shouldest leave off saying father, mother, and brother to us at the mill, now that thy own mother and thy aunt have come home, and have summoned thee?"

Urlurette started, and her somewhat prominent lips seemed to pout of themselves, as she looked reproachfully and a little defiantly at her foster-mother.

"And where should I have been had I possessed none save my true friends, I pray thee tell me that, my mother Madelinette?"

"Oh, hush, hush!" implored Madelinette, much disconcerted, "thou knowest thou wast the *bébi* when the count and the countess fled with the rest. They could not carry thee with them. I am afraid thou art wicked to reflect on them for what the poor people could not help," said Madelinette, striving to be severe for the young girl's good.

"I do not reflect on them for leaving me behind," Urlurette asserted, almost stamping her foot indignantly; "thou knowest better than that. Nor do I mind so much their not seeking after me all the while that I was growing a great girl, though they might have managed to do that;" and Urlurette swelled out her limited proportions ostentatiously and rebelliously. "There is no good in contradicting me. Bah! but I know who did take care of me, and who is my foster-mother, so that she must be really ashamed of me, if she refuse to take the title." Urlurette, much shaken already, now burst into a great sob.

All that poor Madelinette had gained by her over-much anxiety for the proprieties was to put Urlurette into a dubious temper, to damp her sanguine anticipations, to stir up old grievances, and, finally, to provoke her to the very unbecoming impropriety of crying on the eve of the family reunion.

II.

In an uncomfortable mood Madelinette and Urlurette climbed up the flights of stairs to the overgrown, moss-stained terrace, where the orange-tubs had long ago been overturned, and the almond-trees cut down, but where hardy budding syringa and lilac bushes had intruded and replaced more courtly favourites. A glass door opened from the terrace, at which Madelinette knocked. It was opened by a plough-boy in gray, as it seemed to Madelinette. He was gruff, and only acknowledged her greeting by growling a few words in a strange tongue. They were, although the newcomers did not comprehend them, "So, this is the miss; a young farm wench!" The plough-boy handed the couple over to a full-fleshed, high-coloured young woman, in a gown and boddice of the same material and colour,—a huge ruff, like the rays of the sun, surrounding her face. She said, "Lawk!" in a tone of entire disapprobation, tossed her head, and next shook it impatiently in rejection of Madelinette's proffered explanation. She conducted the pair up a wide, bare staircase, and with a "Here they are, mums," unintelligible to Madelinette and Urlurette, she ushered them into the first of a darkened suite of rooms, and shut the door behind them.

Luckily Madelinette had a faint recollection of the locality, and as she ejaculated, "Sainte Madeleine! service has changed, like everything else!" groped her way over the inlaid wooden floor, past piled-up, claw-footed, and griffin-legged furniture, which had not yet been taken down and put in order, drew aside one moth-eaten cloth curtain after another, and entered the third and last room, where the air was hot from a wood fire on the hearth, and heavy with perfume.

The first token of the presence of strangers being perceived was given by a short, faint scream coming from a white figure, which looked like a waif stretched on an immense bed. It was one of two figures. The other was in a dark dress, and sat leaning back in a great arm-chair, by the side of the bed. Both figures were dimly discernible by the smouldering, red glow of the fire and the little daylight which penetrated the shut *jalousies*.

Madelinette and Urlurette, at the sound of the scream, stopped short in alarm. At the same time the figure in the chair rose to its full height, and showed a tall, gaunt lady, in rustling black brocade, and wearing a tocque or formidable head-dress, intended to resemble a soldier's small casque surmounted by a nod-

ding plume of feathers. She proceeded to administer a sharp rebuke to the intruders.

"What couldst thou be thinking of, Madelinette, to enter thus and startle madame the countess?" she demanded wrathfully. "Thou knewest that she was always delicate: and even thy sodden brains might have judged this was a trying moment for her."

"Say no more, Claude," interposed the voice from the bed,—a milder voice, but rendered dull and chill by languor and depression. "Let the good Madelinette bring—the little thing." The voice finished with a gasp, as if the anticipation of the interview were too much for one of the principal parties.

"Here she is, madame the countess," proclaimed Madelinette, in thick, flurried accents, unable to do herself and Urlurette farther justice than to subjoin, "I have done my best for her," and she gave Urlurette a clumsy push, which sent the stupified girl stumbling on to the bed.

Madame the countess did not scream again, but raised herself on her elbow, and opened wide a pair of weary-looking eyes. "But this is a monster—a giantess!" she ejaculated hastily; and certainly, contrasted with the shadowy, fragile lady in her white camisole, Urlurette, square-shouldered, with her face swollen and purple, looked a marvel of vigour and coarseness.

"Claude, my sister," continued the countess, "my excellent woman whom we selected for a foster-mother to our *bébi*, are you sure there is no mistake? are you certain this is the right child?"

"Dost thou doubt it, madame?" cried Madelinette, waxing hot and indignant. "Ouf! will madame Nature not speak even in the breast of a countess? But ten years is more than a day or a month either, and bread and milk, bouillon and bacon, with fresh air and exercise, rear other limbs and complexions —thou mayst live to be thankful for it one day —than chocolate, cakes, and ragouts."

"Yes, yes, Renee," confirmed madame with the tocque. Revolutionary France, vulgarly polite, gave her the honorary title of madame, due to her years, as if she had been a bourgeoise. "It is certainly Angeline; I see it in the nose and the chin, though they are *canaille* editions of the originals. Besides, who would attempt a fraud which any villager could expose, and that, alas! would not be worth the pains nowadays?"

"I did not mean there was a fraud," the incredulous countess smoothed away her objections, "I only meant there might be an error. Since you say no, I offer you a thousand apologies and thanks, my Madelinette," she added with grace and sweetness, but cold grace and sweetness; "and thou, my child," she held out her delicate, dainty hand hesitatingly, as if she expected Urlurette to kiss it. But the girl remained standing stock still, her shoulders slightly elevated, her brows bent, darting glances at her mother. A light pink fluttered into the countess's faded cheek, and she made a still farther advance, while at the same time she shrank a little down among her pillows. "Embrace me then, my child."

But Urlurette did not even stir at this concession. Instead, she raised her head and spoke in a harsh, unmodulated, young voice, husky with pain and resentment. "I believe there is a mistake. But it does not signify whether there is or not. I ask to go home with my mother."

"Oh, Urlurette, Urlurette! to forget and disgrace thyself thus; to bring upon thee at starting the displeasure of mesdames thy mother and aunt!" Madelinette bemoan herself.

The countess and her sister lifted their eyebrows. Madame Claude went so far as to take a pinch of snuff a little viciously. The countess gave a resigned little nod and fell back altogether on her pillows, as she remarked, "Quite savage! How shall we ever break her in? say, will it not be the death of me?"

Madame, to whom the observation was made, responded in her own way to the plaintive appeal. "No more of this ordeal," she commanded. "Go, Madelinette, for the present, we shall settle with thee afterwards; as we shall know how to settle with mademoiselle. What is the woman afraid of? That we shall eat the ostrich." Madame, the countess's sister, went on to reduce Madelinette's nerves and muscles to a quaking jelly by speaking ironically, and waving an arm which would not be gainsayed over the squat little foster-mother. "She is ours, not thine, after all—remain quiet, Madelinette, thou hast done thy duty to the best of thy ability, there is no question of that, and Mademoiselle Angeline is—what nature and misfortune have made her."

III.

The next few days were hard days to Urlurette, for of course she had to stay up at the chateau and be the child of mesdames the countess and her sister, in place of going back to be the nursling of kind Madelinette and fatherly Mathurin, and the comrade of blythe bold Jeannot down at the mill.

Urlurette not only lost her customary surroundings with their chain of associations, but very nearly her identity. Her peasant clothes were taken from her, and she was arrayed in a white gown with a tight waist and a long train which caught her feet. Her wooden shoes were replaced by bronze sandals, and behold! she could no longer walk, far less run—Madelinette might have been spared the fear of that scandal in a demoiselle. Urlurette's cap was cast aside, and her short thick clusters of curls were dragged up into a bunch on the crown of her head, like the feathers in Madame Claude's tocque. But Urlurette's bunch made her feel as if she were caught and suspended by her locks, after the fashion of Absalom. Everything she said and did was altogether wrong. She was constantly soiling her gown, crushing her ribands and the frill of her tippet, and breaking the feather in her hat. She could not handle her knife and fork like a lady. When first she heard the chateau gong sounded, she put her hands over her ears, ducked her head, and hobbled out of the salle as fast as her sandals would allow her. Her voice croaked like a raven's, her peasant patois was execrable to refined ears. She had not a single elegant accomplishment. As Urlurette had never been taught a note of music, a step of dancing, a stitch of embroidery, naturally Angeline was entirely wanting in these all-important branches. True, Urlurette's education had not been entirely neglected. The village priest had taught her reading and writing, and seen that she was thoroughly versed in her catechism; but that was a small matter when Angeline's pronunciation proved vicious, her handwriting painfully legible, and her practice of the precepts of her catechism likely to turn out exceedingly deficient.

Urlurette's ears rang with the record of her delinquencies and deficiencies, uttered in protests and lamentations—not so much spoken to her as before her—over, "that poor Angeline," "the little miserable one," "the uncouth changeling," "the rude daughter of the horrible Revolution." Such was French family politeness, but it was also the candour of a class; and it barbed the arrows that Urlurette, with her mother-wit, lively penetration, and keen sensibility, could not for the life of her withhold a despairing appreciation and admiration from her slanderers and persecutors. They were so dignified, easy, and ready in their soft-voiced, light-footed sweeping ways. Madame the countess was gentle in her listlessness and fastidiousness; Madame Claude had justice in her sternness. And these elderly women, who were so critical and unsympathetic to Urlurette, were devoted to, and capable of, any sacrifice for each other.

Urlurette was hardening into stone which no secret tears could melt. She was ungainly, stupid, stubborn, as she sat, at solitary arm's length in the deep embrasure of a window in the *salle*, or in the cabinet, with heavy fingers and aching back, threading gold beads and Roman pearls into intricate patterns. She constantly went wrong, and was as constantly taken to task, and had all her beads pulled down again by Madame Claude. Urlurette's shoulders grew more elevated, the features of her formerly expressive face more blurred, with hanging eyelids and drawn-down upper lip. "The grub will never become a butterfly," said the sisters, who had been handsome women in their day. They laid their heads together and agreed that "there is nothing for her but a convent so soon as French convents are restored," and they did not break their hearts at the sentence. They who were all the world to each other did not want any one else—no, not Urlurette.

Urlurette found no refuge with the English farm servants, the only retinue that mesdames had brought home with them. She had not a word in common with Dolli and Rogère, and they on their part, not too well satisfied with the quarters to which their voluntary exile had brought them, were not in a humour to recognize and pity the misfortunes of a young mistress, or to feel anything for her save the stolid scorn with which uneducated men and women are in danger of regarding any tokens of inferiority in their superiors.

The child would fain have fraternized with the dumb animals at the chateau, to which her sick and sore heart warmed in memory of her many dear animal-friends at the mill. But she found, to her chagrin, that there was as great a difference between courtly breeding and homely breeding in beasts as in men and women. Reine Blanche, the countess's cat, would not be hugged as old Loup at the mill would suffer his young friend who brought him his bones to hug him. Solomon, Madame Claude's parrot, would not be clasped to a heaving little bosom, where Madelinette's pigeons consented willingly to nestle. Reine Blanche scratched, and Solomon bit Urlurette for her pains, when she had succeeded in infuriating their majesties, so that peace was not restored for hours.

Madelinette held sorrowfully aloof, fearing to increase by her presence the difficulties of her foster-child. Jeannot did not dare to come

near his adopted sister, forbidden to do it by his mother, in overpowering shyness of the grand ladies, and even—it seemed a very unkind cut—in growing shyness of Urlurette. Only worthy Mathurin, driving home with sacks of grain, could not pass the gate—which, by the way, stood half off its rusty hinges—without alighting, tying his staid horse, Sacristain, to the iron bars, and striding with his bandy legs across the marshy ground, as the crow flies, to inquire how it went with Urlurette, the child that had sat on his knee in the chimney-corner, while he roasted chestnuts for her delectation, or had been borne on his round shoulders through the mill and over his fields, not so very long ago. Mathurin was shown up the broad, slippery staircase, like his wife and Urlurette before him, and stumbled in his turn into a vast drearily dark and half-furnished *salle*, where his heavy foot caused the china plates, bowls, and cups hung round the doors and the great chimney-piece to rattle amain, as if they were coming clattering down in a general destruction.

A gloomy, ill-conditioned young demoiselle half sprang forward to meet him, and then drew back, hanging her head, for she was promptly anticipated by Madame Claude advancing in person, and by the weak but potent voice of madame the countess issuing through the open doors, alike equal to the occasion. Madame Claude wagged the feathers in her tocque, and waved her hands, madame the countess made the prettiest little speeches, and both overwhelmed Mathurin with politeness; for it was not as when Madelinette had brought Urlurette, and there had been the shock of a trial to encounter. All that was past, the two ladies had recovered themselves and one source of their power.

The sweat burst from every pore of Mathurin. He hung his head lower than Urlurette's, bobbed his humblest bow, and took a speedy departure, unable to carry with him, as some comfort to atone for the fright which he had got with the quality's manners, the news for his little old woman that the child was looking well and happy.

There was no chestnut-roasting now for Urlurette, no rides on loyal shoulders, or walks on more equal terms with her foster-mother; no shivering-interesting tales of French wills-of-the-wisp and sorcerers, with sensational chronicles of the wars, and kindly village gossip round the stove. No amusing chat with girls like herself by the village fountain.

What were the willow boughs to her when Honorine and the rest might not sit with her in their shade; when there could be no merry *rondes* and games of hide-and-seek about the clumps of blue-green foliage? Urlurette was far too broken-hearted to notice any longer kingcups and mallows, and she was convinced she would never again have the chance of picking up a plover's egg.

Sometimes she had an idea of running away, and so escaping the oppression and forlornness of her situation; but not to Madelinette, lest mesdames should take vengeance on her; for Urlurette had been impressed with the traditional power of the nobles. However, what she had learned in her catechism, added to her small stock of sense, always held her back though everything was changed with her change of name. As a sign and seal of the deplorable era, Urlurette detested to be called Angeline. She told herself that she was a pretty sort of an angel,—it was mockery and profanity to call her Angeline.

IV.

On another day, several weeks after Urlurette's installation at the chateau, Dolli and Rogère, finding that they had an opportunity of leaving uncongenial France and returning to England, unexpectedly gave in their leave "with the brusqueness of their nation, and the headlong unreasonableness of their nature," as Madame Claude descanted in high-flown style—"But let them go. Dolli's soufflés are a disgrace to her. Rogère cannot tell the best Burgundy from piquette, and I believe he thinks his muddy ale and flat cyder preferable to either. We shall get the places of our English domestics supplied in the twinkling of an eye—the shot of a gun."

But the mesdames had come home rather too soon. They had given offence by bringing English servants with them, though they could not have travelled without such assistance. This was the season of field-work about Saulecourt, and not only were there few hands to do it, but these were mostly women's hands. The mesdames were known to be poor, and could not remunerate field-workers for abandoning their ploughs, their sowing sheets, their scythes; while the quality must cease to dream of compelling the abandonment, as in the evil days of the *gabelle* and the cruel salt-tax. It would take several days to bring servants from the nearest large town, even if the mesdames could afford to do so, or cared to attract attention by it.

"In the meantime we shall perish with cold and hunger—we, who have escaped perishing in so many ways during these long years—this

has been destined to be the end of our sorrows," sighed madame the countess, lying helpless on her bed.

"Thou shalt not perish, Renée, while I can labour or die for thee," Madame Claude pledged herself, with characteristic zeal and energy. "The state—that is I," Louis the Grand was wont to say. The gallant lady tried to pass a similar joke on her extremity, by saying "The household—that is I."

It was the morning after Dolli and Rogère had set off in their own interest, and Madame Claude had ascertained by the extraordinary exertion of a walk through the village that help was not to be had there. Unluckily, the kitchen stove had gone out in Madame Claude's absence, and the first thing to be done was to rekindle it. She would hardly have cared to do it for herself, but she would do it, and a thousand things besides, for the beloved sister. After all, the frightful menial toil was no degradation when the martyred queen had swept her room, and so many duchesses and marchionesses had been scullions and porteresses during the late sad years—all the time that the mesdames had been dwelling obscurely but peacefully, and with servants (such as they were) to attend to their wants in their dull and rustic farm-house in England. Madame Claude strove hard, but could not kindle with her tinder-box more than a fast-dying spark among the charcoal. She only blackened her hands and spent her breath in the vain endeavour, while her poor stiff knees began to shake and her head to swim. At last she subsided into a sitting posture, with her brocade spread like the tail of a black peacock (supposing such a *lusus naturæ*) around her on the flags of the kitchen floor. Determined woman as she was, she cried a little, which only made matters worse so far as her appearance was concerned, for she brushed away the tears with her sooty hands, and blackened her melancholy aristocratic face under her tocque.

"Never mind, my dear," cried a soft, patient voice; and there was madame the countess standing in her white camisole at the top of the back-stairs, to which she had dragged herself. "I know what thou art about, Claude, and I forbid any more of it, my friend. Let us prepare to die and go to the good God, as He wills, without further ado."

The two ladies got together, and fell weeping into each other's arms, protesting, comforting, reminding each other of the past, resolving to meet the future together.

In all these arrangements Urlurette had not been considered at all, yet the girl was roused from her lethargy, and inspired with new life.

"No, mesdames," she said, starting up, and addressing her mother and aunt with sparkling eyes, "there is no necessity. For the love of the saints, let me aid. I can kindle a fire, I can cook. Word of Urlur—— of Angeline, I have done it a hundred times. I picked it up of my own self, because the Madelinette, scrupulous sheep! did not care to teach me to be clever, but she was glad that I had thus learned—was it not so?—when she came home weary from the hayfield."

Madame the countess and Madame Claude paused in their caresses and asseverations, stared, shrugged their shoulders, did not know what to say.

Urlurette did not wait to hear, but darted out of the room, and sprang up the stairs, two steps at a time, to the little turret chamber, which was appropriated to her. She was fired with ambition again, with a thirst for revenge. In a trice she had stripped off her detested quality trappings, and in a twinkling was back again in the *salle* transformed for the second time. The gawky, glum Angeline was no more, but here again was the vigorous, piquante Urlurette. She had shaken herself into her old, well-known garments, and all her wit and spirit had returned. She made the ladies a profound, not unbecoming curtsey. "Forget Angeline, mesdames," entreated the girl; "she is dead, or she has gone from home, or, better still, she is *en masque*. Believe that she is playing a part in one of the comedies you love to talk of. Behold Urlurette, your wise little domestic, who hopes, indeed, to do her part, and who promises never to give you *congé*, and go away so long as you require her. *Allons*, Urlurette, to the fire!" And the apparition vanished.

"What has come over the child?" cried Madame Claude to the countess. "She is no longer *lourd* and *triste;* she has *esprit*, she has sensibility."

"She is one of us; she is generous," responded the countess, herself generous in that speech. "Seest thou, Claude, *en masque*, as she herself declares. She is a fine girl."

"We shall let her be *en masque*. It is a diversion. Perhaps she will contrive to do something—at least, she can fetch Madelinette.

"Ah, yes, we had forgotten the brave Madelinette. She is the true key to the position," whispered the mesdames.

Permitted to do her endeavours, Urlurette kept her word, and did them to a marvel. She

kindled a bright fire, and improvised a *pot-à-feu;* she went tripping and singing—

"Ba—ba—ba—balancez vous donc,"

to the fountain for water, into the old garden to search for vegetables, to the hen-roost to procure eggs, even to the wilderness, where, to the consternation of the ladies, though it was always *en masque,* she went so far as to milk the little Brittany cow, which Mathurin had obtained and sent up for the family use. She milked her well, too, patting her, switching the flies from her with a willow branch, and tossing her a bundle of red clover, like an old cow-woman. Only she resisted with difficulty (having assumed the *rôle* a of wise domestic), trying to get up on the cow's curved red neck, and sitting there as on a throne, wielding the willow branch for a sceptre.

Urlurette brought up her broth, and her omelette in imitation of the style in which Dolli had served her mistresses. She waited upon them while they ate—steadily resisting any request to eat herself till they had done, and she had retreated to her own premises with a solemn repetition of the information—"Pardon, remember well that I am *en masque,* mesdames."

Household work with which she was acquainted was a world better for Urlurette than threading beads into patterns which she could not compass. Above all, she had an instinctive comprehension that in her disguise, which was her real guise still, and could only be laid aside gently and by degrees, she conquered those friends who were her foes; even Madame Claude had not said a single mocking word to her since madame had striven to light the fire, and been defeated, and sat weeping for her defeat on the kitchen flags, and Urlurette had come on the carpet, and made the fire a brilliant *fait accompli.*

Urlurette's retribution was not so short as the ladies accepting it on protest had proposed it should be. Mathurin met with a dangerous accident in the mill that afternoon, and when Madelinette was summoned to the rescue of the chateau, she was found tied to her husband's bed-side in the anxious task of nursing him, so that she could only run up from the mill in the mornings and evenings to relieve Urlurette of the heavier work. "But you may trust the rest to the *bibiche,* she is strong and sensible for her years, though I should not say it, and she is such a warm-hearted young girl, that she is never happier than when she is serving her elders," declared Madelinette, forgetting in her trouble that Urlurette was no daughter of her own, no veritable village girl to be recommended to the ladies of the chateau, and rendered proud by the honour and trust of serving them.

As matters went on, the mesdames grew accustomed to their distress, and to the compromise which it had occasioned. They could not help taking an interest in Urlurette, and being touched by her strenuous efforts to be of use to them. Madame the countess sat up in bed, had the *jalousies* opened, and often got into the *fauteuil* by the window to watch Urlurette's proceedings.

Urlurette's bustling housewifery was a true comedy to the countess. She had never paid attention to anything like it before. She found it better than a daily visitor, if she could have secured one, or a game at piquet with Madame Claude. There was always something new and curious in Urlurette's tricks: the study of them was like a pleasant fillip to the monotonous invalid habits of the countess—she was better than she had been for years, and Madame Claude was infinitely grateful for the benefit to her sister. Both ladies took to complimenting and praising her with their gracious manners and in softened tones.

Urlurette trembled all over at the first words of praise from her mother and her aunt, gazed half wistfully, half wildly at them with her great eyes, and felt as if she could die for more of such praise. As it was, she not only recovered her innocent, honest confidence in herself, she had gained confidence in her kinswomen.

"I have made a discovery," announced Urlurette, absolutely skipping into the *salle* one afternoon, having broken off in an original *entrechat* at the very door. "I have found that there are mushrooms in the *bocage.* Assuredly I can prepare them for mesdames' supper, if they wish it. Have the goodness to wish it, mesdames; I die of the wish to have a *fricassée* of mushrooms."

"Thou shalt not die, then, my daughter," answered the countess, with a smile; "but take care that thou dost not poison us all, *petite.* Let me see, Claude, I think I remember where the mushroom buttons used to spring, and the beech-trees where the truffles grew. Ah! the deluge has been here since I was under these beech-trees. The afternoon is warm; the sun shines. I wonder if I could venture to cross the threshold again."

Madame Claude was silent, petrified with amazement and delight; but Urlurette, in her blythe, hopeful, young voice, cried, "Yes, yes,

madame, it will make you as strong and well as I am." And then, capering about madame, rushed off for a load of *roquelaures, soufflets,* and walking-sticks.

Madame the countess did not feel too overcome by her promenade along the terrace to the corner of the *bocage;* on the contrary, the air—her native air—revived her, the beauty of the bursting syringas and lilacs, "flowering over" the desolation, cheered her. She was flattered to find that her recollection of the locality of the mushrooms was correct; while Madame Claude's treacherous memory had established them in quite another quarter.

The whole procession was returning successfully to the chateau when Urlurette, having her apron full of mushrooms, and having more regard to her spoils than to her steps, missed a foot and fell as she ascended the terrace stairs. "It is nothing, mesdames!" cried she, looking ruefully at her crushed and scattered treasure, and turning very pale.

"It is something, my dear"—"The child is as white as a lily"—"Remain quiet, Angeline," urged the ladies alternatively, with an anxiety which savoured of tenderness.

Urlurette had twisted her ankle as she fell, and though she continued to protest that she was not much hurt—"*fi donc!*" if she complained for such a bagatelle—she had to lean on the arm of Madame Claude in order to mount the rest of the steps, while madame the countess, declining all farther support on her own account, and even casting away her walking-stick, patted Urlurette reassuringly on the shoulder.

In spite of every remonstrance, Urlurette was established in the *salle,* in madame the countess's nest among her pillows of worn and tarnished velvet; and very odd the little peasant cap and laced boddice looked in the midst of cambric frills and Valenciennes lace. The countess was established in a *fauteuil,* and tall, erect unwearied Madame Claude stood on guard. Urlurette was not suffered to stir for the evening, though mesdames should have to sup on dry bread. Her foot became an object of solicitude to the ladies, who were better skilled nurses than they were housekeepers and and cooks, having in their early convent days been educated to that branch of notability, as became future Châtelaines. It had been the men of rank who had adopted cooking.

It was passing strange for Urlurette to be thus treated—so much so that she closed her eyes lest she should make a baby of herself—until her mother and aunt believed that she slept.

"Dost thou know, it strikes me that she has a look of thee, Renée," whispered Madame Claude.

"Not that," answered madame the countess eagerly, "but I have recognized that she has the *tournure* of my lost Bernard—my boy from whom I was never separated—who would sit on my side of the coach and think that he was sheltering me when we were fired at as we rode through Bourges—thou rememberest, Claude? I am sure that it is my Bernard whom she resembles," added madame the countess after a fond sigh, "because I always thought that he was my good angel, and she has shown herself my Angeline, though the poor child shuns her name and lot."

"I shall never shun them again," sobbed Urlurette, suddenly slipping down from her bed, limping to her mother and laying her head on the countess's knee; "I shall be proud and happy to be thy Angeline, and to learn whatever thou, my mother, and my aunt wish, since you have been so good as to suffer me to work for you."

CŒUR DE LION AT THE BIER OF HIS FATHER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

The body of Henry the Second lay in state in the Abbey-church of Fontevraud, where it was visited by Richard Cœur de Lion, who, on beholding it, was struck with horror and remorse, and reproached himself bitterly for that rebellious conduct which had been the means of bringing his father to an untimely grave.

Torches were blazing clear, hymns pealing deep and slow,
Where a king lay stately on his bier, in the church of Fontevraud.
Banners of battle o'er him hung, and warriors slept beneath,
And light, as noon's broad light, was flung on the settled face of death.

On the settled face of death a strong and ruddy glare,
Though dimmed at times by the censer's breath, yet it fell still brightest there;
As if each deeply-furrowed trace of earthly years to show,—
Alas! that sceptred mortal's race had surely closed in woe!

The marble floor was swept by many a long dark stole,
As the kneeling priests, round him that slept, sang mass for the parted soul;
And solemn were the strains they poured through the stillness of the night,
With the cross above, and the crown and sword, and the silent king in sight.—

There was heard a heavy clang, as of steel-girt men the tread,
And the tombs and the hollow pavement rang with a sounding thrill of dread:
And the holy chant was hushed awhile, as, by the torches' flame,
A gleam of arms, up the sweeping aisle, with a mail-clad leader came.

He came with haughty look, an eagle-glance and clear,
But his proud heart through his breastplate shook, when he stood beside the bier!
He stood there still, with a drooping brow, and clasped hands o'er it raised;
For his father lay before him low—it was Cœur-de-Lion gazed!

And silently he strove with the workings of his breast;
But there's more in late repentant love than steel may keep suppressed!
And his tears brake forth, at last, like rain,—men held their breath in awe;
For his face was seen by his warrior train, and he recked not that they saw.

He looked upon the dead, and sorrow seemed to lie,
A weight of sorrow, even like lead, pale on the fast-shut eye.
He stooped—and kissed the frozen cheek, and the heavy hand of clay,
Till bursting words—yet all too weak—gave his soul's passion way.

"Oh, father! is it vain, this late remorse and deep!
Speak to me, father! once again!—I weep—behold, I weep!
Alas! my guilty pride and ire! were but this work undone,
I would give England's crown, my sire, to hear thee bless thy son!

"Speak to me:—mighty grief ere now the dust hath stirred;
Hear me, but hear me!—father, chief, my king! I *must* be heard!—
Hushed, hushed!—how is it that I call, and that that thou answerest not?
When was it thus?—woe, woe for all the love my soul forgot!

"Thy silver hairs I see—so still, so sadly bright!
And, father, father! but for me they had not been so white!
I bore thee down, high heart, at last; no longer couldst thou strive;—
Oh! for one moment of the past, to kneel and say, 'Forgive!'

"Thou wert the noblest king on a royal throne e'er seen,
And thou didst wear, in knightly ring, of all, the stateliest mien;
And thou didst prove, where spears are proved, in war the bravest heart—
Oh! ever the renowned and loved thou wert—and *there* thou art!

"Thou that my boyhood's guide didst take fond joy to be!—
The times I've sported at thy side, and climbed thy parent knee!
And there before the blessed shrine, my sire, I see thee lie,—
How will that sad still face of thine look on me till I die!"

A PERSIAN FABLE.

BY SIR JOHN MALCOLM.

In former days there was an old woman, who lived in a hut more confined than the minds of the ignorant, and more dark than the tombs of misers. Her companion was a cat, from the mirror of whose imagination the appearance of bread had never been reflected, nor had she from friends or strangers ever heard its name. It was enough that she now and then scented a mouse, or observed the print of its feet upon the floor; when, blessed by favouring stars, or benignant fortune, one fell into her claws—she became like a beggar who discovers a treasure of gold; her cheeks glowed with rapture, and past grief was consumed by present joy. This feast would last for a week or more; and while enjoying it she was wont to exclaim—"Am I, Most High! when I contemplate this, in a dream or awake? Am I to experience such prosperity after such adversity?"

But as the dwelling of the old woman was in general the mansion of famine to this cat, she was always complaining, and forming extravagant and fanciful schemes. One day, when reduced to extreme weakness, she, with much exertion, reached the top of the hut; when there, she observed a cat stalking on the wall of a neighbour's house, which, like a fierce tiger, advanced with measured steps, and was so loaded with flesh that she could hardly raise her feet. The old woman's friend was amazed to see one of her own species so fat and sleek, and broke out into the following exclamation:

"Your stately strides have brought you here at last; pray tell me from whence you came? From whence you have arrived with so lovely an appearance! You look as if from the banquet of the Khan of Khatai. Where have you acquired such a comeliness? and how came you by that glorious strength?"

The other answered, "I am the sultan's crumb-eater. Each morning, when they spread the convivial table, I attend at the palace, and there exhibit my address and courage. From among the rich meats and wheat-cakes I cull a few choice morsels; I then retire and pass my time till next day in delightful indolence." The old dame's cat requested to know what rich meat was, and what taste wheat-cakes had? "As for me," she added, in a melancholy tone, "during my life, I have neither ate nor seen anything but the old woman's gruel and the flesh of mice." The other smiling, said, "This accounts for the difficulty I find in distinguishing you from a spider. Your shape and stature are such as must make the whole generation of cats blush; and we must ever feel ashamed while you carry so miserable an appearance abroad. You certainly have the ears and tail of a cat, but in other respects you are a complete spider. Were you to see the sultan's palace, and to smell his delicious viands, most undoubtedly those withered bones would be restored; you would receive new life, you would come from behind the curtain of invisibility into the plain of observation: when the perfume of his beloved passes over the tomb of a lover, is it wonderful that his putrid bones should be reanimated?"

The old woman's cat addressed the other in the most supplicating manner: "O, my sister!" she exclaimed, "have I not the sacred claims of a neighbour upon you? are we not linked in the ties of kindred? what prevents your giving a proof of friendship, by taking me with you when next you visit the palace? Perhaps from your favour plenty may flow to me, and from your patronage I may attain dignity and honour. Withdraw not from the friendship of the honourable; abandon not the support of the elect."

The heart of the sultan's crumb-eater was melted by this pathetic address; she promised her new friend should accompany her on the next visit to the palace. The latter, overjoyed, went down immediately from the terrace, and communicated every particular to the old woman, who addressed her with the following counsel: "Be not deceived, my dearest friend, with the worldly language you have listened to; abandon not your corner of content, for the cup of the covetous is only to be filled by the dust of the grave; and the eye of cupidity and hope can only be closed by the needle of mortality and the thread of fate. It is content that makes men rich; mark this, ye avaricious, who traverse the world; he neither knows nor pays adoration to his God, who is dissatisfied with his condition and fortune." But the expected feast had taken such possession of poor puss's imagination, that the medicinal counsel of the old woman was thrown away. The good advice of all the world is like wind in a cage, or water in a sieve, when bestowed on the headstrong.

To conclude: next day, accompanied by her companion, the half-starved cat hobbled to the sultan's palace. Before this unfortunate wretch came, as it is decreed that the covetous shall be disappointed, an extraordinary event had occurred, and, owing to her evil destiny, the

water of disappointment was poured on the flame of her immature ambition.—The case was this; a whole legion of cats had, the day before, surrounded the feast, and made so much noise, that they disturbed the guests, and in consequence the sultan had ordered that some archers, armed with bows from Tartary, should, on this day, be concealed, and that whatever cat advanced into the field of valour, covered with the shield of audacity, should, on eating the first morsel, be overtaken with their arrows. The old dame's puss was not aware of this order. The moment the flavour of the viands reached her, she flew like an eagle to the place of her prey. Scarcely had the weight of a mouthful been placed in the scale to balance her hunger, when a heart-dividing arrow pierced her breast. A stream of blood rushed from the wound. She fled, in dread of death, after having exclaimed—"Should I escape from this terrific archer, I will be satisfied with my mouse and the miserable hut of my old mistress. My soul rejects the honey if accompanied by the sting. Content, with the most frugal fare, is preferable."

LINES ON THE MERMAID TAVERN.

Souls of poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?
Have ye tippled drink more fine
Than mine host's Canary wine?
Or are fruits of Paradise
Sweeter than those dainty pies
Of venison? O generous food!
Dress'd as though bold Robin Hood
Would, with his maid Marian,
Sup and bouze from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day
Mine host's sign-board flew away,
Nobody knew whither, till
An astrologer's old quill
To a sheep-skin gave the story;
Said he saw you in your glory,
Underneath a new old sign
Sipping beverage divine,
And pledging with contented smack
The Mermaid in the Zodiac.

Souls of poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

JOHN KEATS.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

[Edward Young, born at Upham, Hampshire, 1684; died 12th April, 1765. Educated at Winchester and Oxford; studied, but subsequently having taken orders, he was appointed one of the royal chaplains and rector of Welwyn in Hertfordshire. He wrote numerous works in prose and verse, of which the most important are: *Night Thoughts*, a poem which has maintained its place in popular estimation to the present time. It is supposed to have been inspired by his melancholy reflections on the death of his wife in 1741; *Busiris, Revenge*, and *The Brothers*, three tragedies; *The Last Day; The Force of Religion; On the Death of Queen Anne; The Instalment*, and other poems; and a series of keen satires under the title of *The Love of Fame, the Universal Passion.*]

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes:
Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.

From short (as usual) and disturbed repose
I wake: how happy they who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wreck'd desponding thought
From wave to wave of fancied misery
At random drove, her helm of reason lost:
Though now restored, 'tis only change of pain,
(A bitter change!) severer for severe.
The day too short for my distress; and night,
E'en in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the colour of my fate.

Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world.
Silence how dead! and darkness how profound!
Nor eye nor list'ning ear an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfill'd:
Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no more.

Silence and Darkness! solemn sisters! twins
From ancient Night, who nurse the tender thought
To reason, and on reason build resolve
(That column of true majesty in man),
Assist me; I will thank you in the grave;
The grave your kingdom: there this frame shall fall
A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
But what are ye?

Thou, who didst put to flight
Primeval Silence, when the morning stars,
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;
O Thou, whose word from solid darkness struck
That spark, the sun, strike wisdom from my soul;
My soul, which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold, while others rest. . . . .

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
But from its loss: to give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands despatch:
How much is to be done! My hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? A fathomless abyss;
A dread eternity! how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
How passing wonder HE who made him such!
Who center'd in our make such strange extremes!
From diff'rent natures, marvellously mix'd,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sullied and absorb'd!
Though sullied and dishonour'd, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost. At home, a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
And wond'ring at her own. How reason reels!
O what a miracle to man is man,
Triumphantly distress'd! what joy! what dread!
Alternately transported and alarm'd!
What can preserve my life? or what destroy?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

'Tis past conjecture; all things rise in proof.
While o'er my limbs sleep's soft dominion spreads,
What though my soul fantastic measures trod
O'er fairy fields, or mourn'd along the gloom
Of pathless woods, or, down the craggy steep
Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool,
Or scaled the cliff, or danced on hollow winds
With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain?
Her ceaseless flight, tho' devious, speaks her nature
Of subtler essence, than the trodden clod,
Active, aërial, towering, unconfined,
Unfetter'd with her gross companion's fall.
E'en silent night proclaims my soul immortal:
E'en silent night proclaims eternal day.
For human weal Heav'n husbands all events:
Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.

Why then their loss deplore that are not lost?
Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around
In infidel distress? Are angels there?
Slumbers, raked up in dust, ethereal fire?

They live! they greatly live a life on earth
Unkindled, unconceived; and from an eye
Of tenderness let heav'nly pity fall
On me, more justly number'd with the dead.

This is the desert, this the solitude:
How populous, how vital is the grave!
This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom,
The land of apparitions, empty shades!
All, all on earth is shadow, all beyond
Is substance; the reverse is folly's creed:
How solid all, where change shall be no more!

This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vestibule.
Life's theatre as yet is shut, and Death,
Strong Death, alone can heave the massy bar,
This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us embryos of existence free.
From real life, but little more remote
Is he, not yet a candidate for light,
The future embryo, slumb'ring in his sire.
Embryos we must be till we burst the shell,
Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,
The life of gods O transport!) and of man.

Yet man, fool man, here buries all his thoughts;
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh:
Pris'ner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wishes; wing'd by Heav'n
To fly at infinite, and reach it there,
Where seraphs gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambrosial clust'ring glow
In his full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more!
Where Time, and Pain, and Chance, and Death expire!
And is it in the flight of threescore years
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust?
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptured or alarm'd
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

. . . . . .

The weak have remedies; the wise have joys.
Superior wisdom is superior bliss.
And what sure mark distinguishes the wise?
Consistent wisdom ever wills the same;
Thy fickle wish is ever on the wing.
Sick of herself, is folly's character;
As wisdom's is, a modest self-applause.
A change of evils is thy good supreme;
Nor, but in motion, canst thou find thy rest.
Man's greatest strength is shown in standing still.
The first sure symptom of a mind in health
Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.
False pleasure from abroad her joys imports:
Rich from within, and self-sustain'd, the true.
The true is fix'd, and solid as a rock;
Slipp'ry the false, and tossing as the wave.
This, a wild wanderer on earth, like Cain:
That, like the fabled self-enamour'd boy,[1]

[1] Narcissus.

Home-contemplation her supreme delight;
She dreads an interruption from without,
Smit with her own condition; and the more
Intense she gazes, still it charms the more.

No man is happy, till he thinks on earth
There breathes not a more happy than himself:
Then envy dies, and love o'erflows on all;
And love o'erflowing makes an angel here.
Such angels all, entitled to repose
On Him who governs fate: though tempest frowns,
Though nature shakes, how soft to lean on Heav'n!
To lean on Him on whom archangels lean!
With inward eyes, and silent as the grave,
They stand collecting ev'ry beam of thought,
Till their hearts kindle with divine delight;
For all their thoughts, like angels, seen of old
In Israel's dream,[1] come from, and go to, heav'n;
Hence are they studious of sequester'd scenes;
While noise and dissipation comfort thee.

Were all men happy, revellings would cease,
That opiate for inquietude within.
Lorenzo! never man was truly blest,
But it composed, and gave him such a cast,
As folly might mistake for want of joy:
A cast, unlike the triumph of the proud;
A modest aspect, and a smile at heart.
Oh for a joy from thy Philander's spring,
A spring perennial, rising in the breast,
And permanent, as pure! No turbid stream
Of rapt'rous exultation, swelling high;
Which, like land-floods, impetuous pour awhile,
Then sink at once, and leave us in the mire.
What does the man who transient joy prefers?
What, but prefer the bubbles to the stream?

Vain are all sudden sallies of delight;
Convulsions of a weak distemper'd joy:
Joy's a fix'd state; a tenure, not a start.
Bliss there is none, but unprecarious bliss;
That is the gem: sell all, and purchase that.
Why go a begging to contingencies
Not gain'd with ease, nor safely lov'd, if gain'd?
At good fortuitous, draw back, and pause;
Suspect it; what thou canst insure, enjoy;
And nought but what thou giv'st thyself, is sure.
Reason perpetuates joy that reason gives,
And makes it as immortal as herself:
To mortals, not immortal, but their worth.

Worth, conscious worth! should absolutely reign,
And other joys ask leave for their approach;
Nor, unexamined, ever leave obtain.

. . . . . .

Seest thou, Lorenzo, what depends on man?
The fate of nature; as for man, her birth.
Earth's actors change earth's transitory scenes,
And make creation groan with human guilt.
How must it groan, in a new deluge whelm'd;
But not of waters! At the destined hour,
By the loud trumpet summon'd to the charge,
See, all the formidable sons of fire,
Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play
Their various engines; all at once disgorge
Their blazing magazines; and take by storm
This poor terrestrial citadel of man.
Amazing period! when each mountain-height
Out-burns Vesuvius; rocks eternal pour
Their melted mass, as rivers once they pour'd;
Stars rush; and final ruin fiercely drives
Her ploughshare o'er creation!—While aloft,
More than astonishment, if more can be!
Far other firmament than e'er was seen,
Than e'er was thought by man! Far other stars!
Stars animate, that govern these of fire;
Far other sun! A Sun, O how unlike
The babe of Bethle'm! How unlike the man
That groan'd on Calvary! Yet he it is!
That man of sorrows! O how changed! What pomp!
In grandeur terrible, all heav'n descends!
And gods, ambitious, triumph in his train.
A swift archangel, with his golden wing,
As blots and clouds, that darken and disgrace
The scene divine, sweeps stars and suns aside.
And now, all dross remov'd, heav'n's own pure day,
Full on the confines of our ether, flames:
While (dreadful contrast!) far, how far beneath!
Hell bursting, belches forth her blazing seas,
And storms sulphureous; her voracious jaws
Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey.
Lorenzo, welcome to this scene; the last
In nature's course; the first in wisdom's thought.
This strikes, if aught can strike thee: this awakes
The most supine; this snatches man from death.
Rouse, rouse, Lorenzo, then, and follow me,
Where truth, the most momentous, man can hear,
Loud calls my soul, and ardour wings her flight.
I find my inspiration in my theme:
The grandeur of my subject is my muse.

[1] Gen. xxxviii. 12.

THE VALLEY OF THE LOIRE.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

In the beautiful month of October I made a foot excursion along the banks of the Loire, from Orléans to Tours. This luxuriant region is justly called the garden of France. From Orléans to Blois the whole valley of the Loire is one continued vineyard. The bright green foliage of the vine spreads, like the undulations of the sea, over all the landscape, with here and there a silver flash of the river, a sequestered hamlet, or the towers of an old château, to enliven and variegate the scene.

The vintage had already commenced. The peasantry were busy in the fields,—the song

that cheered their labour was on the breeze, and the heavy waggon tottered by, laden with the clusters of the vine. Everything around me wore that happy look which makes the heart glad. In the morning I arose with the lark; and at night I slept where sunset overtook me. The healthy exercise of foot-travelling, the pure, bracing air of autumn, and the cheerful aspect of the whole landscape about me, gave fresh elasticity to a mind not overburdened with care, and made me forget not only the fatigue of walking, but also the consciousness of being alone.

My first day's journey brought me at evening to a village, whose name I have forgotten, situated about eight leagues from Orléans. It is a small, obscure hamlet, not mentioned in the guide-book, and stands upon the precipitous banks of a deep ravine, through which a noisy brook leaps down to turn the ponderous wheel of a thatched-roofed mill. The village inn stands upon the highway; but the village itself is not visible to the traveller as he passes. It is completely hidden in the lap of a wooded valley, and so embowered in trees that not a roof nor a chimney peeps out to betray its hiding-place. It is like the nest of a ground-swallow, which the passing footstep almost treads upon, and yet it is not seen. I passed by without suspecting that a village was near; and the little inn had a look so uninviting that I did not even enter it.

After proceeding a mile or two farther, I perceived, upon my left, a village spire rising over the vineyards. Towards this I directed my footsteps; but it seemed to recede as I advanced, and at last quite disappeared. It was evidently many miles distant; and as the path I followed descended from the highway, it had gradually sunk beneath a swell of the vine-clad landscape. I now found myself in the midst of an extensive vineyard. It was just sunset; and the last golden rays lingered on the rich and mellow scenery around me. The peasantry were still busy at their task; and the occasional bark of a dog, and the distant sound of an evening bell, gave fresh romance to the scene. The reality of many a day-dream of childhood, of many a poetic reverie of youth, was before me. I stood at sunset amid the luxuriant vineyards of France!

The first person I met was a poor old woman, a little bowed down with age, gathering grapes into a large basket. She was dressed like the poorest class of peasantry, and pursued her solitary task alone, heedless of the cheerful gossip and the merry laugh which came from a band of more youthful vintagers at a short distance from her. She was so intently engaged in her work, that she did not perceive my approach until I bade her good evening. On hearing my voice she looked up from her labour, and returned the salutation; and on my asking her if there were a tavern or a farm-house in the neighbourhood where I could pass the night, she showed me the pathway through the vineyard that led to the village, and then added, with a look of curiosity,—

"You must be a stranger, sir, in these parts?"

"Yes; my home is very far from here."

"How far?"

"More than a thousand leagues."

The old woman looked incredulous.

"I came from a distant land beyond the sea."

"More than a thousand leagues!" at length repeated she; "and why have you come so far from home?"

"To travel;—to see how you live in this country."

"Have you no relations in your own?"

"Yes; I have both brothers and sisters, a father and——"

"And a mother?"

"Thank Heaven, I have."

"And did you leave *her?*"

Here the old woman gave me a piercing look of reproof; shook her head mournfully, and, with a deep sigh, as if some painful recollection had been awakened in her bosom, turned again to her solitary task. I felt rebuked; for there is something almost prophetic in the admonitions of the old. The eye of age looks meekly into my heart! the voice of age echoes mournfully through it! the hoary head and palsied hand of age plead irresistibly for its sympathies! I venerate old age; and I love not the man who can look without emotion upon the sunset of life, when the dusk of evening begins to gather over the watery eye, and the shadows of twilight grow broader and deeper upon the understanding!

I pursued the pathway which led towards the village, and the next person I encountered was an old man, stretched lazily beneath the vines upon a little strip of turf, at a point where four paths met, forming a crossway in the vineyard. He was clad in a coarse garb of gray, with a pair of long gaiters or spatter-dashers. Beside him lay a blue cloth cap, a staff, and an old weather-beaten knapsack. I saw at once that he was a foot traveller like myself, and therefore, without more ado, entered into conversation with him. From his

language, and the peculiar manner in which he now and then wiped his upper lip with the back of his hand, as if in search of the moustache which was no longer there, I judged that he had been a soldier. In this opinion I was not mistaken. He had served under Napoleon, and had followed the imperial eagle across the Alps, and the Pyrenees, and the burning sands of Egypt. Like every *vieille moustache*, he spake with enthusiasm of the Little Corporal, and cursed the English, the Germans, the Spanish, and every other race on earth, except the Great Nation,—his own.

"I like," said he, "after a long day's march, to lie down in this way upon the grass, and enjoy the cool of the evening. It reminds me of the bivouacs of other days, and of old friends who are now up there."

Here he pointed with his finger to the sky.

"They have reached the last *étape* before me, in the long march. But I shall go soon. We shall all meet again at the last roll-call. *Sacré nom de*——! There's a tear!"

He wiped it away with his sleeve.

Here our colloquy was interrupted by the approach of a group of vintagers, who were returning homeward from their labour. To this party I joined myself, and invited the old soldier to do the same, but he shook his head.

"I thank you; my pathway lies in a different direction."

"But there is no other village near, and the sun has already set."

"No matter. I am used to sleeping on the ground. Good night."

I left the old man to his meditations, and walked on in company with the vintagers. Following a well-trodden pathway through the vineyards, we soon descended the valley's slope, and I suddenly found myself in the bosom of one of those little hamlets from which the labourer rises to his toil as the skylark to his song. My companions wished me a good night, as each entered his own thatch-roofed cottage, and a little girl led me out to the very inn which an hour or two before I had disdained to enter.

When I awoke in the morning, a brilliant autumnal sun was shining in at my window. The merry song of birds mingled sweetly with the sound of rustling leaves and the gurgle of the brook. The vintagers were going forth to their toil; the winepress was busy in the shade, and the clatter of the mill kept time to the miller's song. I loitered about the village with a feeling of calm delight. I was unwilling to leave the seclusion of this sequestered hamlet; but at length, with reluctant step, I took the cross-road through the vineyard, and in a moment the little village had sunk again, as if by enchantment, into the bosom of the earth.

I breakfasted at the town of Mer; and, leaving the high-road to Blois on the right, passed down to the banks of the Loire, through a long, broad avenue of poplars and sycamores. I crossed the river in a boat, and in the after part of the day, I found myself before the high and massive walls of the château of Chambord. This château is one of the finest specimens of the ancient Gothic castle to be found in Europe. The little river Cosson fills its deep and ample moat, and above it the huge towers and heavy battlements rise in stern and solemn grandeur, moss-grown with age, and blackened by the storms of three centuries. Within all is mournful and deserted. The grass has overgrown the pavement of the court-yard, and the rude sculpture upon the walls is broken and defaced. From the court-yard I entered the central tower, and, ascending the principal staircase, went out upon the battlements. I seemed to have stepped back into the precincts of the feudal ages; and as I passed along through echoing corridors, and vast, deserted halls, stripped of their furniture, and mouldering silently away, the distant past came back upon me; and the times when the clang of arms, and the tramp of mail-clad men, and the sounds of music and revelry and wassail, echoed along those high-vaulted and solitary chambers.

The third day's journey brought me to the ancient city of Blois, the chief town of the department of Loire-et-Cher. This city is celebrated for the purity with which even the lower classes of its inhabitants speak their native tongue. It rises precipitously from the northern bank of the Loire; and many of its streets are so steep as to be almost impassable for carriages. On the brow of the hill, overlooking the roofs of the city, and commanding a fine view of the Loire and its noble bridge, and the surrounding country, sprinkled with cottages and châteaux, runs an ample terrace, planted with trees and laid out as a public walk. The view from this terrace is one of the most beautiful in France. But what most strikes the eye of the traveller at Blois is an old, though still unfinished castle. Its huge parapets of hewn stone stand upon either side of the street, but they have walled up the wide gateway, from which the colossal drawbridge was to have sprung high in air, connecting together the main towers of the building, and the two hills upon whose slope its foundations

stand. The aspect of this vast pile is gloomy and desolate. It seems as if the strong hand of the builder had been arrested in the midst of his task by the stronger hand of death; and the unfinished fabric stands a lasting monument both of the power and weakness of man,—of his vast desires, his sanguine hopes, his ambitious purposes,—and of the unlooked-for conclusion, where all these desires, and hopes, and purposes are so often arrested. There is also at Blois another ancient château, to which some historic interest is attached, as being the scene of the massacre of the Duke of Guise.

On the following day I left Blois for Amboise; and, after walking several leagues along the dusty highway, crossed the river in a boat to the little village of Moines, which lies amid luxuriant vineyards upon the southern bank of the Loire. From Moines to Amboise the road is truly delightful. The rich lowland scenery, by the margin of the river, is verdant even in October; and occasionally the landscape is diversified with the picturesque cottages of the vintagers, cut in the rock along the roadside, and overhung by the thick foliage of the vines above them.

At Amboise I took a cross-road, which led me to the romantic borders of the Cher and the château of Chernanceau. This beautiful château, as well as that of Chambord, was built by the gay and munificent Francis the First. One is a specimen of strong and massive architecture,—a dwelling for a warrior; but the other is of a lighter and more graceful construction, and was destined for those soft languishments of passion with which the fascinating Diane de Poitiers had filled the bosom of that voluptuous monarch.

The château of Chernanceau is built upon arches across the river Cher, whose waters are made to supply the deep moat at each extremity. There is a spacious court-yard in front, from which a drawbridge conducts to the outer hall of the castle. There the armour of Francis the First still hangs upon the wall,—his shield, and helm, and lance,—as if the chivalrous but dissolute prince had just exchanged them for the silken robes of the drawing-room. From this hall a door opens into a long gallery, extending the whole length of the building across the Cher. The walls of the gallery are hung with the faded portraits of the long line of the descendants of Hugh Capet; and the windows, looking up and down the stream, command a fine reach of pleasant river-scenery. This is said to be the only château in France in which the ancient furniture of its original age is preserved. In one part of the building you are shown the bed-chamber of Diane de Poitiers, with its antique chairs covered with faded damask and embroidery, her bed, and a portrait of the royal favourite hanging over the mantlepiece. In another you see the apartment of the infamous Catherine de' Medici; a venerable arm-chair and an autograph letter of Henry the Fourth; and in an old laboratory, among broken crucibles, and neckless retorts, and drums, and trumpets, and skins of wild beasts, and other ancient lumber of various kinds, are to be seen the bed-posts of Francis the First. Doubtless the naked walls of the vast solitary chambers of an old and desolate château inspire a feeling of greater solemnity and awe; but when the antique furniture of the olden time remains,—the faded tapestry on the walls, and the arm-chair by the fireside,—the effect upon the mind is more magical and delightful. The old inhabitants of the place, long gathered to their fathers, though living still in history, seem to have left their halls for the chase or the tournament; and as the heavy door swings upon its reluctant hinge, one almost expects to see the gallant princes and courtly dames enter those halls again, and sweep in stately procession along the silent corridors.

Rapt in such fancies as these, and gazing on the beauties of this noble edifice, and the soft scenery around it, I lingered, unwilling to depart, till the rays of the setting sun, streaming through the dusty windows, admonished me that the day was drawing rapidly to a close. I sallied forth from the southern gate of the château, and, crossing the broken drawbridge, pursued a pathway along the bank of the river, still gazing back upon those towering walls, now bathed in the rich glow of sunset, till a turn in the road, and a clump of woodland, at length shut them out from my sight.

A short time after candle-lighting I reached the little tavern of the Boule d'Or, a few leagues from Tours, where I passed the night. The following morning was lowering and sad. A veil of mist hung over the landscape, and ever and anon a heavy shower burst from the overburdened clouds that were driving by before a high and piercing wind. This unpropitious state of the weather detained me until noon, when a cabriolet for Tours drove up; and taking a seat within it, I left the hostess of the Boule d'Or in the middle of a long story about a rich countess, who always alighted there when she passed that way. We drove leisurely along through a beautiful country, till at length we came to the brow of a steep hill, which

commands a fine view of the city of Tours and its delightful environs. But the scene was shrouded by the heavy drifting mist, through which I could trace but indistinctly the graceful sweep of the Loire, and the spires and roofs of the city far below me.

The city of Tours and the delicious plain in which it lies have been too often described by other travellers to render a new description, from so listless a pen as mine, either necessary or desirable. After a sojourn of two cloudy and melancholy days I set out on my return to Paris, by the way of Vendôme and Chartres. I stopped a few hours at the former place, to examine the ruins of a château built by Jeanne d'Albret, mother of Henry the Fourth. It stands upon the summit of a high and precipitous hill, and almost overhangs the town beneath. The French revolution has completed the ruin that time had already begun; and nothing now remains but a broken and crumbling bastion, and here and there a solitary tower, dropping slowly to decay. In one of these is the grave of Jeanne d'Albret. A marble entablature in the wall above contains the inscription, which is nearly effaced, though enough still remains to tell the curious traveller that there lies buried the mother of the "Bon Henri." To this is added a prayer that the repose of the dead may be respected.

Here ended my foot excursion. The object of my journey was accomplished; and delighted with this short ramble through the valley of the Loire, I took my seat in the diligence for Paris, and on the following day was again swallowed up in the crowds of the metropolis, like a drop in the bosom of the sea.—*Outre Mer.*

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage-door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grand-child Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in the garden, for
There's many here about;
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out!
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for,
I could not well make out;
But everybody said," quoth he
"That 'twas a famous victory.

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then,
And new born baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won,
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay—nay—my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

"And everybody prais'd the duke,
Who such a fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory."

BULLS AND WIT.

[Rev. Sydney Smith, born at Woodford, Essex, 1771; died in London, 22d February, 1845. Educated at Winchester and Oxford. He resided five years in Edinburgh, as minister of the Charlotte Episcopal Chapel, and formed one of the group of daring youths who founded the *Edinburgh Review*, the first number of which was prepared under his editorship. After holding various church livings, he became canon residentiary of St. Paul's in 1831. He was even more famous as a conversational wit than as a preacher or reviewer. His works (Longmans & Co.) consist of reviews, sermons and lectures. His *Peter Plymley's Letters* had a large share in promoting Catholic Emancipation. Macaulay says: "He is universally admitted to have been a great reasoner, and the greatest master of ridicule that has appeared among us since Swift." Edward Everett says: — 'If he had not been known as the wittiest man of his day, he would have been accounted one of the wisest.' The following is from a review of the work on Irish Bulls by Miss Edgeworth and her father.]

Though the question is not a very easy one, we shall venture to say, that a bull is an apparent congruity and real incongruity of ideas suddenly discovered. And if this account of bulls be just, they are (as might have been supposed) the very reverse of wit; for as wit discovers real relations that are not apparent, bulls admit apparent relations that are not real. The pleasure arising from wit proceeds from our surprise at suddenly discovering two things to be similar in which we suspected no similarity. The pleasure arising from bulls proceeds from our discovering two things to be dissimilar in which a resemblance might have been suspected. The same doctrine will apply to wit and to bulls in action. Practical wit discovers connection or relation between actions, in which duller understandings discover none; and practical bulls originate from an *apparent* relation between two actions, which more correct understandings immediately perceive to have no relation at all.

Louis XIV., being extremely harassed by the repeated solicitations of a veteran officer for promotion, said one day, loud enough to be heard, "That gentleman is the most troublesome officer I have in my service." "That is precisely the charge (said the old man) which your Majesty's enemies bring against me."

"An English gentleman (says Mr. Edgeworth, in a story cited from Joe Millar) was writing a letter in a coffee-house; and perceiving that an Irishman stationed behind him was taking that liberty which Parmenio used with his friend Alexander, instead of putting his seal upon the lips of the *curious impertinent*, the English gentleman thought proper to reprove the Hibernian, if not with delicacy, at least with poetical justice. He concluded writing his letter in these words: 'I would say more, but a damned tall Irishman is reading over my shoulder every word I write.'

"'You lie, you scoundrel,' said the self-convicted Hibernian."

The pleasure derived from the first of these stories proceeds from the discovery of the relation that subsists between the object he had in view, and the assent of the officer to an observation so unfriendly to that end. In the first rapid glance which the mind throws upon his words, he appears, by his acquiescence, to be pleading against himself. There seems to be no relation between what he says and what he wishes to effect by speaking.

In the second story, the pleasure is directly the reverse. The lie given was *apparently* the readiest means of proving his innocence, and *really* the most effectual way of establishing his guilt. There seems for a moment to be a strong relation between the means and the object; while, in fact, no irrelation can be so complete.

What connection is there between pelting stones at monkeys and gathering cocoa-nuts from lofty trees? Apparently none. But monkeys sit upon cocoa-nut trees; monkeys are imitative animals; and if you pelt a monkey with a stone, he pelts you with a cocoa-nut in return. This scheme of gathering cocoa-nuts is very witty, and would be more so, if it did not appear useful: for the idea of utility is always inimical to the idea of wit.[1] There appears, on the contrary, to be some relation between the revenge of the Irish rebels against a banker, and the means which they took to gratify it, by burning all his notes

[1] It must be observed, that all the great passions, and many other feelings, extinguish the relish for wit. Thus *lympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit*, would be witty, were it not bordering on the sublime. The resemblance between the sandal tree imparting (while it falls) its aromatic flavour to the edge of the axe, and the benevolent man rewarding evil with good, would be witty, did it not excite virtuous emotions. There are many mechanical contrivances which excite sensations very similar to wit; but the attention is absorbed by their utility. Some of Merlin's machines, which have no utility at all, are quite similar to wit. A small model of a steam engine, or mere squirt, is wit to a child. A man speculates on the causes of the first, or on its consequences, and so loses the feelings of wit: with the latter, he is too familiar to be surprised. In short, the essence of every species of wit is surprise; which, *ri termini*, must be sudden; and the sensations which wit has a tendency to excite, are impaired or destroyed, as often as they are mingled with much thought or passion.

wherever they found them; whereas, they could not have rendered him a more essential service. In both these cases of bulls, the one verbal, the other practical, there is an apparent congruity and real incongruity of ideas. In both the cases of wit, there is an apparent incongruity and a real relation.

It is clear that a bull cannot depend upon mere incongruity alone; for if a man were to say that he would ride to London upon a cocked hat, or that he would cut his throat with a pound of pickled salmon, this, though completely incongruous, would not be to make bulls, but to talk nonsense. The stronger the apparent connection, and the more complete the real disconnection of the ideas, the greater the surprise and the better the bull. The less apparent, and the more complete the relations established by wit, the higher gratification does it afford. A great deal of the pleasure experienced from bulls proceeds from the sense of superiority in ourselves. Bulls which we invented, or knew to be invented, might please, but in a less degree, for want of this additional zest.

As there must be apparent connection, and real incongruity, it is seldom that a man of sense and education finds any form of words by which he is conscious that he might have been deceived into a bull. To conceive how the person has been deceived, he must suppose a degree of information very different from, and a species of character very heterogeneous to, his own; a process which diminishes surprise, and consequently pleasure. In the above-mentioned story of the Irishman overlooking the man writing, no person of ordinary sagacity can suppose himself betrayed into such a mistake; but he can easily represent to himself a kind of character that might have been so betrayed. There are some bulls so extremely fallacious, that any man may imagine himself to have been betrayed into them; but these are rare: and, in general, it is a poor contemptible species of amusement; a delight in which evinces a very bad taste in wit.

LOVE'S GROWTH.

They err who tell us there is need
  Of time for Love to grow;
Ah! no, the love that kills indeed,
  Despatches at a blow.
And that which but by slow degrees
  Is nursed into a flame,
Is friendship, habit,—what you please
  But Love is not the name.

THE MINSTREL

[James Beattie, D.C.L., born at Laurencekirk, Kincardineshire, 25th October, 1735; died at Aberdeen, 18th August, 1803. Thanks to the self-sacrifice of his widowed mother and of his eldest brother David, he was enabled to attend the Marischal College, Aberdeen, for four years. Having taken his degree of M.A., he was appointed schoolmaster at Fordoun, a village near his native place; thence he removed to the grammar-school of Aberdeen; and in 1760 he was installed professor of moral philosophy and logic in Marischal College. His works are: *Poems and Translations; The Judgment of Paris; The Minstrel*, or the Progress of Genius [1] (from which we quote); *Essay on Truth*, which obtained high favour; and the *Elements of Moral Science*. Government granted him a pension of £200 a year.]

Of chance or change O let not man complain,
  Else shall he never, never cease to wail:
For, from the imperial dome, to where the swain
  Rears the lone cottage in the silent dale,
All feel th' assault of fortune's fickle gale;
  Art, empire, earth itself, to change are doomed;
Earthquakes have raised to heaven the humble vale,
  And gulfs the mountain's mighty mass entombed,
And where th' Atlantic rolls wide continents have bloomed.[2]

But sure to foreign climes we need not range,
  Nor search the ancient records of our race,
To learn the dire effects of time and change,
  Which in ourselves, alas! we daily trace,
Yet at the darkened eye, the withered face,
  Or hoary hair, I never will repine:
But spare, O Time, whate'er of mental grace,
  Of candour, love, or sympathy divine,
Whate'er of fancy's ray, or friendship's flame is mine.

[1] In a letter to Dr. Blacklock, dated Aberdeen, 20th May, 1767, Beattie explains the design of his poem:—"The subject was suggested by a dissertation on the old minstrels, which is prefixed to a collection of ballads lately published by Dodsley in three volumes. I propose to give an account of the birth, education, and adventures of one of those bards; in which I shall have full scope for description, sentiment, satire, and even a certain species of humour and of pathos, which, in the opinion of my great master, are by no means inconsistent, as is evident from his works. My hero is to be born in the South of Scotland; which you know was the native land of the English minstrels; I mean, of those minstrels who travelled into England, and supported themselves there by singing their ballads to the harp. His father is a shepherd. The son will have a natural taste for music and the beauties of nature; which, however, languishes for want of culture, till in due time he meets with a hermit, who gives him some instruction; but endeavours to check his genius for poetry and adventures, by representing the happiness of obscurity and solitude, and the bad reception which poetry has met with in almost every age. The poor swain acquiesces in this advice, and resolves to follow his father's employment."

[2] See Plato's *Timæus*.

So I, obsequious to Truth's dread command,
Shall here without reluctance change my lay,
And smite the Gothic lyre with harsher hand;
Now when I leave that flowery path for aye
Of childhood, where I sported many a day,
Warbling and sauntering carelessly along;
Where every face was innocent and gay,
Each vale romantic, tuneful every tongue,
Sweet, wild, and artless all, as Edwin's infant song.

"Perish the lore that deadens young desire,"
Is the soft tenor of my song no more.
Edwin, though loved of Heaven, must not aspire
To bliss, which mortals never knew before.
On trembling wings let youthful fancy soar,
Nor always haunt the sunny realms of joy:
But now and then the shades of life explore;
Though many a sound and sight of woe annoy,
And many a qualm of care his rising hopes destroy.

Vigour from toil, from trouble patience grows.
The weakly blossom, warm in summer bower,
Some tints of transient beauty may disclose;
But soon it withers in the chilling hour.
Mark yonder oaks! Superior to the power
Of all the warring winds of heaven they rise,
And from the stormy promontory tower,
And toss their giant arms amid the skies,
While each assailing blast increase of strength supplies.

And now the downy cheek and deepened voice
Gave dignity to Edwin's blooming prime;
And walks of wider circuit were his choice,
And vales more wild, and mountains more sublime.
One evening, as he framed the careless rhyme,
It was his chance to wander far abroad,
And o'er a lonely eminence to climb,
Which heretofore his foot had never trode;
A vale appeared below, a deep retired abode.

Thither he hied, enamoured of the scene.
For rocks on rocks piled, as by magic spell,
Here scorched with lightning, there with ivy green,
Fenced from the north and east this savage dell.
Southward a mountain rose with easy swell,
Whose long long groves eternal murmur made;
And toward the western sun a streamlet fell,
Where, through the cliffs, the eye, remote, surveyed
Blue hills, and glittering waves, and skies in gold arrayed.

Along this narrow valley you might see
The wild deer sporting on the meadow ground.
And, here and there, a solitary tree,
Or mossy stone, or rock with woodbine crowned.
Oft did the cliffs reverberate the sound
Of parted fragments tumbling from on high;
And from the summit of that craggy mound
The perching eagle oft was heard to cry,
Or on resounding wings to shoot athwart the sky.

One cultivated spot there was, that spread
Its flowery bosom to the noonday beam,
Where many a rosebud rears its blushing head,
And herbs for food with future plenty teem.
Soothed by the lulling sound of grove and stream,
Romantic visions swarm on Edwin's soul:
He minded not the sun's last trembling gleam,
Nor heard from far the twilight curfew toll;
When slowly on his ear these moving accents stole:

"Hail, awful scenes, that calm the troubled breast,
And woo the weary to profound repose!
Can passion's wildest uproar lay to rest,
And whisper comfort to the man of woes!
Here Innocence may wander, safe from foes,
And Contemplation soar on seraph wings.
O Solitude! the man who thee foregoes,
When lucre lures him, or ambition stings,
Shall never know the source whence real grandeur springs.

"Vain man! is grandeur given to gay attire?
Then let the butterfly thy pride upbraid:
To friends, attendants, armies, bought with hire?
It is thy weakness that requires their aid:
To palaces, with gold and gems inlaid?
They fear the thief, and tremble in the storm:
To hosts, through carnage who to conquest wade?
Behold the victor vanquished by the worm!
Behold, what deeds of woe the locust can perform!

"True dignity is his whose tranquil mind
Virtue has raised above the things below;
Who, every hope and fear to Heaven resigned,
Shrinks not, though Fortune aim her deadliest blow.
This strain from 'midst the rocks was heard to flow
In solemn sounds. Now beamed the evening star;
And from embattled clouds emerging slow
Cynthia came riding on her silver car;
And hoary mountain-cliffs shone faintly from afar.

Soon did the solemn voice its theme renew;
(While Edwin wrapt in wonder listening stood)
"Ye tools and toys of tyranny, adieu,
Scorn'd by the wise, and hated by the good!
Ye only can engage the servile brood
Of Levity and Lust, who all their days,
Ashamed of truth and liberty, have wooed
And hugged the chain that, glittering on their gaze,
Seems to outshine the pomp of heaven's empyreal blaze.

"Like them, abandoned to Ambition's sway,
I sought for glory in the paths of guile;
And fawned and smiled, to plunder and betray,
Myself betrayed and plundered all the while;
So knawed the viper the corroding file:
But now, with pangs of keen remorse, I rue
Those years of trouble and debasement vile.
Yet why should I this cruel theme pursue?
Fly, fly, detested thoughts, for ever from my view!

"The gusts of appetite, the clouds of care,
And storms of disappointment, all o'erpast,
Henceforth no earthly hope with Heaven shall share
This heart, where peace serenely shines at last.
And if for me no treasure be amassed,
And if no future age shall hear my name,
I lurk the more secure from fortune's blast,
And with more leisure feed this pious flame,
Whose rapture far transcends the fairest hopes of fame.

"The end and the reward of toil is rest.
Be all my prayer for virtue and for peace.
Of wealth and fame, of pomp and power possessed,
Who ever felt his weight of woe decrease?
Ah! what avails the lore of Rome and Greece,
The lay heaven-prompted, and harmonious string,
The dust of Ophir, or the Tyrian fleece,
All that art, fortune, enterprise, can bring,
If envy, scorn, remorse, or pride the bosom wring.

"Let Vanity adorn the marble tomb
With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of renown,
In the deep dungeon of some Gothic dome,
Where night and desolation ever frown.
Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down;
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook or fountain's murmuring wave;
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave.

"And thither let the village swain repair:
And, light of heart, the village maiden gay,
To deck with flowers her half-dishevelled hair,
And celebrate the merry morn of May.
There let the shepherd's pipe the live-long day
Fill all the grove with love's bewitching woe;
And when mild Evening comes in mantle gray,
Let not the blooming band make haste to go;
No ghost, nor spell, my long and last abode shall know.

"For though I fly to 'scape from Fortune's rage,
And bear the scars of envy, spite, and scorn,
Yet with mankind no horrid war I wage,
Yet with no impious spleen my breast is torn:
For virtue lost, and ruined man, I mourn.
O man! creation's pride, Heaven's darling child,
Whom Nature's best, divinest gifts adorn,
Why from thy home are truth and joy exiled,
And all thy favourite haunts with blood and tears defiled?

"Along yon glittering sky what glory streams!
What majesty attends Night's lovely queen!
Fair laugh our valleys in the vernal beams;
And mountains rise, and oceans roll between,
And all conspire to beautify the scene.
But, in the mental world, what chaos drear!
What forms of mournful, loathsome, furious mien!
O when shall that eternal morn appear,
These dreadful forms to chase, this chaos dark to clear?

"O Thou, at whose creative smile yon heaven,
In all the pomp of beauty, life, and light,
Rose from th' abyss; when dark confusion, driven
Down down the bottomless profound of night,
Fled, where he ever flies Thy piercing sight!
O glance on these sad shades one pitying ray,
To blast the fury of oppressive might,
Melt the hard heart to love and mercy's sway,
And cheer the wandering soul, and light him on the way!"

Silence ensued: and Edwin raised his eyes
In tears, for grief lay heavy at his heart.
"And is it thus in courtly life," he cries,
"That man to man acts a betrayer's part?
And dares he thus the gifts of Heaven pervert,
Each social instinct, and sublime desire?
Hail Poverty, if honour, wealth, and art,
If what the great pursue, and learned admire,
Thus dissipate and quench the soul's ethereal fire!"

He said, and turned away; nor did the sage
O'erhear, in silent orisons employed.
The youth, his rising sorrow to assuage,
Home as he hied, the evening scene enjoyed:
For now no cloud obscures the starry void;
The yellow moonlight sleeps on all the hills;[1]
Nor is the mind with startling sounds annoyed,
A soothing murmur the lone region fills,
Of groves, and dying gales, and melancholy rills.

OH FAIREST OF THE RURAL MAIDS.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Oh fairest of the rural maids!
Thy birth was in the forest shades;
Green boughs and glimpses of the sky
Were all that met thine infant eye.

Thy sports, thy wanderings, when a child,
Were ever in the sylvan wild;
And all the beauty of the place
Is in thy heart and on thy face.

The twilight of the trees and rocks
Is in the light shade of thy locks;
Thy step is as the wind that weaves
Its playful way among the leaves.

Thine eyes are springs, in whose serene
And silent waters heaven is seen;
Their lashes are the herbs that look
On their young figures in the brook.

The forest depths by foot unpressed,
Are not more sinless than thy breast;
The holy peace, that fills the air
Of those calm solitudes, is there.

[1] How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
—*Shakspeare.*

CHARACTERISTICS OF HEBREW POETRY.

[Rev. George Gilfillan, born at Comrie, Perthshire, 1813. When he completed his studies he was appointed to the charge of the Schoolwynd Church, Dundee, which he retained till his death in 1878. As a minister of the gospel, poet, critic, lecturer, and miscellaneous writer, Mr. Gilfillan earned extensive reputation in this country and America. Gifted with great energy of character, his influence was felt in many departments of literature, and his sympathy for all worthy aspirations made him the early friend of several men who afterwards distinguished themselves in art and letters. His chief works are: *The Gallery of Literary Portraits*, two series; *Bards of the Bible* (from which we quote); *The Scottish Covenanters; The Fatherhood of God; The History of a Man; Christianity and our Era; Alpha and Omega*, sermons; *Night*, a poem; Prefaces to an edition of the *British Poets*, in 48 vols.; a *Life of Scott*, &c. &c.]

Many thoughts find, after beating about for, natural analogies—they strain a tribute. The thought of genius precedes its image, only as the flash of the lightning, the roar of the near thunder; nay, they often seem identical. Now, the images of Scripture are peculiarly of this description. The connection between them and their wedded thoughts seems necessary. With this is closely connected the naturalness of Scripture figure. No critical reproach is more common, or more indiscriminate, than that which imputes to writers want of nature. For nature is often a conventional term. What is as natural to one man as to breathe, would be, and seems, to another the spasm of imbecile agony. Consequently, the ornate writer cannot often believe himself ornate, cannot help thinking and speaking in figure, and is astonished to hear elaboration imputed to passages which have been literally each the work of an hour. But all modern styles are more or less artificial. Their fire is in part a false fire. The spirit of those unnaturally excited ages, rendered feverish by luxuries, by stimulants, by uncertainties, by changes, and by raging speculation, has blown sevenfold their native ardour, and rendered its accurate analysis difficult. Whereas, the fire of the Hebrews—a people living on corn, water, or milk—sitting under their vine, but seldom tasting its juice—dwelling alone, and not reckoned among the nations—surrounded by customs and manners ancient and unchangeable as the mountains,—a fire fed chiefly by the aspects of their scenery, the force of their piety, the influences of their climate, the forms of their worship, and the memories of their past—was a fire entirely natural, and the figures used come forth in quick and impetuous flow. There is scarcely any artifice or even art in their use. Hebrew art went no farther than to construct a simple form of versification. The management of figures, in what numbers they should be introduced, from what objects drawn, to what length expanded, how often repeated, and how so set as to *tell* most powerfully, was beyond or beneath it. Enough that the ardent Hebrew bosom was never empty, that the fire was always there ready to fill every channel presented to it, and to change every object it met into its own nature.

The figures of the Hebrews were very numerous. Their country, indeed, was limited in extent, and the objects it contained, consequently, rather marked than manifold. But the "mind is its own place," and from that land flowing with milk and honey, what a rich *herbarium*, *aviary*,[1] *menagerie*, have the Bards of the Bible collected and consecrated to God! We recall not our former word, that they have ransacked *creation* in the sweep of their genius; for all the bold features and main elements of the world, enhanced in effect, too, by the force of enthusiasm, and shown in a light which is not of the earth, are to be found in them. Their images are never forced out, nor are they sprinkled over the page with a chariness, savouring more of poverty than of taste, but hurry forth, thick and intertangled, like sparks from the furnace. Each figure, too, proceeding as it does, not from the playful mint of fancy, but from the solemn forge of imagination, seems sanctified in its birth, an awful and holy, as well as a lovely thing. The flowers laid on God's altar have indeed been gathered in the gardens and wildernesses of earth, but the dew and the divinity of heaven are resting on every bud and blade. It seems less a human tribute than a selection from the God-like rendered back to God.

We name, as a second characteristic of Hebrew poetry, its simplicity. This approaches the degree of artlessness. The Hebrew poets were, indeed, full-grown and stern men, but they united with this quality a certain child-likeness, for which, at least, in all its simpli-

[1] "Aviary"—consisting of the ostrich, the eagle, the hawk, the raven, the dove, the stork, the swallow, the crane, the sparrow, the cock, the hen, the vulture, the kite, the pelican, the ossifrage, the osprey, the owl, the night-hawk, the cuckoo, the cormorant, the swan, the heron, the gier-eagle, the lapwing, the bat, &c. All these and more are mentioned in Scripture, and most of them are alluded to in its poetry.

city, we may search other literatures in vain. We find this in their selection of topics. Subjects exceedingly delicate, and, to fastidious civilization, offensive, are occasionally alluded to with a plainness of speech springing from perfect innocence of intention. The language of Scripture, like the finger of the sun, touches uncleanness, and remains pure. "Who can touch pitch, and not be defiled?" The quiet, holy hand of a Moses or an Ezekiel *can*. The proof is, that none of the descriptions they give us of sin have ever inflamed the most inflammable imagination. Men read the 20th chapter of Leviticus, and the 23d of Ezekiel, precisely as they witness the unwitting actions of a child; nay, they feel their moral sense strengthened and purified by such passages. The Jewish writers manifest this simplicity, too, in the extreme width and homeliness of their imagery. They draw their images from all that interests man, or that bears the faintest reflection of the face of God. The willow by the watercourses, and the cedar on Lebanon —the coney and the leviathan—the widow's cruse of oil, and Sinai's fiery summit—the sower overtaking the reaper, and God coming from Teman and from Paran—Jael's tent-nail, and Elijah's fiery chariot—boys and girls playing in the streets of Jerusalem, and those angels that are spirits, and those ministers that are flames of fire; yea, meaner objects than any of these are selected impartially to illustrate the great truths which are the subjects of their song. The path of every true poet should be the path of the sun-rays, which, secure in their own purity and directness, pass fearlessly through all deep, dark, intricate, or unholy places—equally illustrate the crest of a serpent and the wing of a bird—pause on the summit of an ant-hillock, as on the brow of Mont Blanc—take up as a "little thing" alike the crater and the shed tress of the pine —and after they have, in one wide charity, embraced all shaped and sentient things, expend their waste strength and beauty upon the inane space beyond. Thus does the imagination of the Hebrew bard count no subject too low, and none too high, for its comprehensive and incontrollable sweep.

Unconsciousness we hold to be the highest style of simplicity and of genius. It has been said, indeed, by a high authority (the late John Sterling), that men of genius are conscious, not of what is peculiar in the individual, but of what is universal in the race: of what characterizes not a man, but Man—not of their own individual genius, but of God, as moving within their minds. Yet, what in reality is this, but the unconsciousness for which we would contend? When we say that men of genius, in their highest moods, are unconscious, we mean, not that these men become the mere tubes through which a foreign influence descends, but that certain lofty emotions or ideas so fill and possess them, as to produce temporary forgetfulness of themselves, except as the passive though intelligent instruments of the feeling or the thought. It is true, that afterwards self may suggest the reflection—"the fact that *we* have been selected to receive and convey such melodies proves our breadth and fitness; it is from the oak, not the reed, that the wind elicits its deepest music." But, first, this thought never takes place at the same time with the true afflatus, and is almost inconsistent with its presence. It is a mere after inference; an inference, secondly, which is not always made; nay, thirdly, an inference which is often rejected, when the poet off the stool feels tempted to regard with suspicion or shuddering disgust the results of his raptured hour of inspiration. Milton seems to have shrunk back at the retrospect of the height he had reached in the "Paradise Lost," and preferred his "Paradise Regained." Shakspeare, on the other hand, having wrought his tragic miracles, under a more entire self-abandonment, becomes, in his sonnets, owing to a reflex act of sagacity, aware of what feats he had done. Bunyan is carried on through all the stages of his immortal Pilgrimage like a child in the leading-strings of his nurse; but, after looking back upon its completed course, begins, with all the harmless vanity of a child (see his prefatory poem to the second part), to *crow* over the achievement. Thus all gifted spirits do best when they "know not what they do." The boy Tell "was great, *nor knew* how great he was."

But, if this be true of men of genius, it is still more characteristic of the Bards of the Bible; for they possess perfect passive reception in the moment of their utterance, and have given no symptoms of that after self-satisfaction which it were hard to call, and harder to distinguish from, literary vanity. We shudder at the thought of Isaiah weighing his "burdens" over against the odes of Deborah or David; or of Ezekiel measuring his intellectual stature with that of Daniel. Like many evening rivers of different bulks and channels, but descending from one chain of mountains, swollen by one rain, and meeting in one valley, do those mighty Prophets lift up their unequal, unemulous, unconscious, but harmonious and heaven-seeking voices.

We notice next the *boldness*, which is not inferior to the beauty of their speech. They use liberties, and dare darings, which make us tremble. One is reminded, while reading their words, of the unhinged intellect of the aged King of England, loosened from all law, delivered from all fear, having cast off every weight of custom, conventionalism, and reason, ranging at large, a fire-winged energy, free of the universe, exposing all the abuses of society, and asking strange and unbidden questions at the Deity himself. Thus, not in frenzy, but in the height of the privilege of their peculiar power, do the Hebrew Prophets often turn their argument and expostulation up from earth to heaven—from Man to God. Hear the words of Jeremiah—"O the Hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in time of trouble, why shouldst thou be as a stranger in the land, and as a wayfaring man, that turneth aside to tarry for a night? Why shouldst thou be as a man astonied, as a mighty man that cannot save? Do not abhor us, for thy name's sake. Do not *disgrace the throne of thy glory.*" Or hear Job—"I know now that God hath overthrown me, and hath compassed me with his net. Behold I cry out of *wrong*, but I am not heard. I cry aloud, but there is *no* judgment. Why do ye persecute me *as God*, and are not satisfied with my flesh?" Or listen to Jonah's irony, thrown up in the very nostrils of Jehovah—"I *knew* that thou art a gracious God, and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repentest thee of the evil; *therefore*, now, O Lord, take, I beseech thee, my life from me." These expressions, amid many similar, suggest the memory of those sublimest of uninspired wo

> "Ye heavens,
> If ye do love old men, if your sweet sway
> Hallow obedience, if *yourselves are old*,
> Make it your cause, avenge me of my daughters."

Surely, there is in such words no irreverence or blasphemy. Nay, on those moments, when prayer and prophecy transcend themselves, when the divine within, by the agony of its earnestness, is stung up almost to the measure and the stature of the divine above—when the Soul rises in its majestic wrath, like "thunder heard remote"—is it not then that men have reached all but the highest point of elevation possible to them on earth, and felt as if they saw "God face to face, nor yet were blasted by his brow?" Very different, however, this spirit from that of some modern poets, who have "rushed in where angels fear to tread," and, under the mask of fiction, have taken the opportunity of venting their spleen or personal disgust in the face of God. Without entering on the great enigma of the "Faust," we question much if the effect of its opening scenes in heaven be not to produce a very pernicious feeling. Byron, again, at one time stands in the august presence-chamber, like a sulky, speechless fiend, and, at another, asks small uneasy questions, like an ill-conditioned child. Dante and Milton alone, on this high platform, unite a thorough consciousness of themselves, with a profound reverence for Him in whose presence they stand; they bend before, but do not shrivel up in his sight; they come slowly and softly, but do not steal into his presence. We must not stop to do more than allude to those modern caricaturists of Milton and Byron, who, in the guise of vast pietism, display a self-ignorance and self-conceit which are almost blasphemy, and who, as their plumes vaingloriously bristle up and broaden in the eye of Deity, and as their harsh ambitious scream rises in his ear, present a spectacle which we know not whether to call more ludicrous or more horrible.

But the boldness of the Hebrew Bards, which we panegyrize, extends to more than their expressions of religious emotion—it extends to all their sentiment, to their style, and to their bearing. "They know not to give flattering titles; in so doing," they feel "that their Maker would soon take them away." With God vertical over their head in all their motions, miserable courtiers and sycophants they would have made, even if such base avenues to success had been always open before them. They are the stern rebukers of wickedness in high places, the unhired advocates of the oppressed and the poor; and fully do they purchase a title to the charge of being "troublers of Israel," disturbing it as the hurricane the elements and haunts of the pestilence. All classes, from the King of Samaria to the drunkard of Ephraim—from the Babylonian Lucifer, son of the morning, to the meanest, mincing, and wanton-eyed daughter of Zion, with her round tire, like the moon—kings, priests, peasantry, goldsmiths, and carpenters—men and women, countrymen and foreigners, must listen and tremble, when they smite with their hand and stamp with their foot. In them the moral conscience of the people found an incarnation, and stood at the corner of every street, to deplore degeneracy, to expose imposture, to blast the pretences and the minions of despotism, to denounce every kind and degree of sin, and to

point with a finger which never shook, to the unrepealed code of Moses, and to the law written on the fleshly tablets of the heart, as the standards of rectitude. Where, in modern ages, can we find a class exerting or aspiring to such a province and such a power? Individuals of prophetic mood we have had. We have had a Milton, "wasting his life" in loud or silent protest against that age of "evil days and evil tongues" on which he had fallen. We have had a Cowper, lifting up "Expostulations," not unheard, to his degraded country. We have had an Edward Irving, his "neck clothed with thunder," and his loins girt with the "spirit and the power of Elias," pealing out harsh truth, till he sank down, wearied and silent in death. But we have not, and never have had, a class *anointed* and *consecrated* by the *hand of God* to the *utterance of eternal truth*, as *immediately taught them from behind and above*—speaking, moving, looking, gesticulating, and acting, "as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." Our poets have, in general, been beautiful reflectors of the Beautiful, elegant and tuneful minstrels, that could play well on an instrument, and that were to the world as a "very lovely song," —what else our Rogerses and Moores?—not men persecuted and chased into action and utterance, by the apparition behind them of the True. Our statesmen, as a class, have been cold temporizers, mistaking craft for wisdom, success for merit, and the putting off the evil day for success. Our mental philosophers have done little else than translate into ingenious jargon the eldest sentiments and intuitive knowledge of humanity—they have taught men to lisp of the Infinite by new methods, and to babble of the Eternal in terms elaborately and artistically feeble. Our preachers, as a body, have been barely faithful to their brief, and they have found that brief in the compass of a creed, rather than in the pages of the Bible. But our prophets, where are they? Where many who resemble those wild, wandering, but holy flames of fire, which once ran along the highways, the hills, and the market-places of Palestine? Instead, what find we? For the most part, an assortment of all varieties of scribbling, scheming, speculating, and preaching machines, the most active of whose movements form the strongest antithesis to true life. Even the prophet-seeming men among us display rather the mood than the insight of prophecy—rather its fire than its light, and rather its fury than its fire—rather a yearning after, than a feeling of, the stoop of the descending God. We are compelled to take the complaint of the ancient seer, with a yet bitterer feeling than his—

> "Our signs we do not now behold:
> There is not us among
> A prophet more, nor any one
> That knows the time how long."

And we must even return, and sit at the feet of those bards of Israel, who, apart from their supernatural pretensions—as teachers, as poets, as truthful and earnest men—stand as yet alone, unsurmounted and unapproached—the Himalayan Mountains of mankind.

PALINGENESIS.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

I lay upon the headland-height, and listened
To the incessant sobbing of the sea
In caverns under me,
And watched the waves, that tossed and fled and glistened,
Until the rolling meadows of amethyst
Melted away in mist.

Then suddenly, as one from sleep, I started;
For round about me all the sunny capes
Seemed peopled with the shapes
Of those whom I had known in days departed,
Apparelled in the loveliness which gleams
On faces seen in dreams.

A moment only, and the light and glory
Faded away, and the disconsolate shore
Stood lonely as before;
And the wild roses of the promontory
Around me shuddered in the wind, and shed
Their petals of pale red.

There was an old belief that in the embers
Of all things their primordial form exists,
And cunning alchemists
Could recreate the rose with all its members
From its own ashes, but without the bloom,
Without the lost perfume.

Ah me! what wonder-working, occult science
Can from the ashes in our hearts once more
The rose of youth restore?
What craft of alchemy can bid defiance
To time and change, and for a single hour
Renew this phantom-flower?

"O, give me back!" I cried, "the vanished splendours,
The breath of morn, and the exultant strife,
When the swift stream of life
Bounds o'er its rocky channel, and surrenders
The pond, with all its lilies, for the leap
Into the unknown deep!"

And the sea answered, with a lamentation,
Like some old prophet wailing, and it said,
"Alas! thy youth is dead!
It breathes no more, its heart has no pulsation;
In the dark places with the dead of old
It lies for ever cold!"

Then said I, "From its consecrated cerements
I will not drag this sacred dust again,
Only to give me pain;
But, still remembering all the lost endearments,
Go on my way, like one who looks before,
And turns to weep no more."

Into what land of harvests, what plantations
Bright with autumnal foliage and the glow
Of sunsets burning low;
Beneath what midnight skies, whose constellations
Light up the spacious avenues between
This world and the unseen!

Amid what friendly greetings and caresses,
What households, though not alien yet not mine,
What bowers of rest divine;
To what temptations in lone wildernesses,
What famine of the heart, what pain and loss,
The bearing of what cross!

I do not know; nor will I vainly question
Those pages of the mystic book which hold
The story still untold,
But without rash conjecture or suggestion
Turn its last leaves in reverence and good heed,
Until "The End" I read.

STORY OF TWO HIGHLANDERS.

BY JAMES HOGG.

On the banks of the Albany River, which falls into Hudson's Bay, there is, amongst others, a small colony settled, which is mostly made up of emigrants from the Highlands of Scotland. Though the soil of the valleys contiguous to the river is exceedingly rich and fertile, yet the winter being so long and severe, these people do not labour too incessantly in agriculture, but depend for the most part upon their skill in hunting and fishing for their subsistence—there being commonly abundance of both game and fish.

Two young kinsmen, both Macdonalds, went out one day into these boundless woods to hunt, each of them armed with a well-charged gun in his hand, and a skene-dhu, or Highland dirk, by his side. They shaped their course towards a small stream, which descends from the mountains to the north-west of the river, on the banks of which they knew there were still a few wild swine remaining; and of all other creatures they wished most to meet with one of them, little doubting but that they would overcome even a pair of them, if chance would direct them to their lurking-places. though they were reported to be so remarkable both for their strength and ferocity. They were not at all successful, having neglected the common game in searching for these animals; and a little before sunset they returned homeward, without having shot anything save one wild turkey. But when they least expected it, to their infinite joy they discovered a deep pit or cavern, which contained a large litter of fine half-grown pigs, and none of the old ones with them. This was a prize indeed; so, without losing a moment, Donald said to the other, "Mack, you pe te littlest man—creep you in and durk te little sows, and I'll pe keeping vatch at te door." Mack complied without hesitation, gave his gun to Donald, unsheathed his skene-dhu, and crept into the cave head foremost; but after he was all out of sight, save the brogues, he stopped short, and called back, "But Lord, Tonald, pe sure to keep out te ould ones."—"Tont you pe fearing tat, man," said Donald.

"The cave was deep, but there was abundance of room in the further end, where Mack, with his sharp skene-dhu, now commenced the work of death. He was scarcely well begun, when Donald perceived a monstrous wild boar advancing upon him, roaring, and grinding his tusks, while the fire of rage gleamed from his eyes. Donald said not a word for fear of alarming his friend; besides, the savage was so hard upon him ere he was aware, he scarcely had time for anything: so setting himself firm, and cocking his gun, he took his aim; but, that the shot might prove the more certain death, he suffered the boar to come within a few paces of him before he ventured to fire; he at last drew the fatal trigger, expecting to blow out his eyes, brains and all. Merciful Heaven!—the gun missed fire, or flashed in the pan, I am not sure which. There was no time to lose—Donald dashed the piece in the animal's face, turned his back, and fled with precipitation. The boar pursued him only for a short space, for having heard the cries of his suffering young ones as he passed the mouth of the den, he hasted back to their rescue. Most men would have given all up for lost. It was not so with Donald—Mack's life was at stake. As soon as he observed the monster return from pursuing him, Donald faced about, and pursued

him in his turn, but having, before this, from the horror of being all torn to pieces, run rather too far without looking back, the boar had by that oversight got considerably ahead of him —Donald strained every nerve—uttered some piercing cries—and even for all his haste, did not forget to implore assistance from heaven. His prayer was short, but pithy—"O Lord! puir Mack! puir Mack!" said Donald, in a loud voice, while the tears gushed from his eyes. In spite of all his efforts the enraged animal reached the mouth of the den before him, and entered. It was, however, too narrow for him to walk in on all-four; he was obliged to drag himself in as Mack had done before, and, of course, his hind feet lost their hold of the ground. At this important crisis Donald overtook him—laid hold of his large long tail—wrapped it round both his hands—set his feet to the bank, and held back in the utmost desperation.

Mack, who was all unconscious of what was going on above ground, wondered how he came to be involved in utter darkness in a moment. He waited a little while, thinking that Donald was only playing a trick upon him, but the most profound obscurity still continuing, he at length bawled out, "Tonald, man, Tonald—phat is it that'll ay pe stoping te light?" Donald was too much engaged, and too breathless, to think of making any reply to Mack's impertinent question, till the latter, having waited in vain a considerable time for an answer, repeated it in a louder cry. Donald's famous laconic answer, which perhaps never was, nor ever will be equalled, has often been heard of—"Tonald, man, Tonald—I say phat is it that'll ay pe stoping te light?" bellowed Mack—"Should te tail preak, you'll fin' tat," said Donald.

Donald continued the struggle, and soon began to entertain hopes of ultimate success. When the boar pulled to get in, Donald held back; and when he struggled to get back again, Donald set his shoulder to his large buttocks, and pushed him in: and in this position he kept him, until he got an opportunity of giving him some deadly stabs with his skene-dhu behind the short rib, which soon terminated his existence.

Our two young friends by this adventure realized a valuable prize, and secured so much excellent food, that it took them several days to get it conveyed home. During the long winter nights, while the family were regaling themselves on the hams of the great wild boar, often was the above tale related, and as often applauded and laughed at.

PRESTON MILLS.

[Ebenezer Elliot, born near Rotherham, Yorkshire, 17th March, 1781; died at Barnsley, 1st December, 1842. He became famous by his rhymes against the corn-laws, and his songs illustrative of the struggles of the poor. He was popularly known as the "Corn-law Rhymer."]

The day was fair, the cannon roared,
Cold blew the bracing north,
And Preston's mills by thousands poured
Their little captives forth.

All in their best they paced the street,
All glad that they were free;
And sung a song with voices sweet—
They sung of liberty!

But from their lips the rose had fled,
Like "death-in-life" they smiled;
And still, as each passed by, I said,
Alas! is that a child?

Flags waved, and men—a ghastly crew—
Marched with them, side by side;
While, hand in hand, and two by two,
They moved—a living tide.

Thousands and thousands—oh, so white!
With eyes so glazed and dull!
Alas! it was indeed a sight
Too sadly beautiful!

And, oh, the pang their voices gave
Refuses to depart!
"This is a wailing for the grave!"
I whispered to my heart.

It was as if, where roses blushed,
A sudden, blasting gale
O'er fields of bloom had rudely rushed,
And turned the roses pale.

It was as if, in glen and grove,
The wild birds sadly sung;
And every linnet mourned its love,
And every thrush its young.

It was as if, in dungeon-gloom,
Where chained despair reclined,
A sound came from the living tomb,
And hymned the passing wind.

And while they sang, and though they smiled,
My soul groaned heavily—
Oh, who would be or have a child!
A mother who would be!

SOLDIERS' WIVES.[1]

[Archibald Forbes, born in Morayshire, 1838. Journalist and miscellaneous writer. He served several years in a cavalry regiment, and his knowledge of a soldier's life proved useful to him when, as special correspondent for the *Daily News*, he accompanied the German army throughout the late war with France. His works are: *Drawn from Life*, a military novel; *My Experiences of the War between France and Germany*; and *Soldiering and Scribbling*, a series of sketches from which we quote—published by H. S. King & Co. He writes with humour, ease, and much descriptive power.]

In our regimental library I am unable to find any information as to whether the wives of Roman soldiers dwelt in the Prætorium, the Castrum, or the Vallum. Nor have I been more successful in gathering any details as to the early history of the wife of the British soldier—when she first became a recognized institution in the service, and what was the nature of the first privileges accorded to her. I requested a friend in London to make some inquiry on the subject at head-quarters, but the result was by no means encouraging. He went first to the War Office, whence they sent him to the Horse Guards. But the Horse Guards "did not know,—you know," and so he came empty away. So I leave to some one else, with better opportunities, the task of dealing with the historical part of the subject, and with no affectation of regret because of the narrowing of my bounds, I will confine myself to narrating what has come under my own observation since I joined Her Majesty's service, with respect to the condition, habits, morality, and manner of life generally of the private soldier's wife.

It was before I became an unit in the muster-roll of Britain's defenders, that the women of the regiment who were married with leave—technically, "on the strength"—lived, without exception, in the barrack-room among the men. There were commonly a married couple in each room. To them, through long consuetude, was assigned the corner farthest from the door. No matter what their number in family might be, they were allowed but two single bedsteads and two men's room. No privacy of any kind was afforded them, save what they could contrive for themselves; and the married soldier was wont to rig up around his matrimonial bower an environment of canvas screening, something over six feet high, and inclosing a very little domain of floor-space in addition to that occupied by the two beds, placed together. In most regiments the "woman of the room" cooked for the room at the fireplace therein, in return for which office it was customary for a "mess" to be cut off for her out of the men's rations; for in the days of which I am speaking married couples were entitled to no rations—this arrangement is one of the beneficent outcomes of the commissariat system. The married man was put out of mess, and he had wherewithal to maintain himself and his family nothing save his bare pay, in addition to anything that the wife might earn.

The very idea of a married couple living and sleeping in a common room with a dozen or more of single men, partitioned off but by a flimsy curtain, is outrageously repulsive to our sense of decency. One may well be struck with wonderment that the arrangement should have been left uninterfered with so long. When the soldier got married in those times he strained every effort, it is true, gradually to acclimatize his wife to the barrack-room, fresh as she was, in many cases, from a quiet country cottage, or from service in a decent family. He was wont to take lodgings outside for the first week of the married life, so that at least the earliest quarter of the honeymoon should be invested with some of the sacred privacy of which there was to be so little afterwards. But men have told me how they have seen a pure girl brought straight from the church to the barrack-room corner, and the tremor of mortal shame that overwhelmed her. It wore off, as most things of the kind mercifully do wear off, under exposure to the chafe of custom and necessity; but the bride's blushes for herself fell to be renewed at an after period on the tanned cheek of the mother.

Children were not, indeed, born in the corner; the woman, when her time was near at hand, was removed to lodgings outside, where, at her husband's expense, she tarried till her recovery; but in the corner daughters grew from childhood to girlhood, with but the screen between them and the men outside. When a daughter fell out of place, all the home she had to come to was the corner; and it was noways uncommon for grown women to sleep therein, on the top of the chest, alongside the bed of their parents. When the family was large,

[1] The article under this heading is one of a series contributed to *St. Paul's Magazine* under the signature of "A Private Dragoon." The condition of the soldier's wife has been considerably improved during Mr. Cardwell's tenure of office. A recent order enacts the beneficent provision that threepence a day may be deducted from the soldier's pay for the maintenance of his wife, even if he has married "without leave."

living, or at all events sleeping, in the corner, was little better than pigging, strictly limited as the authorized sleeping accommodation was to the two narrow regulation bedsteads. The woman used to dispose of her boys in the vacant beds of soldiers who were on duty; but in the case of girls there was nothing for it but close packing behind the screen.

Bad as all this was—disgusting in theory, and repulsive, in many respects, in practice—there were in it, strange as it may seem, some compensatory elements of good. Although the woman had to reconcile herself, with what contentment she might, to a life that perpetually violated the instincts of womanhood, she simply became blunted, not degraded. In proportion as she lived in public, she felt herself amenable to public opinion as represented by the little world of her room; and lowly as her sphere was, and rough as too often became her manners and speech, underneath the skin-deep blemishes there lay self-respect and discretion. She would take her share of a gallon of porter at the common table, but she durst not get drunk, conscious as she was of the critics of her conduct around her. And she made the barrack-room more of a home—of a family circle—than it is to-day. The men of her room looked upon her in some such light as they would upon a sister keeping house for them. On a change of quarters they always struggled hard to keep their coterie together, with the same woman for its presiding genius. She humanized the barrack-room with the sacred influence of her true if somewhat rough womanhood. There was far less profanity among the men then than there is now; and that obscenity of habitual expression which must startle and shock any visitor to the barrack-room of to-day, was unknown then, quelled wholly by the woman within hearing. Ruffians there were in the service then as there are now, and an outbreak of foul language sometimes came from the lips of one of them. But he was sternly put down and silenced; if a hint from an old soldier, and the finger pointed toward the screen did not suffice, a straight right-hander formed a ready and very convincing argument.

The woman was a kindly, motherly soul to the forlorn "cruitie," and would cheer him up with homely words of encouragement as he sat on his bed-iron mopingly thinking of home. She was always obliging if you entreated her civilly, whether to sew on a button or lend a shilling. If she was anything of a scholar, to her fell the office of letter-writer-general for the fellows whose penmanship had been neglected in early days, and thus she became the repository of not a few confidences, which she scorned to violate. Sometimes, as an especial favour, she would allow a man to bring his sweetheart on a Sunday afternoon to a modest tea within the screen in the corner; and if friends came from a distance to see one of "her men," the married woman was always ready to do her best for the credit's sake of the hospitality of her room. There can be little doubt that fewer scandals were current in those days about married women than there are now, and I question much whether, accepting the roughness of the husk as a necessary outcome of their situation, the women who dwelt in the corners were not more genuine at the core than are the ladies who now inhabit the married quarters.

Besides the evils I have alluded to, there was another connected with the position of the former that must not be forgotten. Soldiers are very fond of children, but are apt to look upon them in the light rather of monkeys than of creatures with souls in their little bodies. So the imps grew up tutored in all manner of tricks—developing a weird precocity in tossing off a basinful of porter and smoking the blackest of pipes, and using not the most choice language. Mostly they went either into the band of the regiment, or into one of the military schools; and thus, under the old long-service regime, the country had an hereditary soldiery, not a few of whom, born at the foot of the regimental ladder, have climbed up it no inconsiderable distance.

In the days I now speak of, there were few railways save some of the great trunk lines. When a regiment went on the line of march, the women rode on the accompanying baggage-waggons, with their brats stowed away in odd corners among the other miscellaneous goods and chattels, and went to their husband's billet, if the people were willing to admit them—as, to their credit, they mostly were. When they were not, the husband had to find lodgings for his wife somewhere else; and when the funds were low, it was customary for women to be smuggled into the hay-loft above the troop-horses, and sometimes even to bivouac on the lee-side of a hedge. To some extent the railways entailed an additional charge on the married soldier's slender purse. He had always had to pay for his baggage; for the chest or two, the feather bed,—if the couple had got that length in prosperity,—and the few feminine belongings which the wife could call her own; but now the husband had to pay for the warrant under which his wife and

family were conveyed by rail. Within the last ten years, however, "baggage-funds" have been formed in most regiments, the proceeds of which go far to meet the travelling charges of the women and children of the regiment. In the days I refer to, if women had to live outside the barracks because of want of room inside, there was no allowance in the shape of lodging-money. The first grant of this was made, I think, in 1852, and consisted of one penny a day, paid quarterly. It was gradually increased, till now I believe the allowance is fourpence per day.

This may be taken as a rough epitome of the condition of the soldier's wife up till the end of 1848, or the beginning of 1849. About that period, I think, through some troubles in the financial world, an exceptional number of better-class men joined the service, and struck with the indecency of the arrangement then in force, not a few sent in anonymous complaints to the Horse Guards; others, through the press, stimulated public opinion to demand a change, and the authorities sluggishly complied. The reform was not carried through with any great promptitude, for I have heard of women living in the barrack-rooms after the Crimean war. But the change was made in the regiment to which I belonged in the year 1849. It was no great change for the better. Into one attic in Christchurch Barracks seven families were huddled pell-mell. No more arrangements for privacy were made than had existed in the common barrack-rooms. Each separate *ménage* was curtained off by what may be styled private enterprise. There was but one fireplace in the room, and the women squabbled vehemently over their turns for cooking, and were forced to have recourse to the fires in the men's barrack-rooms.

The moral and social tone was visibly deteriorated under this arrangement below that which had characterized the common barrack-room. The women, congregated as they were, and with no check upon them, were too prone to club for gin, and conviviality was chequered with quarrels, into which the husbands were not unfrequently drawn. There was a perceptible growth of coarseness of tone among both the women and the men, that became actual grossness; and I question if a young woman, with some of Nature's modesty clinging to her, did not have it more violently outraged in this congeries of married couples than would have been the case in the old corner-of-the-barrack-room arrangement. Of this at least I am certain, that with ominous rapidity she learned to talk, and would submit to be jeered on subjects which were ignored under the old system.

The over-crowding, also, which was all but universal, was physically injurious to both adults and children. The latter did not count in allocating quarters. I have known ten families in one long room in Weedon Barracks. Eight families in a hut in the North Camp at Aldershot was nothing uncommon. But a better *régime* is now rapidly obtaining. There are few barracks now which do not contain married quarters; where each couple have a room to themselves. I know not whether the inception of this new system was due to our gracious Queen, but the rapidity with which married quarters have become all but universal is certainly owing in the main to her womanly sympathy with her sex.

THE CHILD'S WISH IN JUNE.

[Mrs. Caroline (Howard) Gilman, born in Boston, America, 8th October, 1794. Novelist, poet, and miscellaneous writer. She is best known by her *Recollections of a New England Housekeeper*, and *Recollections of a Southern Matron;* but she has written and edited numerous other works, amongst which are *Jephthah's Rash Vow*, and *Jairus's Daughter*, poems; *Tales and Ballads; Verses of a Life Time; Ruth Raymond*, and *Vernon Grove*, novels.]

Mother, mother, the winds are at play,
Prithee, let me be idle to-day.
Look, dear mother, the flowers all lie
Languidly under the bright blue sky.
See, how slowly the streamlet glides;
Look, how the violet roguishly hides;
Even the butterfly rests on the rose,
And scarcely sips the sweets as he goes.
Poor Tray is asleep in the noon-day sun,
And the flies go about him one by one;
And pussy sits near with a sleepy grace,
Without ever thinking of washing her face.
There flies a bird to a neighbouring tree,
But very lazily flieth he,
And he sits and twitters a gentle note,
That scarcely ruffles his little throat.

You bid me be busy; but, mother, hear
How the hum-drum grasshopper soundeth near,
And the soft west wind is so light in its play,
It scarcely moves a leaf on the spray.

I wish, oh, I wish, I was yonder cloud,
That sails about with its misty shroud;
Books and work I no more should see,
And I'd come and float, dear mother, o'er thee.

STORY OF LE FEVRE.

[**Laurence Sterne**, born at Clonmel, Ireland, 24th November, 1713; died in London 18th March, 1768. He graduated at Cambridge; took orders, and obtained the livings of Sutton, Stillington, and Coxwold in Yorkshire, and he was a prebendary of York Cathedral. His works are: *Sermons; The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gent.*; and *A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy*. Scott summed up his characteristics by saying that he was "one of the most affected and one of the most simple of writers—one of the greatest plagiarists and one of the most original geniuses whom England has produced."]

My uncle Toby was one evening sitting at his supper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour, with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack:

"'Tis for a poor gentleman—I think of the army," said the landlord, "who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste anything till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast;—I think, said he, taking his hand from his forehead, it would comfort me.—

"If I could neither beg, borrow, or buy such a thing," added the landlord, "I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill.—I hope in God he will still mend," continued he,—"we are all of us concerned for him."

"Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee," cried my uncle Toby, "and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself,—and take a couple of bottles, with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more if they will do him good.

"Though I am persuaded," said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, "he is a very compassionate fellow, Trim, yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time should win so much on the affections of his host:"—

"And of his whole family," added the corporal, "for they are all concerned for him."

"Step after him," said my uncle Toby, "do, Trim, and ask if he knows his name."

"I have quite forgot it, truly," said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal, "but I can ask his son again."

"Has he a son with him then?" said my uncle Toby.

"A boy," replied the landlord, "of about eleven or twelve years of age; but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day: he has not stirred from the bed-side these two days."

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took it away without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

"Stay in the room a little," said my uncle Toby. "Trim!" said my uncle Toby, after he had lighted his pipe and smoked about a dozen whiffs—Trim came in front of his master and made his bow—my uncle Toby smoked on, and said no more.—"Corporal!" said my uncle Toby; the corporal made his bow—my uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finished his pipe.

"Trim!" said my uncle Toby, "I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman."

"Your honour's roquelaure," replied the corporal, "has not once been had on since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate at St. Nicholas; and besides it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin."

"I fear so," replied my uncle Toby; "but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me.—I wish I had not known so much of this affair," added my uncle Toby, "or that I had known more of it:—how shall we manage it?"

"Leave it, an' please your honour, to me," quoth the corporal; "I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour."

"Thou shalt go, Trim," said my uncle Toby, "and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant."

"I shall get it all out of him," said the corporal, shutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his second pipe; and had it not been that he now and then wandered from the point, with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tenaille a straight line as a crooked one, he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he smoked it.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe that Corporal

Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account:—

"I despaired at first," said the corporal, "of being able to bring back to your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant."

"Is he in the army then?" said my uncle Toby.

"He is," said the corporal.

"And in what regiment?" said my uncle Toby.

"I'll tell your honour," replied the corporal, "everything straight forwards, as I learned it."

"Then Trim, I'll fill another pipe," said my uncle Toby, "and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window seat, and begin thy story again."

The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it—*your honour is good:*—and having done that, he sat down as he was ordered, and began the story to my uncle Toby over again, in pretty nearly the same words.

"I despaired at first," said the corporal, "of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing everything which was proper to be asked,"—

"That's a right distinction, Trim," said my uncle Toby,—

"I was answered, and please your honour, that he had no servant with him;—that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, on finding himself unable to proceed (to join, I suppose, the regiment), he had dismissed the morning after he came.—If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man, we can hire horses from hence.—But, alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, said the landlady to me, for I heard the death-watch all night long;—and when he dies the youth his son will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already.

"I was hearing this account," continued the corporal, "when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of;—but I will do it for my father myself, said the youth. Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for that purpose, and offering him a chair to sit down by the fire, whilst I did it.—I believe, sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself.—I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.—The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears.

"Poor youth!" said my uncle Toby, "he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend;—I wish I had him here."

"I never, in the longest march," said the corporal, "had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company; what could be the matter with me, an' please your honour?"

"Nothing in the world, Trim," said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose, "but that thou art a good-natured fellow."

"When I gave him the toast," continued the corporal, "I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father: and that if there was anything in your house or cellar"—("and thou mightest have added my purse too," said my uncle Toby)—"he was heartily welcome to it:—he made a very low bow (which was meant to your honour), but no answer, for his heart was so full—so he went up-stairs with the toast:—I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen door, your father will be well again.—Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire; but said not a word, good or bad, to comfort the youth.—I though it wrong," added the corporal.

"I think so too," said my uncle Toby.

"When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen to let me know that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up-stairs. I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers, for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-side, and as I shut the door I saw his son take up a cushion. I thought, said the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all.—I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.—Are you sure of it, replied the curate.—A soldier, an' please your reverence, said I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson; and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world."

"'Twas well said of thee, Trim," said my uncle Toby.

"But when a soldier, said I, an' please your reverence, has been standing for twelve

hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water, or engaged, said I, for months together in long and dangerous marches—harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day—harassing others to-morrow—detached here—countermanded there—resting this night out upon his arms—beat up in his shirt the next—benumbed in his joints—perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel upon—may say his prayers *how* and *when* he can. I believe, said I,—for I was piqued," quoth the corporal, "for the reputation of the army,—I believe, an' please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray, he prays as heartily as a parson, though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy."

"Thou shouldest not have said that, Trim," said my uncle Toby,—"for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not:—at the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment (and not till then), it will be seen who have done their duties in this world, and who have not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly."

"I hope we shall," said Trim.

"It is in the Scripture," said my uncle Toby; "and I will show it thee to-morrow;—in the meantime, we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort," said my uncle Toby, "that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it, it will never be inquired into whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one."

"I hope not," said the corporal.

"But go on, Trim," said my uncle Toby, "with thy story."

"When I went up," continued the corporal, "into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes, he was lying in his bed, with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it. The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion upon which I suppose he had been kneeling. The book was laid upon the bed; and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the same time.—Let it remain there, my dear, said the lieutenant. He did not offer to speak to me till I had walked up close to his bed-side.—If you be Captain Shandy's servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me: if he was of Levens', said the lieutenant—I told him your honour was—Then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him,—but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me. You will tell him, however, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligation to him is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus'—but he knows me not, said he a second time, musing:—possibly he may my story, added he—Pray tell the captain I was the ensign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket shot, as she lay in my arms in my tent.—I remember the story, an' please your honour, said I, very well. Do you so? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief, then well may I. In saying this he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribbon about his neck, and kissed it twice. Here, Billy, said he—The boy flew across the room to the bed-side, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too, then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept."

"I wish," said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh, "I wish, Trim, I was asleep."

"Your honour," replied the corporal, "is too much concerned; shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe?"

"Do, Trim," said my uncle Toby.

"I remember," said my uncle Toby, sighing again, "the story of the ensign and his wife, with a circumstance his modesty omitted; and particularly well that he, as well as she, on some account or other (I have forgot what), was universally pitied by the whole regiment;—but finish the story thou art on."

"'Tis finished already," said the corporal, "for I could stay no longer, so wished his honour a good-night: young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs: and as we went down together, told they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders. But, alas!" said the corporal, "the lieutenant's last day's march is over."

"Then what is to become of his poor boy," cried my uncle Toby.

It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honour,—though I tell it only for the sake of those who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not for their souls which way in the world to turn themselves—that, notwithstanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond, parallel with the allies, who pressed theirs on so vigorously that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner:—that nevertheless he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterscarp;—and bent his whole thoughts

towards the private distresses at the inn: and, except that he ordered the garden gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade —he left Dendermond to itself,—to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good; and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son.

—That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompense thee for this—

"Thou hast left this matter short," said my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed, "and I will tell thee in what, Trim.—In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre,—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knewest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay, that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself."

"Your honour knows," said the corporal, "I had no orders."

"True," quoth my uncle Toby,—"thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier,—but certainly very wrong as a man.

"In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse," continued my uncle Toby,—"when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house, thou shouldst have offered him my house too.—A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us,—we could tend and look to him.——Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim, and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.——

"In a fortnight or three weeks," added my uncle Toby, smiling,—"he might march."

"He will never march, an' please your honour, in this world," said the corporal.

"He *will* march," said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off.

"An' please your honour," said the corporal, "he will never march, but to his grave."

"He *shall* march," cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch,—"he shall march to his regiment."

"He cannot stand it," said the corporal.

"He shall be supported," said my uncle Toby.

"He'll drop at last," said the corporal, "and what will become of his boy?"

"He shall not drop," said my uncle Toby, firmly.

"A-well-a-day! do what we can for him," said Trim, maintaining his point,—"the poor soul will die."

"He shall not die, by God!" cried my uncle Toby.

——The accusing spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

—My uncle Toby went to his bureau,—put his purse into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician,—he went to bed, and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's; the hand of death pressed heavy upon his eyelids;—and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle,—when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, sat himself down by the chair at the bedside, and independently of all modes and customs opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did,—how he had rested in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to help him; and, without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.

—"You shall go home directly, Le Fevre," said my uncle Toby, "to my house, and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter,—and we'll have an apothecary,—and the corporal shall be your nurse;—and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre."——

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby,—not the effect of familarity, but the cause of it,—which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the goodness of his nature. To this there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him, so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.—The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart—rallied back,—the film forsook his

eyes for a moment;—he looked up wishfully in my uncle Toby's face;—then cast a look upon his boy; and that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken.

Nature instantly ebbed again; the film returned to its place;—the pulse fluttered,—stopped,—went on, throbbed,—stopped again,—moved,—stopped.—Shall I go on?—No.

LADY MABEL.

[**Alfred Austin**, born near Leeds, 1835. Poet. He attracted much attention by the publication of his first work, *The Season*, a satire, the purpose of which he explains in a preface to the second edition: "I saw, or thought I saw, that the company of the world, which the wisest authority has pronounced to be a stage, and which I will presume to add, is a stage essentially dramatic and sad with pathos, has assumed the attitudes and costume of the ballet, with gauze somewhat more maliciously arranged; and I was ambitious to remind them that, in spite of warm approval from the young, and more cautious, though perhaps not more frigid countenance from the old, life is a very 'serious business' after all." *The Golden Age*, a satire, and *Interludes* (from which we quote) followed; then, *Madonna's Child*, and *Rome or Death*, two portions of a larger work which, in its complete form, will be entitled *The Human Tragedy*. His poems are marked by earnest purpose and elevated thought, often powerfully, always delicately expressed.]

Side by side with Lady Mabel
Sate I, with the sunshade down;
In the distance hummed the Babel
Of the many-footed town;
There we sate with looks unstable—
Now of tenderness, of frown.

"Must we part? or may I linger?
Wax the shadows, wanes the day."
Then, with voice of sweetest singer
That hath all but died away,
"Go," she said; but tightened finger
Said articulately, "Stay!"

Face to face with Lady Mabel,
With the gauzy curtains drawn,
Till a sense I am unable
To portray began to dawn;
Till the slant sun flung the gable
Far athwart the sleepy lawn.

"Now I go. Adieu, adieu, love!
This is weakness; sweet, be strong.
Comes the footfall of the dew, love!
Philomel's reminding song."
"Go," she said; "but I go too, love!
Go with you, my life along!"

Breast to breast with Lady Mabel,
Shrouded by the courteous night,
Baffling all the forms of fable
To describe our dreams aright;
And as pure as gifts of Abel,
In the Omnipresent sight.

THE WIDOW TO HER HOUR-GLASS.

[**Robert Bloomfield**, born at Honington, Suffolk, 3d December, 1766; died at Sheffield, 19th August, 1823. Author of the *Farmer's Boy*, a poem descriptive of rural life, which obtained much attention when first published, partly on account of the humble circumstances of the writer, he being a working shoemaker, and the son of a tailor.]

Come, friend, I'll turn thee up again:
Companion of the lonely hour!
Spring thirty times hath fed with rain
And cloth'd with leaves my humble bower,
Since thou hast stood
In frame of wood,
On chest or window by my side:
At every birth still thou wert near,
Still spoke thine admonitions clear!
And, when my husband died.

I've often watched thy streaming sand
And seen the growing mountain rise,
And often found life's hopes to stand
On props as weak in wisdom's eyes:
Its conic crown
Still sliding down,
Again heap'd up, then down again;
The sand above more hollow grew,
Like days and years still filtering through,
And mingling joy and pain.

While thus I spin and sometimes sing,
(For now and then my heart will glow,)
Thou measur'st time's expanded wing:
By thee the noontide hour I know:
Though silent now,
Still shalt thou flow,
And joy along thy destined way:
But when I glean the sultry fields,
When earth her yellow harvest yields,
Thou gett'st a holiday.

Steady as truth, on either end
Thy daily task performing well,
Thou'rt meditation's constant friend,
And strik'st the heart without a bell:
Come, lovely May!
Thy lengthen'd day
Shall gild once more my native plain;
Curl inward here sweet woodbine flower;
Companion of the lonely hour,
I'll turn thee up again.

WAITING FOR THE SHIP.

[James Hedderwick, born in Glasgow, 1814. He was sometime engaged upon the *Scotsman*; established the *Glasgow Citizen* in 1842; and the *Evening Citizen* in 1864—one of the first and most successful of the half-penny daily newspapers. The active duties of a journalist allowed him little time to devote to general literature; but the few poems he has published—especially the *Lays of Middle Age*—have obtained extensive favour. His love of letters imparted a literary character to the journals under his control, and made him the friend and counsellor of youthful writers, several of whom he has lived to see distinguished in literature.]

Now he stroll'd along the pebbles, now he saunter'd on the pier,
Now the summit of the nearest hill he clomb;
His looks were full of straining, through all weathers foul and clear,
For the ship that he was weary wishing home.
On the white wings of the dawn, far as human eye could reach,
Went his vision like a sea-gull's o'er the deep;
While the fishers' boats lay silent in the bay and on the beach,
And the houses and the mountains were asleep.

'Mid the chat of boys and men, and the laugh from women's lips,
When the labours of the morning were begun,
On the far horizon's dreary edge his soul was with the ships,
As they caught a gleam of welcome from the sun.
Through the gray of eve he peer'd when the stars were in the sky—
They were watchers which the angels seem'd to send;
And he bless'd the faithful lighthouse, with its large and ruddy eye,
For it cheer'd him like the bright eye of a friend.

The gentle waves came lisping things of promise at his feet,
Then they ebb'd as if to vex him with delay;
The soothing winds against his face came blowing strong and sweet,
Then they blew as blowing all his hope away.
One day a wiseling argued how the ship might be delay'd—
"'Twas odd," quoth he, "I thought so from the first;"
But a man of many voyages was standing by and said—
"It is best to be prepared against the worst."

A keen-eyed old coast-guardsman, with his telescope in hand,
And his cheeks in countless puckers 'gainst the rain,
Here shook his large and grizzled head, that all might understand
How he knew that hoping longer was in vain.
Then silent thought the stranger of his wife and children five,
As he slowly turn'd with trembling lip aside;
Yet with his heart to feed upon his hopes were kept alive,
So for months he watch'd and wander'd by the tide.

"Lo, what wretched man is that," asked an idler at the coast,
"Who looks as if he something seem'd to lack?"
Then answer made a villager—"His wife and babes are lost,
Yet he thinks that ere to-morrow they'll be back."

Oh, a fresh hale man he flourish'd in the springtime of the year,
But before the wintry rains began to drip—
No more he climb'd the headland, but sat sickly on the pier,
Saying sadly—"I am waiting for the ship."
On a morn, of all the blackest, only whiten'd by the spray
Of the billows wild for shelter of the shore,
He came not in the dawning forth, he came not all the day;
And the morrow came—but never came he more.

WORDS.

[**Edmund Burke**, born in Dublin, 1st January, 1730 (o.s.); died at Beaconsfield, Bucks, 9th July, 1797. Orator, politician, and author. He was most distinguished, and he is best remembered for his eloquence in Parliament. His speeches are regarded as the most valuable part of his works. He wrote, in imitation of the style and manner of Lord Bolingbroke, *A Vindication of Natural Society*, or a View of the Miseries and Evils arising to Mankind from every species of Artificial Society, by a late Noble Writer; *Inquiry into the Sublime and Beautiful; An Account of the European Settlements in America* (never acknowledged), &c. Sir Robert Peel said Burke was "the most eloquent of orators, and the most profound of the philosophic statesmen of modern times."]

THE COMMON EFFECTS OF POETRY, NOT BY RAISING IDEAS OF THINGS.

The common notion of the power of poetry and eloquence, as well as that of words in ordinary conversation, is, that they affect the mind by raising in it ideas of those things for which custom has appointed them to stand. To examine the truth of this notion, it may be requisite to observe, that words may be divided into three sorts. The first are such as represent many simple ideas *united by nature* to form some one determinate composition, as man, horse, tree, castle, &c. These I call *aggregate words*. The second are they that stand for one simple idea of such compositions, and no more; as red, blue, round, square, and the like. These I call *simple abstract* words. The third are those which are formed by an union, an *arbitrary* union, of both the others, and of the various relations between them in greater or less degrees of complexity; as virtue, honour, persuasion, magistrate, and the like. These I call *compound abstract* words. Words, I am sensible, are capable of being classed into more curious distinctions; but these seem to be natural, and enough for our purpose; and they are disposed in that order in which they are commonly taught, and in which the mind gets the ideas they are substituted for. I shall begin with the third sort of words; compound abstracts, such as virtue, honour, persuasion, docility. Of these I am convinced, that whatever power they may have on the passions, they do not derive it from any representation raised in the mind of the things for which they stand. As compositions, they are not real essences, and hardly cause, I think, any real ideas. Nobody, I believe, immediately on hearing the sounds, virtue, liberty, or honour, conceives any precise notions of the particular modes of action and thinking together with the mixed and simple ideas, and the several relations of them for which these words are substituted; neither has he any general idea, compounded of them; for if he had, then some of those particular ones, though indistinct perhaps, and confused, might come soon to be perceived. But this, I take it, is hardly ever the case. For, put yourself upon analyzing one of these words, and you must reduce it from one set of general words to another, and then into the simple abstracts and aggregates, in a much longer series than may be at first imagined, before any real idea emerges to light, before you come to discover anything like the first principles of such compositions; and when you have made such a discovery of the original ideas, the effect of the composition is utterly lost. A train of thinking of this sort is much too long to be pursued in the ordinary ways of conversation; nor is it at all necessary that it should. Such words are in reality but mere sounds; but they are sounds which being used on particular occasions, wherein we receive some good, or suffer some evil, or see others affected with good or evil; or which we hear applied to other interesting things or events; and being applied in such a variety of cases, that we know readily by habit to what things they belong, they produce in the mind, whenever they are afterwards mentioned, effects similar to those of their occasions. The sounds being often used without reference to any particular occasion, and carrying still their first impressions, they at last utterly lose their connection with the particular occasions that give rise to them; yet the sound, without any annexed notion, ntinues to operate as before.

GENERAL WORDS BEFORE IDEAS.

Mr. Locke has somewhere observed, with his usual sagacity, that most general words, those belonging to virtue and vice, good and evil, especially, are taught before the particular modes of action to which they belong are presented to the mind; and with them the love of the one, and the abhorence of the other; for the minds of children are so ductile, that a nurse, or any person about a child, by seeming pleased or displeased with anything, or even any word, may give the disposition of the child a similar turn. When, afterwards, the several occurrences in life come to be applied to these words, and that which is pleasant often appears under the name of evil; and

what is disagreeable to nature is called good and virtuous; a strange confusion of ideas and affections arises in the minds of many; and an appearance of no small contradiction between their notions and their actions. There are many who love virtue and who detest vice, and this not from hypocrisy or affectation, who notwithstanding very frequently act ill and wickedly in particulars without the least remorse; because these particular occasions never came into view when the passions on the side of virtue were so warmly affected by certain words heated originally by the breath of others; and for this reason, it is hard to repeat certain sets of words, though owned by themselves unoperative, without being in some degree affected; especially if a warm and affecting tone of voice accompanies them, as suppose,

Wise, valiant, generous, good, and great.

These words, by having no application, ought to be unoperative; but when words commonly sacred to great occasions are used, we are affected by them even without the occasions. When words which have been generally so applied are put together without any rational view, or in such a manner that they do not rightly agree with each other, the style is called bombast. And it requires in several cases much good sense and experience to be guarded against the force of such language; for when propriety is neglected, a greater number of these affecting words may be taken into the service and a greater variety may be indulged in combining them.

THE EFFECT OF WORDS.

If words have all their possible extent of power, three effects arise in the mind of the hearer. The first is, the *sound;* the second, the *picture,* or representation of the thing signified by the sound; the third is, the *affection* of the soul produced by one or by both of the foregoing. *Compounded abstract* words, of which we have been speaking (honour, justice, liberty, and the like), produce the first and the last of these effects, but not the second. *Simple abstracts* are used to signify some one simple idea, without much adverting to others which may chance to attend it, as blue, green, hot, cold, and the like; these are capable of affecting all three of the purposes of words; as the *aggregate* words, man, castle, horse, &c., are in a yet higher degree. But I am of opinion that the most general effect, even of these words, does not arise from their forming pictures of the several things they would represent in the imagination; because, on a very diligent examination of my own mind, and getting others to consider theirs, I do not find that once in twenty times any such picture is formed, and when it is, there is most commonly a particular effort of the imagination for that purpose. But the aggregate words operate, as I said of the compound-abstracts, not by presenting any image to the mind, but by having from use the same effect on being mentioned, that their original has when it is seen. Suppose we were to read a passage to this effect: "The river Danube rises in a moist and mountainous soil in the heart of Germany, where, winding to and fro, it waters several principalities, until, turning into Austria, and leaving the walls of Vienna, it passes into Hungary; there with a vast flood, augmented by the Saave and the Drave, it quits Christendom, and rolling through the barbarous countries which border on Tartary, it enters by many mouths in the Black Sea." In this description many things are mentioned, as mountains, rivers, cities, the sea, &c. But let anybody examine himself, and see whether he has had impressed on his imagination any pictures of a river, mountain, watery soil, Germany, &c. Indeed it is impossible, in the rapidity and quick succession of words in conversation, to have ideas both of the sound of the word, and of the thing represented: besides, some words, expressing real essences, are so mixed with others of a general and nominal import, that it is impracticable to jump from sense to thought, from particulars to generals, from things to words, in such a manner as to answer the purposes of life; nor is it necessary that we should.

EXAMPLES THAT WORDS MAY AFFECT WITHOUT RAISING IMAGES.

I find it very hard to persuade several that their passions are affected by words from whence they have no ideas; and yet harder to convince them, that in the ordinary course of conversation we are sufficiently understood without raising any images of the things concerning which we speak. It seems to be an odd subject of dispute with any man, whether he has ideas in his mind or not. Of this, at first view, every man, in his own forum, ought to judge without appeal. But, strange as it may appear, we are often at a loss to know what ideas we have of things, or whether we have any ideas at all upon some subjects. It even requires a good deal of attention to be

thoroughly satisfied on this head. Since I wrote these papers I found two very striking instances of the possibility there is that a man may hear words without having any idea of the things which they represent, and yet afterwards be capable of returning them to others, combined in a new way, and with great propriety, energy, and instruction. The first instance is that of Mr. Blacklock, a poet blind from his birth. Few men blessed with the most perfect sight can describe visual objects with more spirit and justness than this blind man; which cannot possibly be attributed to his having a clearer conception of the things he describes than is common to other persons. Mr. Spence, in an elegant preface which he has written to the works of this poet, reasons very ingeniously, and, I imagine, for the most part, very rightly, upon the cause of this extraordinary phenomenon; but I cannot altogether agree with him, that some improprieties in language and thought, which occur in these poems, have arisen from the blind poet's imperfect conception of visual objects, since such improprieties, and much greater, may be found in writers even of a higher class than Mr. Blacklock, and who notwithstanding possessed the faculty of seeing in its full perfection. Here is a poet doubtless as much affected by his own descriptions as any that reads them can be; and yet he is affected with this strong enthusiasm by things of which he neither has nor can possibly have any idea further than that of a bare sound: and why may not those who read his works be affected in the same manner that he was, with as little of any real ideas of the things described? The second instance is of Mr. Saunderson, professor of mathematics in the University of Cambridge. This learned man had acquired great knowledge in natural philosophy, in astronomy, and whatever sciences depend upon mathematical skill. What was the most extraordinary and the most to my purpose, he gave excellent lectures upon light and colours; and this man taught others the theory of these ideas which they had, and which he himself undoubtedly had not. But it is probable that the words red, blue, green, answered to him as well as the ideas of the colours themselves; for the ideas of greater or lesser degrees of refrangibility being applied to these words, and the blind man being instructed in what other respects they were found to agree or to disagree, it was as easy for him to reason upon the words, as if he had been fully master of the ideas. Indeed it must be owned he could make no new discoveries in the way of experiment. He did nothing but what we do every day in common discourse. When I wrote this last sentence, and used the words *every day* and *common discourse*, I had no images in my mind of any succession of time; nor of men in conference with each other; nor do I imagine that the reader will have any such ideas on reading it. Neither when I spoke of red, or blue, and green, as well as refrangibility, had I these several colours or the rays of light passing into a different medium, and there diverted from their course, painted before me in the way of images I know very well that the mind possesses a faculty of raising such images at pleasure; but then an act of the will is necessary to this; and in ordinary conversation or reading it is very rarely that any image at all is excited in the mind. If I say, "I shall go to Italy next summer," I am well understood. Yet I believe nobody has by this painted in his imagination the exact figure of the speaker passing by land or by water, or both; sometimes on horseback, sometimes in a carriage; with all the particulars of the journey. Still less has he any idea of Italy, the country to which I propose to go; or of the greenness of the fields, the ripening of the fruits, and the warmth of the air, with the change to this from a different season, which are the ideas for which the word *summer* is substituted: but least of all has he any image from the word *next;* for this word stands for the idea of many summers, with the exclusion of all but one: and surely the man who says *next summer*, has no images of such a succession and such an exclusion. In short, it is not only of these ideas which are commonly called abstract, and of which no image at all can be formed, but even of particular, real beings, that we converse without having any idea of them excited in the imagination; as will certainly appear on a diligent examination of our minds. Indeed, so little does poetry depend for its effect on the power of raising sensible images, that I am convinced it would lose a very considerable part of its energy if this were the necessary result of all description. Because that union of affecting words, which is the most powerful of all poetical instruments, would frequently lose its force, along with its propriety and consistency, if the sensible images were always excited. There is not perhaps in the whole *Æneid* a more grand and laboured passage than the description of Vulcan's cavern in Etna, and the works that are there carried on. Virgil dwells particularly on the formation of the thunder, which he describes unfinished under the hammers of the Cyclops.

But what are the principles of this extraordinary composition?

Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquosæ
Addiderant; rutili tres ignis, et alitis austri:
Fulgores nunc terrificos, sonitumque, metumque
Miscebant operi, flammisque sequacibus iras.

This seems to me admirably sublime; yet if we attend coolly to the kind of sensible images which a combination of ideas of this sort must form, the chimeras of madmen cannot appear more wild and absurd than such a picture. "*Three rays of twisted showers, three of watery clouds, three of fire, and three of the winged south wind; then mixed they in the work terrific lightnings, and sound, and fear, and anger, with pursuing flames.*" This strange composition is formed into a gross body; it is hammered by the Cyclops, it is in part polished, and partly continues rough. The truth is, if poetry gives us a noble assemblage of words corresponding to many noble ideas which are connected by circumstances of time or place, or related to each other as cause and effect, or associated in any natural way, they may be moulded together in any form, and perfectly answer their end. The picturesque connection is not demanded; because no real picture is formed; nor is the effect of the description at all the less upon this account. What is said of Helen by Priam and the old men of his council, is generally thought to give us the highest possible idea of that fatal beauty.

Οὐ νέμεσις, Τρῶας καὶ ἐϋκνήμιδας Ἀχαιοὺς,
Τοιῇ δ' ἀμφὶ γυναικὶ πολὺν χρόνον ἄλγεα πάσχειν·
Αἰνῶς δ' ἀθανάτῃσι θεῇς εἰς ὦπα ἔοικεν.

They cried, No wonder such celestial charms
For nine long years have set the world in arms;
What winning graces! what majestic mien!
She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen.
POPE.

Here is not one word said of the particulars of her beauty; nothing which can in the least help us to any precise idea of her person; but yet we are much more touched by this manner of mentioning her, than by those long and laboured descriptions of Helen, whether handed down by tradition, or formed by fancy, which are to be met with in some authors. I am sure it affects me much more than the minute description which Spenser has given of Belphebe; though I own that there are parts in that description, as there are in all the descriptions of that excellent writer, extremely fine and poetical. The terrible picture which Lucretius has drawn of religion, in order to display the magnanimity of his philosophical hero in opposing her, is thought to be designed with great boldness and spirit.

Humana ante oculos fœdè cum vita jaceret,
In terris, oppressa gravi sub religione,
Quæ caput e cœli regionibus ostendebat
Horribili super aspectu mortalibus instans;
Primus Graius homo mortales tollere contra
Est oculos ausus.—

What idea do you derive from so excellent a picture? none at all, most certainly: neither has the poet said a single word which might in the least serve to mark a single limb or feature of the phantom, which he intended to represent in all the horrors imagination can conceive. In reality, poetry and rhetoric do not succeed in exact description so well as painting does; their business is, to affect rather by sympathy than imitation; to display rather the effect of things on the mind of the speaker, or of others, than to present a clear idea of the things themselves. This is their most extensive province, and that in which they succeed the best.

THE FLIGHT OF VENUS WITH ASCANIUS.

Broad lights were in the Tyrian hall,
From golden urns the perfumes breathed;
Round silken couch and broidered pall
The Tyrian rose and lily wreathed;
And hidden music stole between
The love-sighs of the Tyrian queen.

And round the royal banquet lay
Troy's martial sons, with garlands crowned;
Survivors of the mighty fray,
When, with a midnight tiger's bound,
Sprang the fierce Greek on Ilion's lair,
But found the wakened lion there.

The toil was past, the havoc done,
The fires of ruin blazed no more;
No more on Ilion's portals shone
The banner wet with Grecian gore;
Nor warrior's trump nor charger's tread
Profaned the silence of the dead.

No more at morn, her glittering power
Rushed like a torrent to the field;
No more at eve, the royal bower
Welcomed the bearers of the shield:
Now moaned the melancholy wave
The only dirge above the brave.

But on that eve, Troy's warrior sons,
Storm-tost, and weary of the main,
Lay lapsing on their banquet-thrones—
Lay quaffing the celestial rain
That the pressed grape, on Afric's shores,
In drops of purple fragrance pours.

And there, beside th' impassioned Queen,
Their Chieftain tells his lofty tale;
Her bosom burning with the scene,
Her cheek with more than terror pale,
Her eye like lightning through the gloom,
Her thoughts of exile, woe, the tomb!

For in her arms an infant lies,
The loveliest eye e'er looked upon—
The little King of smiles and sighs,
Who makes of human hearts his throne:
Once fettered in his viewless chain,
Wit, wisdom, valour, all are vain!

There Cupid, by his mother laid
Where young Ascanius should have lain,
Plays with her tresses' perfumed braid,
Yet steeps her soul in subtle pain;
Seems to her lip in sport to cling,
Yet, aspic-like, there leaves the sting.

But where is gone the guileless child
That should in those white arms repose?
O'er forest deep and desert wild,
He's gone, to bowers of deathless rose;
By Venus borne on wings of wind,
Leaving her fatal son behind.

Now o'er the Grecian sunset-main
High wheels the pomp its bright career;
Till sparkles far Cythera's fane,—
Seen o'er the water's azure sphere,
Through evening cloud and ocean haze,
Rich as some new-born planet's blaze.

And now, upon the silver strand,
The train of beauty fold the wing;
And, myrtle-crowned, and harp in hand,
Wreath round his couch the mystic ring;
And fill with dreams of love and joy
Thy slumbers, infant hope of Troy!

ARATUS.

COUNT FITZ-HUM.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHULZE.

The town-council were sitting, and in gloomy silence; alternately they looked at each other, and at the official order (that morning received) which reduced their perquisites and salaries by one-half. At length the chief burgomaster rose, turned the mace-bearer out of the room, and bolted the door. That worthy man, however, was not so to be baffled: old experience in acoustics had taught him where to apply his ear with most advantage in cases of the present emergency; and as the debate soon rose from a humming of gentle dissent to the stormy pitch of downright quarrelling, he found no difficulty in assuaging the pangs of his curiosity. The council, he soon learned, were divided as to the course to be pursued on their common calamity; whether formally to remonstrate or not, at the risk of losing their places; indeed, they were divided on every point except one, and *that* was, contempt for the political talents of the new prince, who could begin his administration upon a principle so monstrous as that of retrenchment.

At length, in one of the momentary pauses of the hurricane, the council distinguished the sound of two vigorous fists playing with the utmost energy upon the panels of the door outside. "What presumption is this?" exclaimed the chairman, immediately leaping up. However, on opening the door, it appeared that the fury of the summons was dictated by no failure in respect, but by absolute necessity—necessity has no law—and any more reverential knocking could have no chance of being audible. The person outside was Mr. Commissioner Pig; and his business was to communicate a despatch of pressing importance which he had that moment received by express.

"First of all, gentlemen," said the pursy commissioner, "allow me to take breath:" and, seating himself, he began to wipe his forehead. Agitated with the fear of some unhappy codicil to the unhappy testament already received, the members gazed anxiously at the open letter which he held in his hand; and the chairman, unable to control his impatience, made a grasp at it: "Permit me, Mr. Pig."—"No!" said Mr. Pig: "it is the postscript only which concerns the council: wait one moment, and I will have the honour of reading it myself." Thereupon he drew out his spectacles; and, adjusting them with provoking coolness, slowly and methodically proceeded to read as follows: "We open our letter to acquaint you with a piece of news which has just come to our knowledge, and which it will be important for your town to learn as soon as possible. His Serene Highness has resolved on visiting the remoter provinces of his new dominions immediately: he means to preserve the strictest *incognito;* and we understand will travel under the name of Count Fitz-Hum, and will be attended only by one gentleman of the bedchamber, viz. Mr. Von Hoax. The carriage he will use on this occasion is a plain landau,

the body painted dark blue; and for his highness in particular, you will easily distinguish him by his superb whiskers. Of course we need scarcely suggest to you, that if the principal hotel of your town should not be in *comme-il-faut* order, it will be proper to meet the illustrious traveller on his entrance with an offer of better accommodations in one of the best private mansions, amongst which your own is reputed to stand foremost. Your town is to have the honour of his first visit; and on this account you will be much envied, and the eyes of all the country turned upon you."

"Doubtless, most important intelligence!" said the chairman, "but who is your correspondent?"—"The old and eminent house of Wassermuller and Co.; and I thought it my duty to communicate the information without delay."

"To be sure, to be sure: and the council is under the greatest obligation to you for the service."

So said all the rest: for they all viewed in the light of a providential interference on behalf of the old system of fees, perquisites, and salaries, this opportunity so unexpectedly thrown in their way of winning the prince's favour. To make the best use of this opportunity, however, it was absolutely necessary that their hospitalities should be on the most liberal scale. On that account it was highly gratifying to the council that Commissioner Pig loyally volunteered the loan of his house. Some drawback undoubtedly it was on this pleasure, that Commissioner Pig, in his next sentence, made known that he must be paid for his loyalty. However, there was no remedy; and his demands were acceded to. For not only was Pighouse the only mansion in the town at all suitable for the occasion, but it was also known to be so, in the prince's capital, as clearly appeared from the letter which had just been read—at least when read by Pig himself.

All being thus arranged, and the council on the point of breaking up, a sudden cry of "Treason!" was raised by a member; and the mace-bearer was detected skulking behind an arm-chair, perfidiously drinking in the secrets of the state. He was instantly dragged out, the enormity of his crime displayed to him (which under many wise governments, the chairman assured him, would have been punished with the bowstring or instant decapitation), and after being amerced in a considerable fine, which paid the first instalment of the Piggian demand, he was bound over to inviolable secrecy by an oath of great solemnity. This oath, on the suggestion of a member, was afterwards administered to the whole of the senate in rotation, as also to the commissioner: which done, the council adjourned.

"Now, my dear creatures," said the commissioner to his wife and daughter, on returning home, "without a moment's delay send for the painter, the upholsterer, the cabinet-maker, also for the butcher, the fishmonger, the poulterer, the confectioner: in one half-hour let each and all be at work; and at work let them continue all day and all night.'

"At work! but what for? what for, Pig?"

"And, do you hear, as quickly as possible," added Pig driving them out of the room.

"But what for?" they both repeated, re-entering at another door.

Without vouchsafing any answer, however, the commissioner went on:—"and let the tailor, the shoemaker, the milliner, the——"

"The fiddlestick end, Mr. Pig. I insist upon knowing what all this is about."

"No matter what, my darling. *Sic volo, sic jubeo: stat pro ratione voluntas.*"

"Hark you, Mr. Commissioner. Matters are at length come to a crisis. You have the audacity to pretend to keep a secret from your lawful wife. Hear, then, my fixed determination. At this moment there is a haunch of venison roasting for dinner. The cook is so ignorant that, without my directions, the haunch will be scorched to a cinder. Now I swear that, unless you instantly reveal to me the secret without any reservation whatever, I will resign the venison to its fate. I will, by all that is sacred!"

The venison could not be exposed to a more fiery trial than was Mr. Commissioner Pig; the venison, when alive and hunted, could not have perspired more profusely, nor trembled in more anguish. But there was no alternative. His "morals" gave way before "his passions;" and after binding his wife and daughter by the general oath of secrecy, he communicated the state mystery. By the same or similar methods so many other wives assailed the virtue of their husbands, that in a few hours the limited scheme of secrecy adopted by the council was realized on the most extensive scale: for before nightfall, not merely a few members of the council, but every man, woman, and child in the place, had been solemnly bound over to inviolable secrecy.

Meantime some members of the council, who had an unhappy leaning to infidelity, began to suggest doubts on the authenticity of the commissioner's news. Of old time he had been celebrated for the prodigious quantity of secret intelligence which his letters communicated, but not equally for its quality. Too often it stood in unhappy contradiction to the

official news of the public journals. But then, on such occasions, the commissioner would exclaim, "What then? Who would believe what newspapers say? No man of sense believes a word the newspapers say." Agreeably to which hypothesis, upon various cases of obstinate discord between his letters and the gazettes of Europe, some of which went the length of point-blank contradiction, unceremoniously giving the lie to each other, he persisted in siding with the former, peremptorily refusing to be talked into a belief of certain events which the rest of Europe have long ago persuaded themselves to think matter of history. The battle of Leipzig, for instance, he treats to this hour as a mere idle chimera of politicians. "Pure hypochondriacal fiction!" says he. "No such affair could ever have occurred, as you may convince yourself by looking at my private letters; they make no allusion to any transaction of that sort, as you will see at once, none whatever." Such being the character of the commissioner's private correspondence, several councilmen were disposed, on reflection, to treat his recent communication as very questionable and apocryphal, amongst whom was the chairman or chief burgomaster; and the next day he walked over to Pighouse for the purpose of expressing his doubts. The commissioner was so much offended, that the other found it advisable to apologize with some energy. "I protest to you," said he, "that as a private individual I am fully satisfied; it is only in my public capacity that I took the liberty of doubting. The truth is, our town-chest is miserably poor, and we would not wish to go to the expense of a new covering for the council-table upon a false alarm. Upon my honour, it was solely upon patriotic grounds that I sided with the sceptics." The commissioner scarcely gave himself the trouble of accepting his apologies. And indeed at this moment the burgomaster had reason himself to feel ashamed of his absurd scruples, for in rushed a breathless messenger to announce that the blue landau and the gentleman with the "superb whiskers" had just passed through the north gate. Yes, Fitz-Hum and Von Hoax were positively here: not coming, but come; and the profanest sceptic could no longer presume to doubt. For whilst the messenger yet spoke, the wheels of Fitz-Hum's landau began to hum along the street. The chief burgomaster fled in affright; and with him fled the shades of infidelity.

This was a triumph, a providential *coup-de-theatre*, on the side of the true believers: the orthodoxy of the Piggian *Commercium Epistolicum* was now for ever established. Nevertheless, even in this great moment of his existence, Pig felt that he was not happy—not perfectly happy; something was still left to desire; something which reminded him that he was mortal. "Oh! why," said he, "why, when such a *cornucopia* of blessings is showered upon me, why would destiny will that it must come one day too soon; before the Brussels carpet was laid down in the breakfast-room—before the—." At this instant the carriage suddenly rolled up to the door: a dead stop followed, which put a dead stop to Pig's soliloquy; the steps were audibly let down; and the commissioner was obliged to rush out precipitately, in order to do the honours of reception to his illustrious guest.

"No ceremony, I beg," said the Count Fitz-Hum; "for one day at least let no idle forms remind me of courts, or banish the happy thought that I am in the bosom of friends!" So saying, he stretched out his hand to the commissioner; and though he did not shake Pig's hand, yet (as great men do) he pressed it with the air of one who has feelings too fervent and profound for utterance; whilst Pig, on his part, sank upon one knee, and imprinted a grateful kiss upon that princely hand which had by its condescension for ever glorified his own.

Von Hoax was no less gracious than the Count Fitz-Hum; and was pleased repeatedly, both by words and jestures, to signify that he dispensed with all ceremony and idle consideration of rank.

The commissioner was beginning to apologize for the unfinished state of the preparations, but the count would not hear of it. "Affection to my person," said he, "unseasonable affection, I must say it, has (it seems) betrayed my rank to you; but, for this night at least, I beseech you let us forget it." And, upon the ladies excusing themselves from appearing, on the plea that their dresses were not yet arrived in which they could think of presenting themselves before their sovereign, —"Ah! what?" said the count, gaily, "my dear commissioner, I cannot think of accepting such excuses as these." Agitated as the ladies were at this summons, they found all their alarms put to flight in a moment by the affability and gracious manners of the high personage. Nothing came amiss to him: everything was right and delightful. Down went the little sofa-bed in a closet which they had found it necessary to make up for one night, the state-bed not being ready until the following day; and with the perfect high breeding of a prince, he saw in the least mature of the arrangements for his reception, and the least

successful of the attempts to entertain him, nothing but the good intention and affection which had suggested them.

The first great question which arose was—At what hour would the Count Fitz-Hum be pleased to take supper? But this question the Count Fitz-Hum referred wholly to the two ladies; and for this one night he notified his pleasure that no other company should be invited. Precisely at eleven o'clock the party sat down to supper, which was served on the round table in the library. The Count Fitz-Hum, we have the pleasure of stating, was in the best health and spirits; and, on taking his seat, he smiled with the most paternal air, at the same time bowing to the ladies, who sat on his right and left hand, and saying—"*Où peut-on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille!*" At which words tears began to trickle down the cheeks of the commissioner, overwhelmed with the sense of the honour and happiness which were thus descending *pleno imbre* upon his family, and finding nothing left to wish for, but that the whole city had been witness to his felicity. Even the cook came in for some distant rays and emanations of the princely countenance; for the Count Fitz-Hum condescended to express his entire approbation of the supper, and signified his pleasure to Von Hoax that the cook should be remembered on the next vacancy which occurred in the palace establishment.

"Tears such as tender fathers shed" had already on this night bedewed the cheeks of the commissioner; but before he retired to bed, he was destined to shed more and still sweeter tears; for after supper he was honoured by a long private interview with the count, in which that personage expressed his astonishment (indeed, he must say, his indignation) that merit so distinguished as that of Mr. Pig should so long have remained unknown at court. "I now see more than ever," said he, "the necessity there was that I should visit my states incognito." And he then threw out pretty plain intimations that a place, and even a title, would soon be conferred on his host. Upon this Pig wept copiously; and, upon retiring, being immediately honoured by an interview with Mr. Von Hoax, who assured him that he was much mistaken if he thought that his highness ever did these things by halves, or would cease to watch over the fortunes of a family whom he had once taken into his special grace, the good man absolutely sobbed like a child, and could neither utter a word nor get a wink of sleep that night.

All night the workmen pursued their labours, and by morning the state apartments were in complete preparation. By this time it was universally known throughout the city *who* was sleeping at the commissioner's. As soon, therefore, as it could be supposed agreeable to him, the trained bands of the town marched down to pay their respects by a morning salute. The drums awoke the count, who rose immediately, and in a few minutes presented himself at the window—bowing repeatedly and in the most gracious manner. A prodigious roar of "*Vivat Serenissimus!*" ascended from the mob; amongst whom the count had some difficulty in descrying the martial body who were parading below; that gallant corps mustering, in fact, fourteen strong, of whom nine were reported fit for service; the "balance of five," as their commercial leader observed, being either on the sick-list—or, at least, not ready for "all work," though too loyal to decline a labour of love like the present. The count received the report of the commanding officer; and declared (addressing himself to Von Hoax, but loud enough to be overheard by the officer) that he had seldom seen a more soldierly body of men, or who had more the air of veteran troops. The officer's honest face burned with the anticipation of communicating so flattering a judgment to his corps; and his delight was not diminished by overhearing the words—"early promotion," and "order of merit." In the transports of his gratitude he determined that the fourteen should fire a volley; but this was an event not to be accomplished in a hurry; much forethought and a deep premeditation were required; a considerable "balance" of the gallant troops were not quite *au fait* in the art of loading, and a considerable "balance" of the muskets not quite *au fait* in the art of going off. Men and muskets being alike veterans, the agility of youth was not to be expected of them; and the issue was—that only two guns did actually go off. "But in commercial cities," as the good-natured count observed to his host, "a large discount must always be made on prompt payment.

Breakfast now over, the bells of the churches were ringing, the streets swarming with people in their holiday clothes, and numerous deputations, with addresses, petitions, &c., from the companies and guild of the city were forming into processions. First came the town-council, with the chief burgomaster at their head: the recent order for the reduction of fees, &c., was naturally made the subject of a dutiful remonstrance; great was the joy with which the count's answer was received:—"On the word of a prince, he had never heard of it before: his signature must have been obtained

by some court intrigue; but he could assure his faithful council, that on his return to his capital his first care would be to punish the authors of so scandalous a measure, and to take such other steps, of an opposite description, as were due to the long services of the petitioners, and to the honour and dignity of the nation." The council were then presented *seriatim*, and had all the honour of kissing hands. These gentlemen having withdrawn, next came all the trading companies; each with an address of congratulation expressive of love and devotion, but uniformly bearing some little rider attached to it of a more exclusive nature. The tailors prayed for the general abolition of seamstresses, as nuisances and invaders of chartered rights and interests. The shoemakers, in conjunction with the tanners and curriers, complained that Providence had in vain endowed leather with the valuable property of perishableness—if the selfishness of the iron-trade were allowed to counteract this benign arrangement by driving nails into all men's shoe-soles. The hair-dressers were modest, indeed too modest in their demands—confining themselves to the request, that for the better encouragement of wigs, a tax should be imposed on every man who wore his own hair, and that it should be felony for a gentleman to appear without powder. The glaziers were content with the existing state of things; only that they felt it their duty to complain of the police regulation against breaking the windows of those who refused to join in public illuminations; a regulation the more harsh, as it was well known that hail-storms had for many years sadly fallen off, and the present race of hail-stones were scandalously degenerated from their ancestors of the last generation. The bakers complained that their enemies had accused them of wishing to sell their bread at a higher price, which was a base insinuation; all they wished for was, that they might diminish their loaves in size; and this, upon public grounds, was highly requisite, "fulness of bread" being notoriously the root of Jacobinism, and under the present assize of bread, men ate so much bread that they did not know what the d—— they would be at. A course of small loaves would therefore be the best means of bringing them round to sound principles. To the bakers succeeded the projectors; the first of whom offered to make the town conduits and sewers navigable, if his highness would "lend him a thousand pounds." The clergy of the city, whose sufferings had been great from the weekly scourgings which they and their works received from the town newspaper, called out clamorously for a literary censorship. On the other hand, the editor of the newspaper prayed for unlimited freedom of the press and abolition of the law of libel.

Certainly the Count Fitz-Hum must have had the happiest art of reconciling contradictions, and insinuating hopes into the most desperate cases, for the petitioners, one and all, quitted his presence delighted and elevated with hope. Possibly one part of his secret might lie in the peremptory injunction which he laid upon all the petitioners to observe the profoundest silence for the present upon his intentions in their favour.

The corporate bodies were now despatched; but such was the report of the prince's gracious affability, that the whole town kept crowding to the commissioner's house, and pressing for the honour of an audience. The commissioner represented to the mob that his highness was made neither of steel nor of granite, and was at length worn out by the fatigues of the day. But to this every man answered, that what he had to say would be finished in two words, and could not add much to the prince's fatigue; and all kept their ground before the house as firm as a wall. In this emergency the Count Fitz-Hum resorted to a *ruse*. He sent round a servant from the back-door to mingle with the crowd, and proclaim that a mad dog was ranging about the streets, and had already bit many other dogs and several men. This answered: the cry of "mad dog" was set up; the mob flew asunder from their cohesion, and the blockade of the Pighouse was raised. Farewell now to all faith in man or dog; for all might be among the bitten, and consequently might in turn be among the biters.

The night was now come; dinner was past, at which all the grandees of the place had been present; all had now departed, delighted with the condescensions of the count, and puzzled only on one point, viz. the extraordinary warmth of his attentions to the commissioner's daughter. The young lady's large fortune might have explained this excessive homage in any other case, but not in that of a prince, and beauty or accomplishments they said she had none. Here then was subject for meditation without end to all the curious in natural philosophy. Amongst these, spite of parental vanity, were the commissioner and his wife; but an explanation was soon given, which however did but explain one riddle by another. The count desired a private interview, in which, to the infinite astonishment of the parents, he demanded the hand of their daughter in marriage. State policy, he was aware, opposed

such connections; but the pleadings of the heart outweighed all considerations of that sort; and he requested that, with the consent of the young lady, the marriage might be solemnized immediately. The honour was too much for the commissioner; he felt himself in some measure guilty of treason, by harbouring for one moment hopes of so presumptuous a nature, and in a great panic he ran away and hid himself in the wine-cellar. Here he imbibed fresh courage; and, upon his re-ascent to the upper world, and finding that his daughter joined her entreaties to those of the count, he began to fear that the treason might lie on the other side, viz. in opposing the wishes of his sovereign, and he joyfully gave his consent; upon which, all things being in readiness, the marriage was immediately celebrated, and a select company, who witnessed it, had the honour of kissing the hand of the new Countess Fitz-Hum.

Scarcely was the ceremony concluded, before a horseman's horn was heard at the commissioner's gate. "A special messenger with despatches, no doubt," said the count; and immediately a servant entered with a box bearing the state arms. Von Hoax unlocked the box; and from a great body of papers which he said were "*merely* petitions, addresses, or despatches from foreign powers," he drew out and presented to the count a "despatch from the privy-council." The count read it, repeatedly shrugging his shoulders.

"No bad news, I hope?" said the commissioner, deriving courage from his recent alliance with the state personage to ask after the state affairs.

"No, no; none of any importance," said the count, with great suavity; "a little rebellion, nothing more," smiling at the same time with the most imperturbable complacency.

"Rebellion!" said Mr. Pig, loud; "nothing *more!*" said Mr. Pig to himself. "Why, what upon earth"——

"Yes, my dear sir, rebellion; a little rebellion. Very unpleasant, as I believe you were going to observe; truly unpleasant, and distressing to every well-regulated mind!"

"Distressing! ay, no doubt; and very awful. Are the rebels in strength? Have they possessed themselves of——"

"Oh, my dear sir!" interrupted Fitz-Hum, smiling with the utmost gaiety, "make yourself easy; nothing like nipping these things in the bud. Vigour and well-timed lenity will do wonders. What most disturbs me, however, is the necessity of returning instantly to my capital: to-morrow I must be at the head of my troops, who have already taken the field; so that I shall be obliged to quit my beloved bride without a moment's delay, for I would not have her exposed to the dangers of war, however transient."

At this moment the carriage, which had been summoned by Von Hoax, rolled up to the door: the count whispered a few tender words in the ear of his bride; uttered some nothings to her father, of which all that transpired were the words—"truly distressing," and "every well-constituted mind;" smiled most graciously on the whole company, pressed the commissioner's hand as fervently as he had done on his arrival, stepped into the carriage, and in a few moments "the blue landau" and the gentleman with "superb whiskers" had vanished through the city gates.

Early the next morning, under solemn pledges of secrecy, "the rebellion" and the marriage were circulated in every quarter of the town; and the more so, as strict orders had been left to the contrary. With respect to the marriage, all parties (especially fathers, mothers, and daughters) agreed privately that his serene highness was a great fool; but as to the rebellion, the guilds and companies declared unanimously that they would fight for him to the last man. Meantime the commissioner presented his accounts to the council: they were of startling amount; and, although prompt payment seemed the most prudent measure towards the father-in-law of a reigning prince, yet, on the other hand, the "rebellion" suggested arguments for demurring a little. And accordingly the commissioner was informed that his accounts were admitted *ad deliberandum*. On returning home, the commissioner found in the saloon a large despatch which had fallen out of the pocket of Von Hoax: this, he was at first surprised to discover, was nothing but a sheet of blank paper. However, on recollecting himself, "No doubt," said he, "in times of rebellion ink is not safe: no doubt some important intelligence is concealed in this sheet of white paper, which some mysterious chemical preparation must reveal." So saying, he sealed up the despatch, sent it off by an estafette, and charged it in a supplementary note of expenses to the council.

Meantime the newspapers arrived from the capital, but they said not a word of the rebellion; in fact, they were more than usually dull, not containing even a lie of much interest. All this, however, the commissioner ascribed to the prudential policy which their own safety dictated to the editors in times of rebellion; and the longer the silence lasted so much the more critical (it was inferred) must be the state

of affairs, and so much the more prodigious that accumulating arrear of great events which any decisive blow would open upon them. At length, when the general patience began to give way, a newspaper arrived, which, under the head of domestic intelligence, communicated the following anecdote:—

"A curious hoax has been played off on a certain loyal and ancient borough-town not a hundred miles from the little river P——. On the accession of our present gracious prince, and before his person was generally known to his subjects, a wager of large amount was laid by a certain Mr. Von Holster, who had been a gentleman of the bed-chamber to his late highness, that he would succeed in passing himself off upon the whole town and corporation in question for the new sovereign. Having paved the way for his own success by a previous communication through a clerk in the house of W—— & Co., he departed on his errand, attended by an agent for the parties who betted against him. This agent bore the name of Von Hoax; and, by his report, the wager has been adjudged to Von Holster as brilliantly won. Thus far all was well; what follows, however, is still better. Some time ago a young lady of large fortune, and still larger expectations, on a visit to the capital, had met with Mr. Von H., and had clandestinely formed an acquaintance which had ripened into a strong attachment. The gentleman, however, had no fortune, or none which corresponded to the expectations of the lady's family. Under these circumstances the lady (despairing in any other way of obtaining her father's consent) agreed that, in connection with his scheme for winning the wager, he should attempt another, more interesting to them both; in pursuance of which arrangement, he contrived to fix himself under his princely incognito at the very house of Mr. Commissioner P., the father of his mistress; and the result is, that he has actually married her with the entire approbation of her friends. Whether the sequel of the affair will correspond with its success hitherto remains, however, to be seen. Certain it is that for the present, until the prince's pleasure can be taken, Mr. Von Holster has been committed to prison under the new law for abolishing bets of a certain description, and also for having presumed to personate the sovereign."

Thus far the newspaper:—however, in a few days, all clouds hanging over the prospects of the young couple cleared away. Mr. Von Holster, in a dutiful petition to the prince, declared that he had *not* personated his serene highness. On the contrary, he had given himself out both before and after his entry into the town for no more than the Count Fitz-Hum; and it was *they*, the good people of that town, who had insisted on mistaking him for a prince. If they *would* kiss his hand, was it for him, an humble individual of no pretensions, arrogantly to refuse? If they *would* make addresses to him, was it for an inconsiderable person like himself rudely to refuse to listen or to answer, when the greatest kings (as was notorious) always attended and replied in the most gracious terms? On further inquiry, the whole circumstances were detailed to the prince, and amused him greatly; but, when the narrator came to the final article of the "rebellion" (under which sounding title a friend of Von Holster's had communicated to him a general plot among his creditors for seizing his person), the good-natured prince laughed so immoderately, that it was easy to see that no very severe punishment would follow. In fact, by his services to the late prince Von H. had established some claims upon the gratitude of this, an acknowledgment which the prince generously made at this seasonable crisis. Such an acknowledgment from such a quarter, together with some other marks of favour to Von H., could not fail to pacify the "rebels" against that gentleman, and to reconcile Mr. Commissioner Pig to a marriage which he had already once approved of. His scruples had originally been vanquished in the wine-cellar, and there also it was that, upon hearing of the total extinction of the "rebellion," he drowned all scruples for a second time.

The town of —— has, however, still occasion to remember the blue landau, and the superb whiskers, from the jokes which they are now and then called on to parry upon that subject. Doctor B—— in particular, the physician of that town, having originally offered one hundred dollars to the man who should notify to him his appointment to the place of court physician, has been obliged solemnly to advertize in the gazette for the information of the wits in the capital, "that he will not consider himself bound to that promise; seeing that every week he receives so many private notifications of that appointment, that it would quite beggar him to pay for them at that rate." With respect to the various petitioners—the bakers, the glaziers, the hair-dressers, &c.—they all maintain that, though Fitz-Hum may have been a spurious prince, yet undoubtedly the man had so much sense and political discernment, that he well deserved to have been a true one.—*Knight's Magazine.*

THE LAY OF THE BRAVE CAMERON.

[John Stuart Blackie, born in Glasgow, 1809. Poet, and professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. Educated at Aberdeen, Edinburgh, and Göttingen. He early devoted himself to the study of classical philology, and has exercised an important influence upon the progress of the science of language. He was called to the Scottish bar in 1834; became professor of humanity in Aberdeen in 1841; and was appointed to the Greek chair of the Edinburgh University in 1852. His chief works are: A metrical translation of *Faust*, with notes and introduction; *Translations of Æschylus and Homer*, with Critical Dissertations and Notes Philological and Archæological; *A Treatise on Beauty*, with an exposition of the theory of beauty, according to Plato; *A Book of Colloques, English and Greek; Phases of Morals; Lays and Legends of Ancient Greece; Musa Burschikosa*, or Students' Songs; *War Songs of the Germans; Lays of the Highlands and Islands* (from which we quote); *On Self-culture*; &c. &c. Professor Blackie took a prominent part in the movement for the abolition of the test act in Scottish universities. A keen sensibility to the beauties of nature, lively spirit, and forcible expression characterize his poetry.]

At Quatre Bras, when the fight ran high,
Stout Cameron stood with wakeful eye,
Eager to leap, as a mettlesome hound,
Into the fray with a plunge and a bound.
But Wellington, lord of the cool command,
Held the reins with a steady hand,
Saying, "Cameron, wait, you'll soon have enough,
Giving the Frenchman a taste of your stuff,
When the Cameron men are wanted."

Now hotter and hotter the battle grew,
With tramp, and rattle, and wild halloo,
And the Frenchmen poured, like a fiery flood,
Right on the ditch where Cameron stood.
Then Wellington flashed from his steadfast stance
On his captain brave a lightning glance,
Saying, "Cameron, now have at them, boy,
Take care of the road to Charleroi,
Where the Cameron men are wanted!"

Brave Cameron shot, like a shaft from a bow,
Into the midst of the plunging foe,
And with him the lads whom he loved, like a torrent
Sweeping the rocks in its foamy current;
And he fell the first in the fervid fray,
Where a deathful shot had shore its way,
But his men pushed on where the work was rough,
Giving the Frenchman a taste of their stuff,
Where the Cameron men were wanted.

Brave Cameron then, from the battle's roar,
His foster-brother stoutly bore,
His foster-brother with service true,
Back to the village of Waterloo.
And they laid him on the soft green sod,
And he breathed his spirit there to God,
But not till he heard the loud hurrah
Of victory billowed from Quatre Bras,
Where the Cameron men were wanted.

By the road to Ghent they buried him then,
This noble chief of the Cameron men,
And not an eye was tearless seen
That day beside the alley green:
Wellington wept, the iron man;
And from every eye in the Cameron clan
The big round drop in bitterness fell,
As with the pipes he loved so well
His funeral wail they chanted.

And now he sleeps (for they bore him home,
When the war was done, across the foam)
Beneath the shadow of Nevis Ben,
With his sires, the pride of the Cameron men.
Three thousand Highlandmen stood round,
As they laid him to rest in his native ground,
The Cameron brave, whose eye never quailed,
Whose heart never sank, and whose hand never failed,
Where a Cameron man was wanted.

THE MORAY FLOODS.

[Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, born 1784; died at Edinburgh, 29th May, 1848. He took an active part in political and social affairs, and was a frequent contributor to *Blackwood* and other magazines. His chief works are *Lochandhu; The Wolf of Badenoch*—two historical romances; *Highland Rambles*, with Long Tales to Shorten the Way; and *An Account of the Great Floods of August, 1829*, in the province of Moray and adjoining districts. The latter was regarded as his most successful work. "It is worth a gross of fashionable novels and twenty tours," wrote Professor Wilson. "Sir Thomas tells a pathetic or a humorous story admirably, and many such are scattered over these pages."]

The flood, both in the Spey and its tributary burn, was terrible at the village of Charlestown of Aberlour. On the 3d of August Charles Cruickshanks, the innkeeper, had a party of friends in his house. There was no inebriety, but there was a fiddle; and what Scotsman is he who does not know that the well-jerked strains of a lively strathspey have a potent spell in them that goes beyond even the witchery of the bowl? On one who daily inhales the breezes from the musical stream that gives name to the measure, the influence is powerful, and it was that day felt by Cruickshanks with a more than ordinary degree of excitement. He was joyous to a pitch that made his wife grave. I have already noticed the predestinarian principles prevalent in these parts. Mrs. Cruickshanks was deeply affected by her husband's unusual jollity. "Surely

my goodman is daft the day," said she gravely. "I ne'er saw him dance at sic a rate. Lord grant that he binna *fey!*[1]"

When the river began to rise rapidly in the evening, Cruickshanks, who had a quantity of wood lying near the mouth of the burn, asked two of his neighbours, James Stewart and James Mackerran, to go and assist him in dragging it out of the water. They readily complied, and Cruickshanks getting on the loose raft of wood, they followed him, and did what they could in pushing and hauling the pieces of timber ashore, till the stream increased so much, that, with one voice, they declared they would stay no longer, and, making a desperate effort, they plunged over head, and reached the land with the greatest difficulty. They then tried all their eloquence to persuade Cruickshanks to come away, but he was a bold and experienced floater, and laughed at their fears; nay, so utterly reckless was he, that, having now diminished the crazy ill-put-together raft he stood on, till it consisted of a few spars only, he employed himself in trying to catch at, and save some hay-cocks belonging to the clergyman, which were floating past him. But, while his attention was so engaged, the flood was rapidly increasing, till at last even his dauntless heart became appalled at its magnitude and fury. "A horse! a horse!" he loudly and anxiously cried, "Run for one of the minister's horses, and ride in with a rope, else I must go with the stream." He was quickly obeyed, but ere a horse arrived the flood had rendered it impossible to approach him.

Seeing that he must abandon all hope of help in that way, Cruickshanks was now seen, as if summoning up all his resolution and presence of mind, to make the perilous attempt of dashing through the raging current with his frail and imperfect raft. Grasping more firmly the iron-shod pole he held in his hand, called in floater's language a *sting*, he pushed resolutely into it; but he had hardly done so when the violence of the water wrenched from his hold that which was all he had to depend on. A shriek burst from his friends as they beheld the wretched raft dart off with him down the stream, like an arrow freed from the bow-string. But the mind of Cruickshanks was no common one to quail before the first approach of danger. He poised himself, and stood balanced, with determination and self-command in his eye, and no sound of fear or of complaint was heard to come from him. At the point where the burn met the river, in the ordinary state of both, there grew some trees, now surrounded by deep and strong currents, and far from the land. The raft took a direction towards one of these, and seeing the wide and tumultuous waters of the Spey before him, in which there was no hope that his loosely connected logs could stick one moment together, he coolly prepared himself, and, collecting all his force into one well-timed and well-directed effort, he sprang, caught a tree, and clung among its boughs, whilst the frail raft hurried away from under his foot, was dashed into fragments, and scattered on the bosom of the waves. A shout of joy arose from his anxious friends, for they now deemed him safe; but *he* uttered no shout in return. Every nerve was strained to procure help. "A boat!" was the general cry, and some ran this way and some that, to endeavour to procure one. It was now between seven and eight o'clock in the evening. A boat was speedily obtained from Mr. Gordon of Aberlour, and, though no one there was very expert in its use, it was quickly manned by people eager to save Cruickshanks from his perilous situation. The current was too terrible about the tree to admit of their nearing it, so as to take him directly into the boat; but their object was to row through the smoother water, to such a distance as might enable them to throw a rope to him, by which means they hoped to drag him to the boat. Frequently did they attempt this, and as frequently were they foiled, even by that which was considered as the gentler part of the stream, for it hurried them past the point whence they wished to make the cast of their rope, and compelled them to row up again by the side, to start on each fresh adventure. Often were they carried so much in the direction of the tree, as to be compelled to exert all their strength to pull themselves away from him they would have saved, that they might avoid the vortex that would have caught and swept them to destruction. And often was poor Cruickshanks tantalized with the approach of help, which came but to add to the other miseries of his situation that of the bitterest disappointment. Yet he bore all calmly. In the transient glimpses they had of him as they were driven past him, they saw no blenching on his dauntless countenance,—they heard no reproach, no complaint, no sound, but an occasional short exclamation of encouragement to persevere in their friendly endeavours. But the evening wore on, and still they were un-

[1] "'I think,' said the old gardener, to one of the maids, 'the gauger's *fie;*' by which the common people express those violent spirits, which they think a presage of death."—*Guy Mannering.*

successful. It seemed to them that something more than mere natural causes was operating against them. "His hour is come!" said they, as they regarded one another with looks of awe; "our struggles are vain." The courage and the hope which had hitherto supported them began to fail, and the descending shades of night extinguished the last feeble sparks of both, and put an end to their endeavours.

Fancy alone can picture the horrors that must have crept on the unfortunate man, as, amidst the impenetrable darkness which now prevailed, he became aware of the continued increase of the flood that roared around him, by its gradual advance towards his feet, whilst the rain and the tempest continued to beat more and more dreadfully upon him. That these were long ineffectual in shaking his collected mind we know from the fact, afterwards ascertained, that he actually wound up his watch while in this dreadful situation. But hearing no more the occasional passing exclamations of those who had been hitherto trying to succour him, he began to shout for help in a voice that became every moment more long-drawn and piteous, as, between the gusts of the tempest, and borne over the thunder of the waters, it fell from time to time on the ears of his clustered friends, and rent the heart of his distracted wife. Ever and anon it came, and hoarser than before, and there was an occasional wildness in its note, and now and then a strange and clamorous repetition for a time, as if despair had inspired him with an unnatural energy. But the shouts became gradually shorter,—less audible, and less frequent,—till at last their eagerly listening ears could catch them no longer. "Is he gone?"—was the half-whispered question they put to one another, and the smothered responses that were muttered around but too plainly told how much the fears of all were in unison.

"What was that?" cried his wife in delirious scream,—"That was his whistle I heard!" —She said truly. A shrill whistle, such as that which is given with the fingers in the mouth, rose again over the loud din of the deluge, and the yelling of the storm. He was not yet gone. His voice was but cracked by his frequent exertions to make it heard, and he had now resorted to an easier mode of transmitting to his friends the certainty of his safety. For some time his unhappy wife drew hope from such considerations, but his whistles, as they came more loud and prolonged, pierced the ears of his foreboding friends like the ill-omened cry of some warning spirit; and it may be matter of question whether all believed that the sounds they heard were really mortal. Still they came louder and clearer for a brief space; but at last they were heard no more, save in his frantic wife's fancy, who continued to start as if she still heard them, and to wander about and to listen, when all but herself were satisfied that she could never hear them again.

Wet and weary, and shivering with cold, was this miserable woman, when the tardy dawn of morning beheld her, straining her eyeballs through the imperfect light, towards the trees where Cruickshanks had been last seen. There was something there that looked like the figure of a man, and on that her eyes fixed. But those around her saw, alas! too well, that what she fondly supposed to be her husband was but a bunch of wreck, gathered by the flood into one of the trees, for the one to which he clung had been swept away.

The body of poor Cruickshanks was found in the afternoon of next day on the Haugh of Dandaleith, some four or five miles below. As it had ever been his uniform practice to wind up his watch at night, and as it was discovered to be nearly full wound when it was taken from his pocket, the fact of his having had self-possession enough to obey his usual custom, under circumstances so terrible, is as unquestionable as it is wonderful. It had stopped at a quarter of an hour past eleven o'clock, which would seem to fix that as the fatal moment when the tree was rent away, for when that happened his struggles amidst the raging waves of the Spey must have been few and short. When the men, who had so unsuccessfully attempted to save him, were talking over the matter, and agreeing that no human help could have availed him, "I'm thinkin' I could ha' ta'en him oot," said a voice in the circle. All eyes were turned towards the speaker, and a general expression of contempt followed, for it was a boy of the name of John Rainey, a reputed idiot, from the foot of Belrinnes, who spoke. "You!" cried a dozen voices at once, "what would you have done, you wise man?" —"I wud ha'e tied an empty anker-cask to the end o' a lang lang tow, an' I wud ha'e floated it aff frae near about whar the raft was ta'en first awa, and syne, ye see, as the stream teuk the raft till the tree, maybe she wud ha'e ta'en the cask there too,—an' if Charley Cruickshanks had ance gotten a haud o' the rope," ——He would have finished, but his auditors were gone. They had silently slunk away in different directions, one man alone having muttered, as he went, something about "wisdom coming out of the mouths of fools."

SEASONS OF PRAYER.

BY HENRY WARE.

To prayer, to prayer;—for the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes.
His light is on all below and above,
The light of gladness, and life, and love.
O, then, on the breath of his early air,
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer;—for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on:
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,
To shade the couch where his children repose.
Then kneel, while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of night.

To prayer;—for the day that God has blessed
Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest:
It speaks of creation's early bloom;
It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb.
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
And devote to Heaven the hallowed hours.

There are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes,
For her new-born infant beside her lies:
O, hour of bliss! when the heart o'erflows
With rapture a mother only knows;—
Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer;
Let it swell up to heaven for her precious care.

There are smiles and tears in that gathering band,
Where the heart is pledged with the trembling hand.
What trying thoughts in her bosom swell,
As the bride bids parents and home farewell!
Kneel down by the side of the tearful fair,
And strengthen the perilous hour with prayer.

Kneel down by the dying sinner's side,
And pray for his soul through Him who died.
Large drops of anguish are thick on his brow—
O, what is earth and its pleasures now!
And what shall assuage his dark despair,
But the penitent cry of humble prayer?

Kneel down at the couch of departing faith,
And hear the last words the believer saith.
He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends:
There is peace in his eye that upwards bends;
There is peace in his calm, confiding air;
For his last thoughts are God's, his last words prayer.

The voice of prayer at the sable bier!
A voice to sustain, to soothe, and to cheer.
It commends the spirit to God who gave;
It lifts the thoughts from the cold, dark grave;
It points to the glory where He shall reign,
Who whispered, "Thy brother shall rise again."

The voice of prayer in the world of bliss!
But gladder, purer, than rose from this.
The ransomed shout to their glorious King,
Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing;
But a sinless and joyous song they raise;
And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

Awake, awake, and gird up thy strength
To join that holy band at length.
To Him who unceasing love displays,
Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise,
To Him thy heart and thy hours be given;
For a life of prayer is the life of heaven.

THREE WESTMINSTER BOYS.

[Mrs. Christian Isobel Johnstone, born in Fifeshire, 1781; died at Edinburgh, 26th August, 1857. Novelist and miscellaneous writer. Her chief works are: *Clan Albyn; Elizabeth de Bruce; Lives and Voyages of Drake, Cavendish, and Dampier; Nights of the Round Table*, a series of tales and sketches, from which we quote; the *Edinburgh Tales; Meg Dodds' Cookery Book;* &c. She was also the director and chief contributor to the *Schoolmaster*, one of the earliest of the cheap periodicals, *Johnstone's* and *Tait's Magazines.*]

The Magic Lantern which belonged to Mr. Dodsley, was elegantly and ingeniously formed. He chose to exhibit its wonders himself; and story, and picture, aiding and illustrating each other, agreeably occupied several NIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE.

"Peep, and tell us what you see, Charles," said the reverend showman to our old friend Charles Herbert—"An old building, forms, desks, a lofty large room, many boys and youths, and three apart and prominent."—"Let *me* look," cried Sophia,—"Westminster School, I declare! and those three boys!—one very noble and graceful; the next dark, thoughtful, resolute, with keen eyes, and compressed lips; and the third—O! how gently, yet brightly he smiles, dear bashful boy, as his dark, bold companion extends his arm, haranguing and pointing forward to some high distant object! A picture is it,—a figure in state robes?—or is it to the insignia blazoned on that desk?—Nay, I daresay he wishes to be head-master."

"Have you all seen the three school-fellows?" asked Mr. Dodsley; "look at them well, for here they part on the path of life, never to meet again. Presto! change:—What see you now, Sophia?"—"Still the dark, stern youth, and the gentle timid one:—they are older now, but I know them well. The noble-looking boy has disappeared. The scene seems chambers in the Temple. Through an open window I have a glimpse of gardens: piles of huge books

are lying on tables, floors, and shelves. The dark resolute youth pores on a black-letter folio, and makes, as it were, notes or extracts. The other leans by the window, gazing over the gardens, a small open volume fluttering in his relaxed hand. Ha! I read on it *Thomson's Seasons.*" "Yes, Sophia, your gentle law-student is an idle rogue; he has been seduced into the 'primrose paths of poesy' —let us see the result;—meanwhile here is another picture."—"Beautiful! beautiful!" cried the admiring girl, "A large ship!"—"An outward-bound Indiaman," said Mr. Dodsley. "All her sails set," continued Sophia. "How proudly, how statelily she ploughs her way, breasting the waters like a swan. And there, on her deck, that noble gentleman, the third Westminster boy,—and yet not he,—walking so proudly as if in accordance with the majestic motion of the brave ship. I am glad to meet him again:—and all those military attendants—the gaudily dressed musical band,—the plumed officers,—and he the centre of all! What a great man he must be, and how well honour becomes him!"

"Shall we follow his progress to the East, or return to yonder gloomy, sombre chamber in the Temple?"—"Both," cried several young eager voices; "we must trace them all,—all the three school-fellows."

The next view was of a large oriental city, its architectural splendour and magnificence of outline glittering in the dazzling but uncertain brilliance of the morning sun; domes and minarets, Mahommedan mosques, and Indian pagodas, fountains, and palaces, and stately dwellings, sparkling in the outpouring of the increasing flood of intense and golden light. Over this scene were grouped and scattered Mussulmans, Arab warriors, Brahmins and Sepoys,—all in diversified and picturesque costumes,—ornamented palanquins, European officers richly dressed, and mounted on beautiful horses; elephants prancing in their splendid trappings; females and children, their dark skins and silky hair, and large black eyes, contrasting with their white and gaudily spangled dresses; dancing girls, and marabouts,—all, in short, that could compose a picture of oriental beauty and splendour; and that princely man, now of middle age, on the large white elephant, still the centre of all.

The scene changed slightly, and discovered the interior of the magnificent saloon of a residence that appeared royal, where the noble figure, whom Sophia still declared the third boy of Westminster School, received in oriental state, homage paid with the lowliest prostrations of the East, from a long train of nawaubs, rajahs, and envoys, illustrious captives or princely tributaries, whom his policy or his prowess had subdued to the dominion of England. Royal and magnificent was all about him; his aspect grave, dignified, and elate, his step and air majestic; yet the shadow of deep, anxious thought, of heart-struck care, at times darkened his embrowned visage. Whence then had fled the generous, sunny, open smile, that lightened the gray walls of Westminster School? —the noble, free expression of the younger man, who so proudly trode the deck of the outward-bound Indiaman?

"Alas! what change!" said Sophia; "I almost dread, yet long to follow him farther."

Dim, troubled, misty scenes next flitted by; battles hid in smoke and obscurity; the wide plain of Hindostan flooded or desolate,—naked huddled millions,—signs of disaster, famine, and misery; and in the foreground still that princely man, his features ploughed with care, knitting his brows in fierce anger and disdain, stamping on the ground, while his eastern slaves cowered around him, as he hastily perused letters and despatches, his English secretary, attendants, and aids-de-camp standing back, anxiously scanning his looks, and reading his troubled mind in his working and eloquent features.

This scene passed, and he was next seen in an English ship, more stately if possible than the former vessel, freighted with all the rich and rare productions of the East; but the bright look had waxed dim, the buoyant spirit of the outward-bound voyager was now heavy and slow. Anon, and he lay reclined on a couch on the deck, under a silken and gold awning. A physician felt his pulse; black servants in splendid costumes fanned him; others approached with profound salams, bearing perfumes, and offering service, as they might have done to a divinity. Indifferent to all, his eye remained rivetted on one paper, on a few cabalistic words, which, like the damned blood-spot on the hand of Lady Macbeth, would not out, could not sweeten.

"Turn we again to England," said Mr. Dodsley, shifting the scene, "to our stern, ambitious, iron-minded man, of invincible purpose, of unconquerable perseverance, and, let me add, of strong intellect, and yet stronger ambition;—there you see him, the slough of the Temple cast, in the King's Bench, in the Court of Chancery, in the commons' House of Parliament, every energy of his mind in perpetual activity, already surrounded by satellites, the ministers or slaves of his will subdued

by that mighty and resistless will to its own purposes of selfish aggrandizement, of intrigue and political ambition, and, it may occasionally be, of pure patriotism. And now every obstacle overcome, undermined, or boldly trampled under foot, see him make one grand spring to reach the height at which every act of his life has aimed; while all men, the stronger as well as the feebler spirits, give way to his resistless progress, or cheer him on to the spot where lie the coveted rich robes, the patents, and the purses, and by these the mighty insignia of the lord high-chancellor of England."

"I begin to long for a glimpse of our gentle boy now," said Sophia, "dreaming over his *Thomson's Seasons*. Has he been borne down by the torrent which has carried his bold and daring companion so high and far?—Our gentle interesting boy!—has he been cast away like a weed, or has he cast away himself?"—"You shall judge," said Mr. Dodsley,—"Here is our lost one——" And there he was, the very boy, developed in the thin, melancholy, woe-worn man, sitting lonely on a tombstone, under the elms of a country churchyard.—"He is curate of that church," said Sophia; "and I daresay he has lost his wife or his child. How refined and how expressive are his faded features; a look of meek resignation, stealing over the traces of some deep mysterious affliction."

"He never was in orders, nor yet had wife or child, my sprightly guesser," said Mr. Dodsley. "Mental blight, dark and fearful trial, and the utter desolation of worldly prospects, have all passed over him; but he is, as you see, better now,—there is even an occasional flash of humour kindling over those placid features,—of which, however, gentle kindness, deep, holy submission, is the fixed and habitual expression."

"It makes my heart ache to see him so far thrown out," said Sophia; "for even at Westminster I liked him best."—"He was my boy too," cried Fanny. This was not quite correct, for Sophia had expressed strong sympathy with the "noble boy," as she called him, and great admiration of the Oriental Vice-king; but Mr. Dodsley accepted her own interpretation of her altered feelings, and said "He was 'a stricken deer that left the herd'—nor was he free from blame; but his dark hour is past. Shall we follow him to his humble abode, not far from those churchyard elms, or return to those scenes of splendour, of grandeur, of substantial wealth, of real power, in which his early compeers preside, guiding or wielding the energies and the destinies of nations?"

"Follow him, sir," said Sophia; and the boys, though anxious for more stirring pictures of life, politely yielded to her wish. The quickly shifting scenes exhibited a dull, dingy, and even mean-looking house in the centre of a small fifth-rate market town, and again a low-roofed parlour in that house, very plainly furnished with things neither fine nor new, and still less fashionable. Here sat an elderly, but comely gentlewoman knitting; and before her stood a plain tea equipage, waiting, as the next scene showed, the arrival of the loiterer under the churchyard elms, whom she seemed to welcome with the placid smile of long-tried affection. This scene looked brighter than the former. The old window-curtain was let down, the old sofa wheeled in, the tea-kettle was steaming,—and it was singing also, no doubt, if pictures could give out sounds; the shadows of a blazing fire of wood were dancing and quivering on walls and roof, and shining on all the polished surfaces of the furniture; and a couple of hares at a touch were seen in another scene, leaping from a box. They gambolled and wheeled on the well-brushed carpet, their benevolent master and protector looking on their sports, and caracoles, and gambades, with pleased, affectionate, and even interested eyes.

"How lively those scenes—they are nature itself, Mr. Dodsley," said Miss Jane Harding. —"Your magic lantern is the finest mimic representation of life I ever saw."

"I know whereabouts we are now," cried Sophia, in a low, earnest, yet delighted tone of voice. "Olney! Cowper! Mrs. Unwin!—Ah! sulky Tiney, and Mistress Bess the vaulter!"—"Let me see, let me see," cried the younger children; and Sophia had now a much stronger object of interest than the pictured scene, which she left to Fanny and Charles, and the other little ones.

"But the studious, thoughtful youth, who pored over the folio in the Temple," she cried, "the dark-browed, stern man of the chancery court, Cowper's early friend—who was he?"

"Edward Thurlow, lord high-chancellor of England."—"And that other boy—the noble boy—the Westminster scholar?" said Sophia.

"Warren Hastings, governor-general of India. These three youths started from the same point. In birth Cowper was certainly the most distinguished of the three;—of their respective talents we will now speak—great men they all were—good men too, let us hope. The lot was cast into the lap. All started for the prize:—by routes how different did each gain the appointed place where all human travellers meet! What then were their gains?—which

was happiest in his course of life?—But we must follow them farther; true is the Italian proverb, which says that no man can be pronounced happy till he is dead! Which of the three Westminster boys became the best man? Which most nobly fulfilled his duties to his God, his country, and his kind? Which—now that they all are gone to their reward—enjoys the widest, the purest, the highest fame? Which remains the best model to the youth of England?—Not one of the three faultless, without doubt; but which of these three great men comes nearest the mark at which you, my boys, would aim?"

"I suppose Lord Thurlow was chancellor before Henry VII.'s time," said Fanny Herbert; and Charles added in explanation, "*Our* history of England only begins then, so we don't know Lord Thurlow. Sir Thomas More, you remember, Fanny?—he was a merry, kind man, that chancellor."

"Your history goes back to a decently remote period," said Mr. Dodsley, smiling at the observation of the young historians. "Lord Thurlow held this high office at a very recent date, in the reign of George III., at the same time that Mr. Hastings exercised the mighty government of the East, and Mr. Cowper lived in neglect, and obscurity, composing his poetry."

"If we were to judge by our little audience," said Mrs. Herbert, "one of your questions, nay, perhaps two, are already answered. The modest poet, living apart in that nameless obscurity, already enjoys not only a higher, but a more universal fame than either of his youthful compeers. All our good little folks here know him, less or more, in his daily life, as well as in his beautiful verse; they read him, and quote him, and love him, and, by daily draughts from his stores of wisdom and of love, nourish their moral and intellectual nature to a strength and stature it might never otherwise have attained."

"I fear you are a confirmed Cowperite," said Miss Harding to her sister. But what say you, young gentleman?"

"Hastings for me!" cried Mr. Frank Consadine, the Irish youth. "Hastings, prince and conqueror!"—"And for me the woolsack," cried George Herbert. "I would rather, I think, just now, but I may change my mind, be high chancellor of England, than England's sovereign; to the one a prince is born, the other a *man* must achieve."

"If," said Norman Gordon, the Scottish youth, "one could be an eastern vice-king, or English chancellor, and author of the *Task* at the same time, one would be at no loss to decide;" and he half-laughed at the profound silliness of his own cautious conclusion.

"You would unite impossibilities, Mr. Norman," said the curate. "Cowper's poetry required not only an original cast or bias of mind, but a preparatory course of life, and a mental discipline quite peculiar—very different, indeed, from that of a lawyer and politician, or eastern legislator and conqueror. We must take our three schoolboys and men exactly as we find them; and determine the claims, and estimate the happiness of each on his own merits, nor think of what might have been."

The younger children liked pictures better than discussion, so the whole group solicited Mr. Dodsley to proceed with his exhibition, which he did, still adhering to the original idea.

"To afford you wider grounds for forming your opinions, my little friends, you shall see each of our heroes by his own fireside, and also in more active and distinguished scenes. This first, is the lords' House of Parliament, solemn and antique, with its Gothic, tag-rag decorations.

"It is the day of a trial. These are the peers of Britain,—yonder the judges and prelates of the land,—there some of the young princes of the blood-royal, honoured in being created members of this house. Taken all in all, the scene before you represents the most august tribunal in the world; and before that tribunal is arraigned Warren Hastings, the victim of a triumphant faction, the object of much ignorant clamour, and of popular hatred, which one can yet hardly condemn, as it sprang from the best feelings of humanity. You see the long perspective of council, and clerks, and ushers, and reporters. That is Burke, who, with the lightnings of his eloquence, blights and withers the once flourishing and princely Hastings. And there stands Sheridan, ready to pounce on his victim,—to hold up the proud-minded vice-king to the abhorrence and execration of the world, as a monster of rapacity, cruelty, and tyranny, swollen with wealth and bloated with crime, the desolator of the fairest portion of the East, the wholesale, cold-blooded murderer of millions of Asiatics.

"The partisan orator may be half-conscious of the falsehood of many of his representations, and entirely so of their artificial gloss and high-colouring; but candour and truth are not the object of the party man; he vehemently proceeds in his statements, boldly makes his charges, and eloquently supports them.

"We shall now presume the house adjourned, and follow Hastings to his retirement. Where

now, Sophia, is the gay Westminster boy, the gallant, ambitious, high-minded statesman and soldier of the east? Can you trace him in that sallow, drooping, arraigned criminal, whose spirit is chafed almost to madness! In public he folds up his arms in self-supporting disdain; he tries to smooth his care-worn brow, and to teach his quivering lip to curl in contempt of his open accusers, and more rancorous secret enemies. But, alas! contempt and disdain of our fellow-men are not calm, much less are they happy feelings. The persecuted, if not yet degraded man, is sick at his very soul; his heart is bursting with the indignant anguish, which will break it at last. There may have been, and in this still hour of self-communion conscience so whispers, things faulty and blameworthy in his bold and illustrious career. Nor is he free of guilt; for his station was one of great difficulty, and loaded with responsibility which might make even the strongest and best-hearted man tremble. Images of long-acted, painful scenes rise before him in his solitude; actions justified, in their passing, by the plea of a strong necessity, which he dislikes and dreads to think of now. And here, the world shut out, surrounded as he is with all the wealth and luxury of the eastern and western hemispheres, the hootings of the London rabble, and the hissings of the adder-tongues of his enemies, still ring in his ears; and to these envenomed sounds conscience in his own bosom returns a faint yet an undying echo. Perhaps he may wish, in this anguished hour, that his lot, though less splendid, had been more safe.

"To beguile an hour of care he takes up a volume of the poetry of his old school-fellow, the lost William Cowper. He has little leisure for literature, but a lingering taste remains for what engrossed so many of the happy hours of happier days. He turns up one passage after another; and the map and history of Cowper's life lie before him. Are his feelings those of pity or of envy? Probably they are a strangely-entangled mixture of both. His eye is rivetted on a passage in the poem of Expostulation; he reads on and on; and, as if spell-urged, pronounces aloud,

'Hast thou, though suckled at fair Freedom's breast,
Exported slavery to the conquered East!
Pulled down the tyrants India served with dread,
And raised thyself a greater in their stead?
Gone thither armed and hungry, returned full,
Fed from the richest veins of the Mogul,
A despot big with power, obtained by wealth,
And that obtained by rapine and by stealth?'

"Hastings can read no farther. This passage could not, did not apply to himself; in his proud integrity of heart he felt assured of this. The opinions too were those of ignorance. What could Cowper know of the East? And then he wonders at the latitude of discussion and the licentiousness of the press in England. He dips again; his fortune may be better this time; for in these rich volumes he perceives that there is much poetic beauty. He is more fortunate now, for he opens at the admired description of the coming in of the post. How fine an opening; and he reads aloud—

'Hark! 'tis the twanging horn———
. . . . . .
But oh! the important budget! ushered in
With such heart-shaking music, who can say
What are its tidings?—Have our troops awaked?
Or do they still, as if with opium drugged,
Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave?
Is INDIA FREE? and does she wear her plumed
And jewelled turban with a smile of peace,
Or do we grind her still?'——

"The heart-struck but fascinated reader proceeds on, in spite of himself, till he finishes the finest passages of the poem, those which unveil the habits and amiable character of his early friend. If there were some stir and bitterness in his spirit on the first perusal of offensive strictures, that is past now. He lays down the book with a quiet sigh; and, striving to fix his mind upon all that has been most brilliant in his fortunes, can only remember how many years have elapsed since he was a Westminster school-boy; and that both he and William Cowper have long since passed the meridian of life.

"Are you not yet tired, Miss Fanny, of gazing on that gorgeous bed-chamber," said the curate; "the bed of carved ivory and gold, the silken draperies, and couches of crimson and gold curiously worked; the silver-framed mirrors, the rich porcelain vases and foot-baths; the splendid toilette, with its jewelled ornaments; the ivory and ebony cabinets, richly inlaid with gold, and in the highest style of eastern decoration, exhibiting groups exquisitely executed; religious processions, festivals, marriages, in short, a series of gorgeous pictures of eastern manners. Those caskets on the toilette contain some of the rarest jewels of the East. That large emerald is to be sent to-morrow morning to a certain lady of questionable fame, but of great influence; for the proud Hastings must stoop to make friends at this crisis, by arts he would once have spurned, and still loathes. That gold bed, preserved with such care in his own chamber, is intended for a gift or tribute to the Queen of England."

The children were not yet satisfied with

gazing; and Mrs. Herbert said, "I fear, my dears, if thus fascinated by grandeur, you will ill bear a transition to the dull, low-roofed parlour at Olney." "No: were it a dungeon with such inmates," cried Sophia, resolutely turning from the beautiful picture of the interior of Mr. Hastings' bed-chamber.—"Well said, Sophia, if you can stand to it," returned her mother—"But I see Charles and Mr. Norman long for another peep of those eastern weapons suspended over the chimney."—"That most beautiful scimitar, the handle studded and blazing with jewels!" cried the peeping boy;—"and those exquisite pistols! how was it possible to paint them so truly? And that —Damascus blade, did you call it?"

"Lest the transition to sad, sombre, puritanic Olney be too violent, we will first, if you please, visit the lord-chancellor," said Mr. Dodsley.—"Presto! there he is at the head of the state council-board; these are his colleagues —his party friends, his rivals, his flatterers, his underminers, ranged on each side of him; and he knows them all well: they may injure, but they cannot deceive him. He looks grim, and stern, and unhealthy. Even now there is spasm upon him; a youth of hard sedentary study, a manhood of incessant labour, and latterly, a weight of public and of private cares, have weighed and broken down Lord Thurlow. He looks old before his time. His temper, even his friends allow, has become rugged, boisterous, arrogant,—almost brutal. But they know not the secret pangs that torture him, or they might bear with patience, or pardon with gentleness, those fierce ebullitions of rage that will not acknowledge sickness nor infirmity. Even in the death-gripe, he will clutch those magic seals. But now he presides at that board, where the subject of discussion is the glory and safety of the empire,—the weal or woe of millions yet unborn. If the feeling of bodily languor for an instant overpower his intellectual energies, alarmed ambition stings his mind into preternatural strength, for he penetrates the arts of a wily rival, who, affecting to acquiesce in his measures, secretly labours to thwart them, and to undermine him in the favour and confidence of his sovereign. He puts forth all his strength, tramples the reptile in the dust, and seats himself at the head of empire more firmly and securely than ever. Is he happy now? He thinks he should be so, but he thinks little of it; he has leisure for nothing, heart for nothing, memory for nothing, save his high function, and the arts necessary to maintain himself in it. He has no time, and indeed no wish, to ascertain his own state either of body or mind. If he has no leisure to attend to his health, how can he be supposed to have time for self-examination or for serious thought? He once had many schemes, the growth of his strong and even enlarged mind, for the welfare of the state, and the happiness of his old private friends,—but they must be delayed. And now he loses even the wish for their accomplishment; his heart, never either very kind or soft, has become narrowed as well as callous; his temper waxes more and more hard, and gloomy, and repulsive; his private friends fall off, disgusted by his neglect, and surly, arrogant haughtiness. They have no longer any common sympathies with Edward, Lord Thurlow. He stalks through his magnificent house alone; he writes, rases, burns, knits his brows over communications and despatches which offended him,—and many things offend him,—he sits up half the night plunged in business; the surgeon who of late sleeps in his house administers a sleeping draught, and he will try to obtain a few hours of troubled repose. Had pride allowed him, he could almost have addressed the obsequious medical man in the well-remembered words of Macbeth,—

'Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?'

Many, many years ago, he had seen Garrick play that character and many others, when William Cowper, of the Inner Temple, was his companion to Drury Lane. They had spouted the favourite passages together fifty times, after returning home to sup, now in Cowper's chambers, now in Thurlow's. Of rhetoric and declamation Edward Thurlow was ever an admirer; young Cowper relished more the intense passion or the deep pathos of the scene.

"The memory of his old fellow-student and companion had been revived on this night, by the arrival of a volume, just published, of Cowper's poetry. With a feeling bordering on contempt, Lord Thurlow threw it from him unopened. Now another scene of our magic glass, and behold the high-chancellor lays his throbbing but ever clear head on a downy pillow, and sets his alarum-watch to an early hour; for, sick or well, he must be at Windsor by ten to-morrow. He, however, leaves orders, that at whatever hour his private secretary, who is waiting the issue of an important debate in the House of Commons, shall return, he be admitted to him;—Lord Thurlow has an impression, that, though he may stretch his limbs on that bed of state, sleep will not visit him till he learn the fortune of the day—hears how the vote has gone. It was a debate on

the African slave-trade. He first inquired the vote—it was favourable. He glanced over the reports of the leading speeches;—the vote was his,—but the feeling, the spirit of the night was strongly against him. There was the speech of Charles Fox; and he had quoted Cowper!—a beautiful apostrophe to Freedom, cheered by all the members on both sides of the house, forced to admire, vote afterwards as they might.

"Lord Thurlow now sets himself to sleep in good earnest, and his strong will is omnipotent even here. But over the empire of dreams the lord high-chancellor had no power,—Fancy is not a ward of Chancery. His visions were gloomy and distempered. His youth, his manhood, his present life are all fantastically but vividly blended. Sometimes the spirit that haunts him is the Prince of Wales, then it becomes Charles Fox, and anon it changes to William Cowper, and again back to Fox. But his hour comes, the alarum wakes him, and he is almost glad of the relief."

"Would you choose to see the chancellor's dressing-room, Fanny, and his ante-chamber, and the persons met in levee there, thus early, in a chill, foggy, winter's morning?" Fanny chose to do so.

And there was seen the plain chamber of the English minister, lights burning dimly in the cold, heavy air,—a fire choked with smoke.

"Ah, poor old gentleman," cried Fanny, "there he is, so cold, I am sure, and so very cross he looks—the poor servant that shaves him looks so terribly frightened. Well, considering how late he was of getting to bed, and all, I don't think, brother George, it is very pleasant to be a high-chancellor—at least, in winter; particularly when the king wishes to see him so early at Windsor, to scold him perhaps."

"O, you silly child," said her sister.

"Not so silly, Miss Sophia," said the curate. "To be sure, there is no great hardship visible here, still I could have wished the lord-chancellor a longer and sounder sleep; and it is very wise, Fanny, to learn young, 'that all is not gold which glitters.' But now we shall suppose the chancellor shaved and booted, his hasty cup of coffee swallowed—as the Jews did the passover—standing, his loins girt; for he too is bound for the wilderness. In short, he detests Windsor interviews. A secretary bears his portfolio; his carriage is at the door; he hurries through the circle of adulators, solicitors of his patronage, understrappers of all kinds, that wait his appearance,—the whole herd hateful to him, and he to them; and he is not a man of glozing words or feigning courtesy. No man in England can say 'No' more gruffly or decidedly. A few indispensable words uttered, he hurries on. Near the door you note a young clergyman, his fine features 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.' His profile strikingly resembles that of William Cowper, and Lord Thurlow recalls his dream and Charles Fox's quotation; and, with his old accurate Temple habits, takes the portfolio himself, and directs his secretary to return and bring him a volume 'lying on the third shelf of a certain cabinet in his business-room, between a pamphlet on India affairs, and that something about Lord George Gordon.' He now perfectly recollected —for his memory was tenacious of everything —that Cowper had lost his paltry sort of appointment—had gone deranged—was always *swainish*,—and now piped in some rural shades or other, sunk into *nobody*, with probably not political interest sufficient to influence the election of the neighbouring borough-reeve. There had been a degree of impertinence in sending such a book to him; or it was, at least, an act of silliness, and showed small knowledge of life. But Fox had quoted it; so once beyond the smoke of London, Thurlow turns over the leaves. The carriage rolls on, post-haste, to the audience of Majesty; but habit has enabled the lord-chancellor to read even in the most rapid whirling motion. He dips at random in search of Fox's passage, and stumbles on that splendid one—'All flesh is grass.' 'Cowper should have been in the church,' thought he; 'a dignified churchman he is unfit for, but he might have made a tolerable parish priest, if he would steer clear of Methodistical nonsense.'—He dips again—'One sheltered hare;' 'whining stuff! or is he mad still?' His eye falls on that passage beginning—'How various his employments whom the world calls idle;' and he reads on, not with the natural feelings of Hastings, but yet not wholly unmoved, till he gets to the words, 'Sipping calm the fragrant lymph which neatly she prepares,' when throwing down the book, the man, strong in the spirit of this world's wisdom, mutters to himself, 'Piperly trash!—and is it this Charles Fox quotes? The devil quotes Scripture for his use, and Fox would quote the devil for his.' Lord Thurlow then plunges into that red portfolio which engrosses so much of his time—so much of his soul.

"And now 'the proud keep of Windsor' rises on the ambitious, and prosperous, and proud statesman:—he smooths his brow; his sovereign welcomes him graciously; his audience passes off well; he hastens back to London, where a thousand affairs await to occupy and torture though they cannot distract him. He snatches

a morsel of cold meat; swallows a glass of wine: and off to the House of Peers, to be baited for six long hours by the bull-dogs of Opposition."

"And what has the poor gentleman for all this?" said little Fanny. "I am sure he has hard work of it."

"How idly you do talk, Fanny; is he not Lord-chancellor of England?" cried her sister.

"And fills high—I may say, the highest place; has immense patronage; is the maker of bishops, and deans, and judges, and everything," said George.

"And has immense revenues," added the curate; "estates, mansions,—all that money can command."

"Poor old gentleman," said Fanny, "I am glad he has also that woolsack to rest himself on, for I am sure he must be sadly tired and worried."

"Turn we to Olney—to that dwelling in the very heart of that shabby but now honoured town—to Cowper's abode:—no poet's fabled retirement, embowered in sylvan solitudes, by wild wandering brook or stately river's brink, skirted with hanging woods, or vine-clad steeps, or towering mountains.—Here is the parlour."—"But pray stop, sir," cried Sophia, "that dull house had its pleasant accessories; have you forgot the greenhouse, the plants, the goldfinches; that pleasant window looking over the neighbour's orchard?—and what so beautiful as an orchard, when the white plum blossom has come full out, and the pink apple flowers are just budding!"

"And Beau, and Tiney," cried Fanny.

"I have forgot none of these things, my dears," said Mr. Dodsley. "Only I fear that to see them, as Cowper saw them, we must have a poet's glass; an instrument of higher powers than a Claude Lorraine glass, and clothing every object with softer, or warmer, or sunnier hues than even that pretty toy:—where could that be bought, Fanny?" "Indeed, sir, I don't know," said Fanny.

"We may borrow one for a day, or a few hours or so," said Sophia, smiling intelligently.

"It is but fair to use Mr. Cowper's glass, in viewing his own pictures; and Mrs. Unwin's spectacles, in judging of her domestic comforts," said the curate. "There is the parlour; it looks doubly snug to-night. Now you are to recollect, ladies and gentlemen, that this scene passes on a night when Mr. Hastings' *trial* is proceeding; and while Lord Thurlow is busy and distracted in his bureau. Tea is over—the hares are asleep on the rug. Beau the spaniel lies in the bosom of Bess the maukin. On the table lie some volumes of voyages, which Mrs. Hill has this day sent from London to Mr. Cowper, with a few rare West India seeds for his greenhouse, as he calls it. There is a kind but short letter from her husband, Cowper's old friend;—for he too is a busy man in the courts, though not lord-chancellor—and there is a polite note from herself. There has also been a letter from Mr. Unwin this evening, a very kind one, filial and confidential. Mr. Cowper's cumbrous writing apparatus is on the table, for he has not yet got his neat, handy writing-desk from Lady Hesketh. His former writing-table had become crazy and paralytic in its old limbs; but to-night he has, by a happy thought of Mrs. Unwin's, got that forgotten card-table lugged down from the lumber garret, and he shakes it, finds it steady, and rejoices over it. And now the fire is trimmed for the evening; the candles are snuffed; they show a print of Mr. Newton, and a few prints of other rather ugly, grim-looking, evangelical ministers, and black profile shades of some of Mrs. Unwin's friends. Yet all looks comfortable and feels pleasant to the inmates, for this is their home. O! that magic, transfiguring word! but this home is indeed a peaceful and a happy one.

"Mr. Cowper relates to his companion the events of his long morning ramble,—a rambling narrative; simple, descriptive, somewhat pathetic too, nor unrelieved by a few delicate touches of Cowper's peculiar humour. And she listens all benevolent smiles to his ventures, happened in meadow and mire—'o'er hills, through valleys, and by rivers' banks;' and, in her turn, tells him of two poor persons distressed in mind, and pinched in circumstances, who had called at their house; and mentions what she had done for them, and consults what farther deed of mercy or charity she and her friend may jointly accomplish before that day closed. And now Sam, Mr. Cowper's excellent and attached servant, or rather humble friend, who in adversity had cleaved to him, enters the room. Sam knew nothing of London life or London wages, or official bribes, or perquisites; but I should like to know if ever Lord Thurlow had such a servant as Mr. Cowper's Sam; for this is no inconsiderable item in a man's domestic happiness. And unless we know all these little matters, how can we pronounce a true deliverance?"

"We may guess that honest Sam and his qualities would have been of little utility, and of small value to Edward, Lord Thurlow, any way," said Mrs. Herbert; "and so throw the attached servant out of his scale altogether."

"I fear so:—Well Sam, civilly, but rather formally, neither like a footman of parts nor of figure, mentions that John Cox, the parish clerk of All-Saints' parish, Northampton, waits in the kitchen for those obituary verses engrossed with the annual bill of mortality, which Mr. Cowper had for some years furnished on his solicitation.

"'Ay, Sam, say I will be ready for him in a few minutes, and give the poor man a cup of beer,' said the courteous poet. 'I must first read the verses to you, Mary,' continued he, as Sam left the parlour; 'you are my critic, my Sam Johnson, and Monthly Reviewer:'—and he reads those fine verses beginning, 'He who sits from day to day.'

"'I like them, Mr. Cowper,' said his calm friend; and that was praise enough. John Cox was ushered in, brushed his eye hastily over the paper, scraped with his foot, and said he dared to say these lines might do well enough. The gentleman he employed before was so learned, no one in the parish understood him. And Cowper smiles, and says, 'If the verses please, and are not found too learned, he hopes Mr. Cox will employ him again.'

"And now the postboy's horn is heard, and Sam hies forth. Mr. Cowper is not rich enough to buy newspapers; but his friends don't forget him, nor his tastes. Whenever anything likely to interest his feelings occurs in the busy world, some kind friend addresses a paper to Olney. Thus he keeps pace with the world, though remote from its stir and contamination. He reads aloud another portion of the trial of Hastings, most reluctant as friend and as Christian to believe his old school-fellow the guilty blood-dyed oppressor that he is here described. He reads the heads of a bill brought in by the lord-chancellor to change, to extend rather, the criminal code of the country; and says passionately, 'Will they never try preventive means? There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart, it doth not feel for man.' He skims the motley contents of the 'little folio of four pages,' gathering the goings on of the great Babel, as food for future rumination; and he would have read the speech of the chancellor, had not more important concerns carried him away,—for old John Queeney, the shoemaker in the back street, longs to see Mr. Cowper by his bedside. Mr. Newton, John's minister, is in London; and though John and Mr. Cowper are in no wise acquainted, save seeing each other in church, there are dear ties and blessed hopes common to both; so Cowper goes off immediately. But since Mrs. Unwin insists that it is a cold damp night, he takes his greatcoat, though only to please her, and Sam marches before with the lantern. John Queeney has but one poor room, Sam would be an intruder there; and as it is harsh to have him wait in the street, like the attendant or horses of a fine lady, Sam is sent home by his amiable master.

"When, in an hour afterwards, Mr. Cowper returns, he tells that John Queeney is dying, and will probably not see over the night; that he is ill indeed, but that the king and the nobles of England might gladly exchange states with that poor shoemaker, in the back street of Olney:—his warfare was accomplished! Mrs. Unwin understands him! she breathes a silent inward prayer for her dying fellow-creature and fellow-Christian; and no more is said on this subject. Cowper now in a steady and cheerful voice, reads the outline of a petition he has drawn out in the name of the poor lace-workers of Olney, against an intended duty on candles. On them such a tax would have fallen grievously. 'My dear Mr. Cowper, this is more like an indignant remonstrance than an humble petition,' said his friend with her placid smile.

"'Indeed and I fear it is. How could it well be otherwise? But this must be modified; the poet's imprudence must not hurt the poor lace-workers' cause.'

"And now Sam brings in supper—a Roman meal, in the days of Rome's heroic simplicity; and when it is withdrawn, Hannah, the sole maid-servant, comes in to say that she has carried one blanket to Widow Jennings, and another to Jenny Hibberts; and that the shivering children had actually danced round, and hugged and kissed the comfortable night-clothing, for lack of which they perished; and that the women themselves shed tears of thankfulness for this well-timed, much-wanted supply.

"'And you were sure to tell them they came not from us,' said the poet. Hannah replied that she had, and withdrew.

"'These blankets cannot cost the generous Thornton above ten shillings apiece, Mr. Cowper,' says Mrs. Unwin. 'Oh! how many a ten shillings that would, in this severe season, soften the lot of the industrious poor, are every night lavished in the city he inhabits! How many blankets would the opera-tickets of this *one* night purchase! And can any *one* human creature have the heart or the right thus to lavish, yea, though not sinfully, yet surely not without blame, while but *one* of the same great family perishes of hunger or of cold?'

"And they speak of their poor neighbours

by name; they know many of them, their good qualities, their faults, and their necessities. And fireside discourse flows on in the easy current of old, endeared, and perfect intimacy; and Cowper is led incidentally to talk of dark passages in his earlier life; of the Providence which had guided and led him to this resting-place 'by the green pastures and still waters;' of the mercy in which he had been afflicted; of a great deliverance suddenly wrought; of the ARM which had led him into the wilderness, while 'the banner over him was love.' And then the talk ebbs back to old friends, now absent; to domestic cares, and little family concerns and plans; the garden, or the greenhouse, matter 'fond and trivial,' yet interesting, and clothed in the language of a poet, and adorned by a poet's fancy.

"I must again ask, had the lord high-chancellor ever gained to his heart any one intelligent and affectionate woman, to whom he could thus unbend his mind—pour forth his heart of hearts—in the unchilled confidence of a never-failing sympathy? this I shall consider—the possession of this friend—an immense weight in Cowper's scale, when we come to adjust the balance," said Mr. Dodsley.

"'I must now read you the fruits of my morning's study, ma'am,' says our poet after a pause; 'I had well nigh forgot that.' And he reads his sublime requiem on the loss of the *Royal George*.

"'I am mistaken if this be not wonderfully grand, Mr. Cowper,' says his ancient critic. 'But hark! our cuckoo clock. It must be regulated—you forget your duties, sir—Tiney must be put up, and'—

"'You must just allow me, Mary, to give one puff of the bellows to the greenhouse embers. The air feels chilly to-night—my precious orange-tree.' And Mrs. Unwin smiles over his fond care, as the gentleman walks off with the bellows under his arm.

"And now is the stated hour of family worship. Sam and Hannah march forward in decent order. But I shall not attempt to describe the pious household rites, where the author of the *Task* is priest and worshipper. Affectionate 'goodnights' close the scene. And this is the order of the evenings at Olney.

"Cowper regulates the cuckoo clock; for though he has no alarum watch, or impending audience of Majesty, he lays many duties on himself, lowly, yet not ignoble; so about the same hour that the chancellor rolls off for Windsor, Cowper, also alert in duty, is penning his fair copy of the lace-workers' petition to parliament, or despatching one of his playful, affectionate epistles to his cousin, Lady Hesketh, or acknowledging the bounty of the benevolent Thornton to the poor of Olney. And now, body and mind refreshed, the blessings of the night remembered, and the labours of the day dedicated in short prayer and with fervent praise, and he is in his greenhouse study, chill though it be, for it is quiet and sequestered. See here, Fanny,—our last picture. But so minutely has the poet described his favourite retreat that this sketch may be deemed superfluous labour. Yet this is and ever will be a cherished spot; for here many of his virtuous days were spent.

"Why pursue the theme farther," continued the curate, "you all know the simple tenor of his life:—

> Thus did he travel on life's common way,
> In cheerful godliness.'

The visitations to which his delicately-organized mind was liable, I put out of view. They were a mystery beyond his mortal being—far beyond our limited human intelligence. And tell me now, my young friends, which, at the close of his memorable life, may be pronounced the best, and, by consequence, the happiest man of our Three Westminster Boys? Each was 'sprung of earth's first blood;' and though I do not assert that any one of the three is a faultless model, it is a fair question to ask which has your suffrage? He who, by the force of his intellect and ambition, the hardihood and energy of his character, took his place at the head of the councils of this mighty empire,—he, the conqueror of so fair a portion of the East, who, by arms and policy, knit another mighty empire to this,—or he—'the stricken deer,' who sought the shades, the arrow rankling in his side—who dwelt apart, in 'blest seclusion from a jarring world,' and who, as his sole memorial and trophy, has left us

> 'This single volume paramount?'"

And Mr. Dodsley lifted Sophia's small and elegant copy of Cowper's works, and gave it into the hand of the youth next him.

An animated discussion now arose; and when Miss Harding collected the votes, she found the young gentlemen were equally divided between Hastings and Thurlow. The young ladies were, however, unanimous for Cowper; and the curate gave his suffrage with theirs, repeating,

> "Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
> Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares—
> The poets—who, on earth have made us heirs
> Of truth, and pure delight, by heavenly lays."

ON HIS MISTRESS, THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.

[**Sir Henry Wotton**, born at Boughton Hall, Kent, 1568; died December, 1639. Poet and politician. He spent a number of years abroad on important embassies for the court of James I.]

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies;
What are you when the moon shall rise?

You curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents; what's your praise,
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own;
What are you when the rose is blown?

So, when my mistress shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind,
By virtue first, then choice, a Queen,
Tell me if she were not designed
The eclipse and glory of her kind?

NEHUSHTA'S BOWER.

[**Edwin Atherstone**, born at Nottingham, 17th April, 1788; died 14th February, 1872. Author of *The Last Days of Herculaneum; A Midsummer Day's Dream; The Fall of Nineveh* (from which we quote); and *Israel in Egypt*, poems; *The Sea Kings*, an historical romance; and *The Handwriting on the Wall*, a tale. "Vigour, splendid diction, and truly poetic feeling."—*Literary Gazette.*]

'Twas a spot
Herself had chosen, from the palace walls
Farthest removed, and by no sound disturbed,
And by no eye o'erlook'd; for in the midst
Of loftiest trees, umbrageous, was it hid,—
Yet to the sunshine open, and the airs
That from the deep shades all around it breathed,
Cool, and sweet-scented. Myrtles, jessamine,—
Roses of varied hues,—all climbing shrubs,
Green-leaved and fragrant, had she planted there,
And trees of slender body, fruit and flower;—
At early morn had watered, and at eve,
From a bright fountain nigh, that ceaselessly
Gush'd with a gentle coil from out the earth,
Its liquid diamonds flinging to the sun
With a soft whisper. To a graceful arch,
The pliant branches, interwined, were bent;
Flowers some,—and some rich fruits of gorgeous hues,
Down hanging lavishly, the taste to please,
Or, with rich scent, the smell,—or that fine sense
Of beauty that in forms and colours rare
Doth take delight. With fragrant moss the floor
Was planted, to the foot a carpet rich,
Or, for the languid limbs, a downy couch,
Inviting slumber. At the noontide hour,
Here, with some chosen maidens, would she come,
Stories of love to listen, or the deeds
Of heroes of old days: the harp, sometimes,
Herself would touch, and, with her own sweet voice,
Fill all the air with loveliness. But, chief,
When to his green-wave bed the wearied sun
Had parted, and heaven's glorious arch yet shone,
A last gleam catching from his closing eye,—
The palace, with her maidens, quitting then,
Through vistas dim of tall trees would she pass,—
Cedar, or waving pine, or giant palm—
Through orange groves, and citron, myrtle walks,
Alleys of roses, beds of sweetest flowers,
Their richest incense to the dewy breeze
Breathing profusely all,—and, having reached
The spot beloved, with sport, or dance awhile
On the small lawn, to sound of dulcimer,
The pleasant time would pass; or to the lute
Give ear delighted, and the plaintive voice
That sang of hapless love: or, arm in arm,
Amid the twilight saunter, listing oft,
The fountain's murmur, or the evening's sigh,
Or whisperings in the leaves,—or, in his pride
Of minstrelsy, the sleepless nightingale
Flooding the air with beauty of sweet sounds:
And, ever as the silence came again,
The distant and unceasing hum could hear
Of that magnificent city, on all sides
Surrounding them.

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cooks' holiday. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother) was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swine-herd Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning,

as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian make-shift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labour of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odour assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from?—not from the burned cottage—he had smelt that smell before—indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young fire-brand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burned his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crums of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hail-stones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure which he experienced in his lower regions had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burned me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you, but you must be eating fire, and I know not what—what have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig, do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste—O Lord,"—with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavour, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbours would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burned down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsider-

able assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it, and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given,—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and, when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship's town-house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burned*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious arts, make their way among mankind.——

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed, that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favour of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*, I will maintain it to be the most delicate—*princeps obsoniorum*.

I speak not of your grown porkers—things between pig and pork—those hobbledehoys—but a young and tender suckling—under a moon old—guiltless as yet of the sty—with no original speck of the *amor immunditiæ*, the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest—his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble and a grumble—the mild forerunner, or *præludium*, of a grunt.

He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed or boiled—but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

There is no flavour comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted *crackling*, as it is well called—the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance—with the adhesive oleaginous—O call it not fat—but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it—the tender blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud—taken in the shoot—in the first innocence—the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food—the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna—or, rather, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result, or common substance.

Behold him, while he is doing—it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth, than a scorching heat, that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string!—Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age, he hath wept out his pretty eyes—radiant jellies—shooting stars——

See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth!—wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal—wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation—from these sins he is happily snatched away—

> Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
> Death came with timely care—

his memory is odoriferous—no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon—no coal-heaver bolteth him in reeking sausages—he hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure—and for such a tomb might be content to die.

He is the best of Sapors. Pine-apple is great. She is indeed almost too transcendent—a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning, that really a tender-conscienced person would do well to pause—too ravishing for mortal taste, she woundeth and excoriateth the lips that approach her—like lovers' kisses, she biteth—she is a pleasure bordering on pain from the fierceness and insanity of her relish

—but she stoppeth at the palate—she meddleth not with the appetite—and the coarsest hunger might barter her consistently for a mutton chop.

Pig—let me speak his praise—is no less provocative of the appetite than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate. The strong man may batten on him, and the weakling refuseth not his mild juices.

Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and vices, inexplicably intertwisted, and not to be unravelled without hazard, he is—good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbours' fare.

I am one of those who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes, and proper satisfactions, as in mine own. "Presents," I often say, "endear Absents." Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barn-door chickens (those "tame villatic fowl"), capons, plovers, brawn, barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, "give everything." I make my stand upon pig. Methinks it is an ingratitude to the Giver of all good flavours, to extra-domiciliate, or send out of the house, slightingly (under pretext of friendship, or I know not what), a blessing so particularly adapted, predestined, I may say, to my individual palate.—It argues an insensibility.

MEMORIES.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought,
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE CATHEDRAL OF TOLEDO.

[JOSÉ ZORILLA Y MORAL, one of the most celebrated of Spanish poets, born at Valladolid in 1817, studied law, but abandoned it for literature. He has written comedies and numerous volumes of poetry, his "*Granada*" being considered his masterpiece. Late in life Zorilla emigrated to America.]

This massive form, sculptured in mountain stones,
As it once issued from the earth profound,
Monstrous in stature, manifold in tones
Of incense, light and music spread around;

This an unquiet people still doth throng,
With pious steps, and heads bent down in fear,—
Yet not so noble as through ages long,
Is old Toledo's sanctuary austere.

Glorious in other days, it stands alone,
Mourning the worship of more Christian years,
Like to a fallen queen, her empire gone,
Wearing a crown of miseries and tears.

Or like a mother, hiding griefs unseen,
She calls her children to her festivals,
And triumphs still,—despairing, yet serene,—
With swelling organs, and with pealing bells.

Through the long nave is heard the measured tread
Of the old priest, who early matins keeps,
His sacred robe, in rustling folds outspread,
Over the echoing pavement sweeps,—

A sound awaking, like a trembling breath
Of earnest yet unconscious prayer,
Uprising from thick sepulchres beneath,
A voice from Christian sleepers there.

Upon the altars burns the holy fire,
The censers swing on grating chains of gold,
And from the farther depths of the dark choir
Chants in sublimest echoings are rolled.

The people come in crowds, and, bending lowly,
Thank their great Maker for his mercies given;
Then raise their brows, flushed with emotion holy,—
About them beams the light of opening heaven.

The priest repeats full many a solemn word,
Made sacred to devotion through all time;
The people kneel again, as each is heard,
Each cometh fraught with memories sublime.

The organ, from its golden trumpets blowing,
Swells with their robust voices through the aisles,
As from a mountain-fall wild waters flowing,
Roll in sonorous waves and rippling smiles.

THE MEDITATIONS OF ANTONINUS.

[MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS, a Roman emperor and philosopher, born A. D. 121, died 180. He shared the imperial power with Commodus, who was known as L. Aurelius Verus. The reign was signalized by long wars with the Parthians and the northern tribes of Germany, in which the emperor Aurelius won great glory and success But much greater honor attaches to his name as a bright intellectual light, and teacher of the philosophy of the Stoics. His book of "*Meditations*," written in Greek, contains his thoughts on moral and religious topics, noted down from time to time without arrangement. They are full of noble thoughts and aspirations, expressed in terse and impressive language.]

I am made up of body and soul, and since neither arose from nothing, so neither to nothing can return.—When the last change comes, the elements of my frame are converted into something in the outer world, and so on throughout eternity. Thus was it with my progenitors during ages past, and thus will it be throughout all the changes that befall the earth.

Reason is sufficient to itself, works within itself, and goes straight to its object. Therefore is our path named the path of rectitude, when it is guided by honesty and truth.

Nothing can happen to anyone which he is unable to bear. Such evils have befallen others, and, whether through fortitude or ignorance, they have withstood the shock. Were it not shameful then, if ignorance or hardihood should surpass prudence and principle?

Things, therefore, cannot reach the soul, nor attain any admission therein. They can neither turn nor change her; she is influenced by herself alone. Whatever she may choose to make them, so must they befall.

Does anyone behave ill towards me, let him look to it, the fault is his—I shall act as nature would have me, and demean myself accordingly.

Maintain the lordly soul free from the trammels of clay; mix thyself not up with them, but hold them far apart.

Only convince me that I have said or thought the thing that is wrong, and I shall alter forthwith. I seek but the truth by which no man ever yet was injured. He alone is so who remains the victim of ignorance and imposture.

I shall do my duty, yes; for the rest, whether living or dying, I have no care.

As for the brute, which is placed at thy disposal, treat him well; but towards man, who shares reason with thee, employing God's assistance, be social and kind. Act only thus, and a short life will answer thy purpose as well as one that is long. Alexander, the Macedonian, and his mule-driver, when they died, were upon a par: their souls went to God, their ashes to the elements.

Let fancy rule no more; stem the passions; look to what is before thee; weigh justly what befals thyself and others; separate the essence from the aspect; think on thy last hour, and let sin lie at the door of him who is guilty of it.

It boots not to be angry with events, since never a jot do they care.

Manage so as to gain God's sanction and thine own.

Like the corn-bearing ears, so is life; some are mowed down, while others stand awhile.

Were it possible for the Deity to cease to care for me and mine, it must be for some good reason.

Yes, I can hold by what is just and true.

Weep not overmuch with others, for it is of no avail.

O, Plato, thou sayest well; to live or die is of no account, but only how we live or how we die.

O ye men of Athens, of a truth, when any one chooses his post, or is placed in it by his leader, thereat, it seemeth to me, should he take his stand, fearing neither danger nor death, but disgrace alone.

Again, do ye not perceive that there is something more worthy of goodness and truth, than to save or be saved, or falling in love with life, to live a length of years; should ye not rather put your trust in God, knowing that life must come to a close, and that the only concern is to spend it well.

Consider the course of the stars, as if thou wert running a race with them, and the changing elements; the very thought will help to cleanse away the dross of this life below.

As Plato hath said, we should look on life as from a height, down on the flocks and herds, the tillers of the soil, armies with their leaders, and the varied aspects of busy

nations, births, deaths, marriages, the bustling law court and the silent desert, feasts and funerals, joy and woe—in short, the endless medley of things incongruous.

Think on what is past, the fate of nations, and thou mightest dive into the future, for occurrences are of a kind. Thou canst not sunder the bond of events, for hence, as far as thou canst see forty years and a thousand, are, in a measure, the same.

The things of earth return to earth, those of heaven, whence they came; by which Euripides would imply the dissolution that awaits us all.

Fain would we delay our coming fate; but when the heaven-born gale doth blow, we must embark in spite of all our grief and care.

He is a better wrestler than thou. What then; is he more social, modest, better prepared for untoward fortune—more tolerant of the misconduct of others?

So long as we conform to nature, and act up to the reason which God hath given us, nothing terrible, nothing hurtful, can befal.

Never imposed on by passing fancies, thou mayest be alike satisfied with thy lot, and with those around thee.

Why pry into other people's thoughts, thou knowest what nature and providence require of thee? Let each one perform his own part. The lower orders of creation are made for our behoof; but we are intended to aid each other as well as to be kind and social, in opposition to the dictates of the flesh. For it is given to us to rise superior to impressions which are common to us with the brute. The mind, indeed, will not suffer them to rule, for to this was she born. Lastly, let us guard against error and deception; compass but this, and thou hast thy due.

Reflect that life is almost past and gone; spend the remainder, then, as heaven hath willed.

Love what has been assigned thee; does not providence know best?

When anything happens, keep before thee those whom it befel before, how they stormed and raged, how strange they thought it. Where are they now, gone for ever more? Wouldst thou be like them? Put such follies aside; it only concerns thee to turn the occurrence to account. Thou mayest fitly do so; the means are ever at hand. Look well to thyself, then; do only what is right; as for the rest it is not worth a care.

See, within thee is the fountain of life which flows ever and ever, if thou wilt only give it leave.

Maintain an even deportment; for as the soul shines through the countenance, so let dignity animate and rule the frame.

Life is a struggle; be ever prepared for the event. Who and what are they whose suffrage thou dost claim? Reflect on the sources of their opinions and feelings, and thoul't experience neither annoyance when they blame, nor satisfaction when they praise.

No soul, observes Plato, is willingly deprived of truth. The same may be said of temperance, justice, honesty, magnanimity—in fine, every virtue. Remember this and it will render thee tolerant towards all.

Whatever be thy suffering, reflect that pain implies no scandal, nothing that need soil the soul. It cannot last, and at the same time prove intolerable. Remember, too, when annoyed by other matters, not even painful, to rouse and prove thyself a man. Take heed then, thou dost not retort the sentiments of the wicked.

Wherefore was Socrates nobler than his fellows? Was it because he boldly lived and bravely died, that he put up with cold and hardship, that he refused to arrest the innocent, or that sobriety and dignity marked all his ways? Why, but because he had a nobler soul; because he thought it sufficient to be obedient to God, and just to man; tolerant towards the sinner, although observant of the crime; contented with his lot, and beyond the control of the flesh.

Nature hath not so framed thee that thou mightest not discern thy duty and perform it. A man may be in a manner divine, and yet unknown to all.

Happiness lies in narrow compass; thou mayest fail as a naturalist or logician, but naught need prevent thee from being modest, free, obedient to God, and well-disposed towards man.

Were those around to brawl, or savage beasts to tear thee limb from limb, thou mightest live free and unconstrained, hold fast to thy equanimity, pass correct judgment on what befals, and turn it to account. For to each occurrence thou mayest say, thou art what I sought or art not; rendering it in every case a means of rational excellence and social welfare, alike suitable to the purposes of God and man.

This is best, to live each day as if it were thy last—without haste, or sloth, or hypocrisy.

MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS.

TITA'S WAGER.

[William Black, born in Glasgow, November, 1841. Novelist and journalist. His chief works are: *Love or Marriage; In Silk Attire; Kilmeny; The Monarch of Mincing Lane; A Daughter of Heth; The Strange Adventures of a Phaeton; A Princess of Thule; Three Feathers; Madcap Violet; Macleod of Dare*, &c. The *Spectator* says that in his work "there is a mingling of humour of the raciest with pathos most truly simple and dignified." Another critic says: "He contrives by delicate, subtile, but sure touches to win the interest of his readers, and to retain it till the last volume is laid down with reluctance." On the Continent and in America, as well as in England, Mr. Black has obtained general recognition as one of our best and most distinguished writers of fiction. He was sometime editor of the *London Review*, subsequently of the *Examiner*, and has been for several years on the editorial staff of the London *Daily News*. The following sketch is quoted from the Christmas number (1873) of the *Illustrated London News*.]

CHAPTER I.

FRANZISKA.

It is a Christmas morning—cold, still, and gray, with a frail glimmer of sunshine coming through the bare trees to melt the hoar-frost on the lawn. The postman has just gone out, swinging the gate behind him. A fire burns brightly in the breakfast-room; and there is silence about the house, for the children have gone off to climb Box-hill before being marched to church.

The small and gentle lady who presides over this household walks sedately in, and lifts the solitary letter that is lying on her plate. About three seconds suffice to let her run through its contents, and then she suddenly cries—

"I knew it! I said it! I told you two months ago she was only flirting with him; and now she has rejected him. And oh! I am so glad of it! The poor boy!"

The other person in the room, who has been meekly waiting for his breakfast for half an hour, ventures to point out that there is nothing to rejoice over in the fact of a young man having been rejected by a young woman.

"If it were final, yes! If these two young folks were not certain to go and marry somebody else, you might congratulate them both. But you know they will. The poor boy will go courting again in three months' time, and be vastly pleased with his condition."

"Oh, never, never!" she says; "he has had such a lesson. You know I warned him. I knew she was only flirting with him. Poor Charlie! Now I hope he will get on with his profession, and leave such things out of his head. And as for that creature"——

"I will do you the justice to say," observes her husband, who is still regarding the table with a longing eye, "that you did oppose this match, because you hadn't the making of it. If you had brought these two together they would have been married ere this. Never mind; you can marry him to somebody of your own choosing, now."

"No; he must not think of marriage. He cannot think of it. It will take the poor lad a long time to get over this blow."

"He will marry within a year."

"I will bet you whatever you like that he doesn't," she says, triumphantly.

"Whatever I like! That is a big wager. If you lose, do you think you could pay? I should like, for example, to have my own way in my own house."

"If I lose you shall," says the generous creature; and the bargain is concluded.

Nothing further is said about this matter for the moment. The children return from Box-hill, and are rigged out for church. Two young people, friends of ours, and recently married, having no domestic circle of their own, and, having promised to spend the whole of Christmas-day with us, arrive. Then we set out, trying as much as possible to think that Christmas-day is different from any other day, and pleased to observe that the younger folk, at least, preserve the delusion.

But just before we reach the church, I say to the small lady who got the letter in the morning, and whom we generally call Tita—

"When do you expect to see Charlie?"

"I don't know," she answers. "After this cruel affair he won't like to go about much."

"You remember that he promised to go with us to the Black Forest?"

"Yes; and I am sure it will be a pleasant trip for him."

"Shall we go to Hüferschingen?"

"I suppose so."

"Franziska is a pretty girl."

Now, you would not think that any great mischief could be done by the mere remark that Franziska was a pretty girl. Anybody who had seen Franziska Fahler, niece of the proprietor of the "Goldenen Bock" in Hüferschingen would admit that in a moment. But this is nevertheless true, that Tita was very thoughtful during the rest of our walk to this little church; and in church, too, she was thinking so deeply that she almost forgot to

look at the effect of the decorations she had nailed up the day before. Yet nothing could have offended her in the bare observation that Franziska was a pretty girl.

At dinner, in the evening, we had our two guests and a few young fellows from London who did not happen to have their families or homes there. Curiously enough, there was a vast deal of talk about travelling, and also about Baden, and more particularly about the southern districts of Baden. Tita said the Black Forest was the most charming place in the world; and as it was Christmas-day, and as we had been listening to a sermon all about charity, and kindness, and consideration for others, nobody was rude enough to contradict her. But our forbearance was put to a severe test when, after dinner, she produced a photographic album and handed it round, and challenged everybody to say whether the young lady in the corner was not absolutely lovely. Most of them said that she was certainly very nice-looking; and Tita seemed a little disappointed. I perceived that it would no longer do to say that Franziska was a pretty girl. We should henceforth have to swear by everything we held dear, that she was absolutely lovely.

CHAPTER II.

ZUM GOLDENEN BOCK.

We felt some pity for the lad when we took him abroad with us; but it must be confessed that at first he was not a very desirable travelling companion. There was a gloom about him. Despite the eight months that had elapsed, he professed that his old wound was still open. Tita treated him with the kindest maternal solicitude, which was a great mistake: tonics, not sweets, are required in such cases. Yet he was very grateful; and he said, with a blush, that, in any case, he would not rail against all women because of the badness of one. Indeed, you would not have fancied he had any great grudge against womankind. There were a great many English abroad that autumn, and we met whole batches of pretty girls at every station and every table d'hôte on our route. Did he avoid them, or glare at them savagely, or say hard things of them? Oh, no! —quite the reverse. He was a little shy at first; and when he saw a party of distressed damsels in a station, with their bewildered father in vain attempting to make himself understood to a porter, he would assist them in a brief and business-like manner, as if it were a duty, lift his cap, and then march off, relieved. But by-and-by he began to make acquaintances in the hotels; and, as he was a handsome, English-looking lad, who bore a certificate of honesty in his clear gray eyes and easy gait, he was rather made much of. Nor could any fault be decently found with his appetite.

So we passed on from Königswinter to Coblentz, and from Coblentz to Heidelberg, and from Heidelberg south to Freiburg, where we bade adieu to the last of the towns, and laid hold of a trap with a pair of ancient and angular horses, and plunged into the Höllenthal, the first great gorge of the Black Forest mountains. From one point to another we slowly urged our devious course, walking the most of the day indeed, and putting the trap and ourselves up for the night at some quaint roadside hostelry, where we ate of roe-deer and drank of Affenthaler, and endeavoured to speak German with a pure Waldshut accent. And then one evening, when there was a clear green-and-gold sky overhead, and when the last rays of the sun were shining along the hills and touching the stems of the tall pines, we drove into a narrow valley and caught sight of a strange building of wood, with projecting eaves and quaint windows that stood close by the forest.

"Here is my dear inn," cried Tita, with a great glow of delight and affection in her face. "Here is *mein gutes Thal! Ich grüss' dich ein tausend Mal!* And here is old Peter come out to see us; and there is Franziska!"

"Oh! this is Franziska, is it?" said Charlie.

Yes, this was Franziska. She was a well-built, handsome girl of nineteen or twenty, with a healthy sun-burnt complexion, and dark hair plaited into two long tails, which were taken up and twisted into a knot behind. That you could see from a distance. But on nearer approach you found that Franziska had really fine and intelligent features, and a pair of frank, clear, big brown eyes that had a very straight look about them. They were something of the eyes of a deer, indeed; wide apart, soft, and apprehensive, yet looking with a certain directness and unconsciousness that overcame her natural girlish timidity. Tita simply flew at her and kissed her heartily, and asked her twenty questions at once. Franziska answered in very fair English, a little slow and formal, but quite grammatical. Then she was introduced to Charlie, and she shook hands with him in a simple and unembarrassed way, and then she turned to one of the servants and gave some directions about the luggage. Finally, she begged Tita to go

indoors and get off her travelling attire, which was done, leaving us two outside.

"She's a very pretty girl," Charlie said, carelessly. "I suppose she's sort of head cook and kitchen-maid here."

The impudence of these young men is something extraordinary.

"If you wish to have your head in your hands," I remarked to him, "just you repeat that remark at dinner. Why, Franziska is no end of a swell. She has two thousand pounds and the half of a mill. She has a sister married to the Geheimer-Ober-Hofbaurath of Hesse-Cassel. She has visited both Paris and Munich; and she has her dresses made in Fribourg. '

"But why does such an illustrious creature bury herself in this valley, and in an old inn, and go about bareheaded?"

"Because there are folks in the world without ambition, who like to live a quiet, decent, homely life. Every girl can't marry a Geheimer-Ober-Hofbaurath. Ziska, now, is much more likely to marry the young doctor here."

"Oh, indeed! and live here all her days. She couldn't do better. Happy Franziska!"

We went indoors. It was a low, large, rambling place, with one immense room all hung round with roe-deers' horns, and with one lesser room fitted up with a billiard-table. The inn lay a couple of hundred yards back from Hüferschingen, but it had been made the head-quarters of the keepers, and just outside this room were a number of pegs for them to sling their guns and bags on when they came in of an evening to have a pipe and a chopin of white wine. Ziska's uncle and aunt were both large, stout, and somnolent people, very good-natured and kind, but a trifle dull. Ziska really had the management of the place, and she was not slow to lend a hand if the servants were remiss in waiting on us. But that, it was understood, was done out of compliment to Tita.

By-and-by we sat down to dinner, and Franziska came to see that everything was going on straight. It was a dinner "with scenery." You forgot to be particular about the soup, the venison, and the Affenthaler, when from the window at your elbow you could look across the narrow valley and behold a long stretch of the Black Forest shining in the red glow of the sunset. The lower the sun sank the more intense became the crimson light on the tall stems of the pines; and then you could see the line of shadow slowly rising up the side of the opposite hill until only the topmost trees were touched with the fire. Then these, too, lost it, and all the forest around us seemed to have a pale blue mist stealing over it as the night fell and the twilight faded out of the sky overhead. Presently the long undulations of fir would grow black, and the stars would come out, and the sound of the stream be heard distantly in the hollow; and then, as Tita knew, we should go off for a last stroll in among the soft moss and under the darkness of the pines, perhaps to startle some great capercailzie and send it flying and whirring down the glades.

When we returned from that prowl into the forest we found the inn dark. Such people as may have called in had gone home; but we suspected that Franziska had given the neighbours a hint not to overwhelm us on our first arrival. When we entered the big room Franziska came in with candles; then she brought some matches, and also put on the table an odd little pack of cards, and went out. Her uncle and aunt had, even before we went out, come and bade us good-night formally and shaken hands all round. They are early folk in the Black Forest.

"Where has that girl gone now?" said Charlie. "Into that lonely billiard-room? Couldn't you ask her to come in here? Or shall we go and play billiards?"

Tita stares, and then demurely smiles; but it is with an assumed severity that she rebukes him for such a wicked proposal, and reminds him that he must start early next morning. He groans assent. Then she takes her leave.

The big young man sits silent for a moment or two, with his hands in his pockets and his legs stretched out. I begin to think I am in for it—the old story of blighted hopes, and angry denunciation, and hypocritical joy, and all the rest of it. But suddenly Charlie looks up with a business-like air, and says,

"Who is that doctor fellow you were speaking about? Shall we see him to-morrow?"

"You saw him to-night. It was he who passed us on the road with the two beagles."

"What, that little fellow with the bandy legs and the spectacles?" he cries, with a great laugh.

"That little fellow," I observe to him, "is a person of some importance, I can tell you. He"——

"I suppose his sister married a Geheimer-Ober-under— what the dickens is it?" says this disrespectful young man.

"Dr. Krumm has got the Iron Cross."

"That won't make his legs any the straighter."

"He was at Weissemburg."

"I suppose he got that cast in the eye there."

"He can play the zither in a way that would astonish you. He has got a little money. Franziska and he would be able to live very comfortably together."

"Franziska and that fellow?" says Charlie; and then he rises with a sulky air, and proposes we should take our candles with us.

But he is not sulky very long; for Ziska, hearing our footsteps, comes to the passage and bids us a friendly good-night.

"Good-night, Miss Fahler!" he says, in rather a shamefaced way; "and I am so awfully sorry we have kept you up so late. We shan't do it again."

You would have thought by his manner that it was two o'clock; whereas it was only half-past eleven!

CHAPTER III.

DR. KRUMM.

There was no particular reason why Dr. Krumm should marry Franziska Fahler, except that he was the most important young man in Hüferschingen, and she was the most important young woman. People therefore thought they would make a good match; although Franziska certainly had the most to give in the way of good looks. Dr. Krumm was a short bandy-legged, sturdy young man, with long fair hair, a tanned complexion, light blue eyes, not quite looking the same way, spectacles, and a general air of industrious common-sense about him, if one may use such a phrase. There was certainly little of the lover in his manner towards Ziska, and as little in hers towards him. They were very good friends, though, and he called her Ziska, while she gave him his nickname of Fidelio, his real name being Fidele.

Now on this, the first morning of our stay in Hüferschingen, all the population had turned out at an early hour to see us set out for the forest; and as the Ober-Förster had gone away to visit his parents in Bavaria, Dr. Krumm was appointed to superintend the operations of the day. And when everybody was busy renewing acquaintance with us, gathering in the straying dogs, examining guns and cartridge-belts, and generally aiding in the profound commotion of our setting out, Dr. Krumm was found to be talking in a very friendly and familiar manner with our pretty Franziska. Charlie eyed them askance. He began to say disrespectful things of Krumm. He thought Krumm a plain person. And then, when the bandy-legged doctor had got all the dogs, keepers, and beaters together, we set off along the road, and presently plunged into the cool shade of the forest, where the thick moss suddenly silenced our footsteps, and where there was a moist and resinous smell in the air.

Well, the incidents of the forenoon's shooting, picturesque as they were, and full of novelty to Tita's protégé, need not be described. At the end of the fourth drive, when we had got on nearly to luncheon-time, it appeared that Charlie had killed a handsome buck, and he was so pleased with this performance that he grew friendly with Dr. Krumm, who had, indeed, given him the *haupt-stelle*. But when, as we sat down to our sausages and bread and red wine, Charlie incidentally informed our commander-in-chief that, during one of the drives, a splendid yellow fox had come out of the underwood and stood and stared at him for three or four seconds, the doctor uttered a cry of despair.

"I should have told you that," he said in English, that was not quite so good as Ziska's, "if I had remembered, yes! The English will not shoot the foxes; but they are very bad for us, they kill the young deer, we are glad to shoot them; and Franziska she told me she wanted a yellow fox for the skin to make something."

Charlie got very red in the face. He *had* missed a chance. If he had known that Franziska wanted a yellow fox, all the instinctive veneration for that animal that was in him would have gone clean out, and the fate of the animal—for Charlie was a capital shot—would have been definitely sealed.

"Are there many of them?" said he, gloomily.

"No; not many. But where there is one there are generally four or five. In the next drive we may come on them, yes! I will put you in a good place, sir; and you must not think of letting him go away, for Franziska, who has waited two, three weeks, and not one yellow fox not anywhere, and it is for the variety of the skin in a—a—. I do not know what you call it."

"A rug, I suppose," said Charlie.

I subsequently heard that Charlie went to his post with a fixed determination to shoot anything of yellow colour that came near him. His station was next to that of Dr. Krumm; but of course they were invisible to each other. The horns of the beaters sounded a warning, the gunners cocked their guns and stood on

the alert; in the perfect silence each one waited for the first glimmer of a brown hide down the long green glades of young fir. Then, according to Charlie's account, by went two or three deer like lightning—all does. A buck came last, but swerved just as he came in sight, and backed and made straight for the line of beaters. Two more does, and then an absolute blank. One or two shots had been heard at a distance; either some of the more distant stations had been more fortunate, or one or other of the beaters had tried his luck. Suddenly there was a shot fired close to Charlie—he knew it must have been the doctor. In about a minute afterwards he saw some pale yellow object slowly worming its way through the ferns; and here, at length, he made sure he was going to get his yellow fox. But, just as the animal came within fair distance, it turned over, made a struggle or two, and lay still. Charlie rushed along to the spot; it was, indeed, a yellow fox, shot in the head, and now as dead as a door-nail.

What was he to do? Let Dr. Krumm take home this prize to Franziska, after he had had such a chance in the forenoon? Never! Charlie fired a barrel into the air, and then calmly awaited the coming up of the beaters and the drawing together of the sportsmen.

Dr. Krumm, being at the next station, was the first to arrive. He found Charlie standing by the side of the slain fox.

"Ha!" he said, his spectacles apparently gleaming delight, "you have shotted him! You have killed him! That is very good!—that is excellent! Now, you will present the skin to Miss Franziska, if you do not wish to take it to England."

"Oh, no!" said Charlie, with a lordly indifference. "I don't care about it. Franziska may have it."

Charlie pulled me aside, and said, with a solemn wink,

"Krumm shot that fox. Mind you don't say a word. I must have the skin to present to Franziska."

I stared at him; I had never known him guilty of a dishonest action. But when you do get a decent young English fellow condescending to do anything shabby, be sure it is a girl that is the cause. I said nothing, of course; and in the evening a trap came for us, and we drove back to Hüferschingen.

Tita clapped her hands with delight; for Charlie was a favourite of hers, and now he was returning like a hero, with a sprig of fir in his cap to show that he had killed a buck.

"And here, Miss Franziska," he says, quite gaily, "here is a yellow fox for you. I was told that you wanted the skin of one."

Franziska fairly blushed for pleasure; not that the skin of a fox was very valuable to her, but that the compliment was so open and marked. She came forward, in German fashion, and rather shyly shook hands with him, in token of her thanks.

When Tita was getting ready for dinner I told her about the yellow fox. A married man must have no secrets.

"He is not capable of such a thing," she says, with a grand air.

"But he did it," I point out. "What is more, he glories in it. What did he say when I remonstrated with him on the way home? '*Why,*' says he, '*I will put an end to Krumm! I will abolish Krumm! I will extinguish Krumm!*' Now, madam, who is responsible for this? Who has been praising Franziska night and day as the sweetest, gentlest, cleverest girl in the world, until this young man determines to have a flirtation with her and astonish you?"

"A flirtation!" says Tita, faintly. "Oh no! Oh! I never meant that."

"Ask him just now, and he will tell you that women deserve no better. They have no hearts. They are treacherous. They have beautiful eyes, but no conscience. And so he means to take them as they are, and have his measure of amusement."

"Oh! I am sure he never said anything so abominably wicked," cries Tita, laying down the rose that Franziska had given her for her hair. "I know he could not say such things. But if he is so wicked—if he has said them—it is not too late to interfere. *I* will see about it."

She drew herself up as if Jupiter had suddenly armed her with his thunderbolts. If Charlie had seen her at this moment he would have quailed. He might, by chance, have told the truth, and confessed that all the wicked things he had been saying about women's affection was only a sort of rhetoric; and that he had no sort of intention to flirt with poor Franziska, nor yet to extinguish and annihilate Dr. Krumm.

The heart-broken boy was in very good spirits at dinner. He was inclined to wink. Tita, on the contrary, maintained an impressive dignity of demeanour; and when Franziska's name happened to be mentioned, she spoke of the young girl as her very particular friend, as though she would dare Charlie to attempt a flirtation with one who held that honour. But the young man was either blind or reck-

less, or acting a part for mere mischief. He pointed the finger of scorn at Dr. Krumm. He asked Tita if he should bring her a yellow fox next day. He declared he wished he could spend the remainder of his days in a Black Forest inn, with a napkin over his arm, serving chopins. He said he would brave the wrath of the Fürst by shooting a capercailzie on the very first opportunity, to bring the shining feathers home to Franziska.

When Tita and I went up stairs at night the small and gentle creature was grievously perplexed.

"I cannot make it out," she said. "He is quite changed. What is the matter with him?"

"You behold, madam, in that young man the moral effects of vulpicide. A demon has entered into him. You remember in 'Der Freischütz,' how"——

"Did you say vulpicide?" she asks, with a sweet smile. "I understood that Charlie's crime was that he did *not* kill the fox."

I allow her the momentary triumph. Who would grudge to a woman a little verbal victory of that sort? And, indeed, T.'s satisfaction did not last long. Her perplexity became visible on her face once more.

"We are to be here three weeks," she said, almost to herself, "and he talks of flirting with poor Franziska. Oh! I never meant that."

"But what did you mean?" I ask, with some innocent wonder.

Tita hangs down her head, and there is an end to that conversation; but one of us, at least, has some recollection of a Christmas wager.

CHAPTER IV.

CONFESSIO AMANTIS.

Charlie was not in such good spirits next morning. He was standing outside the inn in the sweet, resinous-scented air, watching Franziska coming and going, with her bright face touched by the early sunlight, and her frank and honest eyes lit up by a kindly look when she passed us. His conscience began to smite him for claiming that fox.

We spent the day in fishing a stream some few miles distant from Hüferschingen; and Franziska accompanied us. What need to tell of our success with the trout and the grayling, or of the beautiful weather, or of the attentive and humble manner in which the unfortunate youth addressed Franziska from time to time?

In the evening we drove back to Hüferschingen. It was a still, beautiful evening, with the silence of the twilight falling over the lonely valleys, and the miles upon miles of darkening pines. Charlie has not much of a voice, but he made an effort to sing with Tita,

"The winds whistle cold and the stars glimmer red,
The sheep are in fold and the cattle in shed;"

and the fine old glee sounded fairly well as we drove through the gathering gloom of the forest. But Tita sang, in her low, sweet fashion, that Swedish bridal song that begins,

"O welcome her so fair, with bright and flowing hair,
May Fate through life befriend her—love and smiles attend her;"

and though she sang quietly, just as if she were singing to herself, we all listened with a great attention, and with great gratitude too. When we got to Hüferschingen, the stars were out over the dark stretches of the forest, and the windows of the quaint old inn were burning brightly.

"And have you enjoyed the amusement of the day?" says Miss Fahler, rather shyly, to a certain young man who is emptying his creel of fish. He drops the basket to turn round and look at her face, and say earnestly,

"I have never spent so delightful a day. But it wasn't the fishing." Things were becoming serious.

And next morning Charlie got hold of Tita, and said to her, in rather a shamefaced way,

"What am I to do about that fox? It was only a joke, you know; but if Miss Fahler gets to hear of it, she'll think it was rather shabby."

It was always Miss Fahler now; a couple of days before it was Franziska.

"For my part," says Tita, "I can't understand why you did it. What honour is there in shooting a fox?"

"But I wanted to give the skin to her."

It was "her" by this time.

"Well, I think the best thing you can do is to go and tell her all about it; and also to go and apologize to Dr. Krumm."

Charlie started.

"I will go and tell her, certainly; but as for apologizing to Krumm, that is absurd!"

"As you please," says Tita.

By-and-by Franziska—or rather, Miss Fahler—came out of the small garden and round by the front of the house.

"Oh! Miss Fahler," says Charlie, suddenly, and with that she stops, and blushes slightly.

"I've got something to say to you. I am going to make a confession. Don't be frightened; it's only about a fox. The fox that was brought home the day before yesterday, Dr. Krumm shot that."

"Indeed," says Franziska, quite innocently, "I thought you shot it."

"Well, I let them imagine so. It was only a joke."

"But it is of no matter; there are many yellow foxes. Dr. Krumm can shoot them at another time. He is always here. Perhaps you will shoot one before you go."

With that Franziska passed into the house, carrying her fruit with her. Charlie was left to revolve her words in his mind. Dr. Krumm would shoot foxes when he chose; he was always here. He, Charlie, on the contrary, had to go in little more than a fortnight. There was no Franziska in England—no pleasant driving through great pine woods in the gathering twilight—no shooting of yellow foxes, to be brought home in triumph and presented to a beautiful and grateful young woman. Charlie walked along the white road and overtook Tita, who had just sat down on a little camp-stool, and got out the materials for taking a water-colour sketch of the Hüferschingen valley. He sat down at her feet, on the warm grass.

"I suppose I shan't interrupt your painting by talking to you?" he says.

"Oh! dear, no," is the reply; and then he begins, in a somewhat hesitating way, to ask indirect questions, and drop hints, and fish for answers, just as if this small creature, who was busy with her sepias and olive-greens, did not see through all this transparent cunning. At last she said to him, frankly,

"You want me to tell you whether Franziska would make a good wife for you. She would make a good wife for any man. But then you seem to think that I should intermeddle, and negotiate, and become a go-between. How can I do that? My husband is always accusing me of trying to make up matches; and you know that isn't true."

"I know it isn't true," says the hypocrite. "But you might only this once. I believe all you say about this girl—I can see it for myself; and when shall I ever have such a chance again?"

"But, dear me!" says Tita, putting down the white pallet for a moment, "how can I believe you are in earnest? You have only known her three days."

"And that is quite enough," says Charlie, boldly, "to let you find out all you want to know about a girl, if she is of the right sort. If she isn't, you won't find out in three years.

"Now, look at Franziska. Look at the fine, intelligent face, and the honest eyes; you can have no doubt about her; and then I have all the guarantee of your long acquaintance with her."

"Oh," says Tita, "that is all very well. Franziska is an excellent girl, as I have told you often—frank, kind, well-educated, and unselfish. But you cannot have fallen in love with her in three days?"—

"Why not?" says this blunt-spoken young man.

"Because it is ridiculous. If I meddle in the affair I should probably find you had given up the fancy in other three days; or, if you did marry her and took her to England, you would get to hate me because I alone should know that you had married the niece of an innkeeper."

"Well, I like that!" says he, with a flush in his face. "Do you think I should care two straws whether my friends knew I had married the niece of an innkeeper? I should show them Franziska. Wouldn't that be enough? An innkeeper's niece! I wish the world had more of 'em, if they're like Franziska."

"And besides," says Tita, "have you any notion as to how Franziska herself would probably take this mad proposal?"

"No," says the young man, humbly. "I wanted you to try and find out what she thought about me; and if, in time, something were said about this proposal, you might put in a word or two, you know, just to—to give her an idea, you know, that you don't think it quite so mad, don't you know?"

"Give me your hand, Charlie," says Tita, with a sudden burst of kindness. "I'll do what I can for you; for I know she's a good girl, and she will make a good wife to the man who marries her."

You will observe that this promise was given by a lady who never, in any circumstances whatsoever, seeks to make up matches, who never speculates on possible combinations when she invites young people to her house in Surrey, and who is profoundly indignant, indeed, when such a charge is preferred against her. Had she not, on that former Christmas morning, repudiated with scorn the suggestion that Charlie might marry before another year had passed? Had she not, in her wild confidence, staked on a wager that assumption of authority in her household and out of it without which life would be a burden to her? Yet

no sooner was the name of Franziska mentioned —and no sooner had she been reminded that Charlie was going with us to Hüferschingen— than the nimble little brain set to work. Oftentimes it has occurred to one dispassionate spectator of her ways that this same Tita resembled the small object which, thrown into a dish of some liquid chemical substance, suddenly produces a mass of crystals. The constituents of those beautiful combinations, you see, were there; but they wanted some little shock to hasten on the slow process of crystallization. Now, in our social circle we have continually observed groups of young people floating about in an amorphous and chaotic fashion — good for nothing but dawdling through dances, and flirting and carelessly separating again; but if you dropped Tita among them, then you would see how rapidly this jelly-fish sort of existence was abolished— how the groups got broken up—and how the sharp, business-like relations of marriage were precipitated and made permanent. But would she own to it? Never! She once went and married her dearest friend to a Prussian officer; and now she declares he was a selfish fellow to carry off the girl in that way, and rates him soundly because he won't bring her to stay with us more than three months out of the twelve. There are some of us get quite enough of this Prussian occupation of our territory.

"Well," says Tita to this long English lad, who is lying sprawling on the grass, "I can safely tell you this, that Franziska likes you very well."

He suddenly jumps up and there is a great blush on his face.

"Has she said so?" he asks, eagerly.

"Oh, yes! in a way. She thinks you are good-natured. She likes the English, generally. She asked me if that ring you wear was an engaged ring."

These disconnected sentences were dropped with a tantalizing slowness into Charlie's eager ears.

"I must go and tell her directly that it is not," said he; and he might probably have gone off at once had not Tita restrained him.

"You must be a great deal more cautious than that, if you wish to carry off Franziska some day or other. If you were to ask her to marry you now, she would flatly refuse you, and very properly; for how could the girl believe you were in earnest? But if you like, Charlie, I will say something to her that will give her a hint; and if she cares for you at all before you go away, she won't forget you. I wish I was as sure of you as I am of her."

"Oh! I can answer for myself," says the young man.

Tita was very happy and pleased all that day. There was an air of mystery and importance about her. I knew what it meant. I had seen it before. Alas! poor Charlie.

CHAPTER V.

"GAB MIR EIN' RING DABEI."

Under the friendly instructions of Dr. Krumm, whom he no longer regarded as a possible rival, Charlie became a mighty hunter; and you may be sure that when he returned of an evening, with sprigs of fir in his cap for the bucks he had slain, Franziska was not the last to come forward, and shake hands with him, and congratulate him, as is the custom in these primitive parts. And thus she was quite made one of the family when we sat down to dinner in the long, low-roofed room; and nearly every evening, indeed, Tita would have her to dine with us and play cards with us. Whether it was merely Tita's good-nature, or whether she saw that Charlie did not like it, she got Franziska out of the habit of assisting the servants, and when the girl would do that —in laying the cloth, and so forth—Tita would make an ostentatious show of doing it also. You may suppose, if these two young folks had any regard for each other, these evenings in the inn must have been a pleasant time for them. There never were two partners at whist who were so courteous to each other, so charitable to each other's blunders. Indeed, neither would ever admit that the other blundered. Charlie used to make some frightful mistakes occasionally that would have driven any other player mad; but you should have seen the manner in which Franziska would explain that he had no alternative but to take her king with his ace; that he could not know this, and was right in chancing that. We played threepenny points, and Charlie paid for himself and his partner, in spite of her entreaties. Two of us found the game of whist a profitable thing.

One day a registered letter came for Charlie. He seized it, carried it to a window, and then called Tita to him. Why need he have made any secret about it? It was nothing but a ring—a plain hoop with a row of rubies.

"Do you think she would take this thing?" he said, in a low voice.

"How can I tell?"

The young man blushed and stammered, and said,

"I don't want you to ask her to take the ring, but to get to know whether she would accept any present from me. And I would ask her myself, plainly; only you have been frightening me so much about being in a hurry. And what am I to do? Three days hence we start."

Tita looks down with a quiet smile, and says, rather timidly,

"I think, if I were you, I would speak to her myself—but very gently."

We were going off that morning to a little lake some dozen miles off, to try for a jack or two. Franziska was coming with us. She was, indeed, already outside, superintending the placing in the trap of our rods and bags. When Charlie went out she said that everything was ready; and presently our peasant-driver cracked his whip, and away we went.

Charlie was a little grave, and could only reply to Tita's fun with an effort. Franziska was mostly anxious about the fishing, and hoped that we might not go so far to find nothing.

We found no fish, anyhow. The water was as still as glass and as clear; the pike that would have taken our spinning bits of metal must have been very dull-eyed pike indeed. Tita sat at the bow of the long punt reading, while our boatman steadily and slowly plied his single oar. Franziska was for a time eagerly engaged in watching the progress of our fishing, until even she got tired of the excitement of rolling in an immense length of cord only to find that our spinning-bait had hooked a bit of floating wood or weed. At length Charlie proposed that he should go ashore and look out for a picturesque site for our pic-nic, and he hinted that perhaps Miss Franziska might also like a short walk, to relieve the monotony of this sailing. Miss Franziska said she would be very pleased to do that. We ran them in among the rushes, and put them ashore, and then once more started on our laborious career.

Tita laid down her book. She was a little anxious. Sometimes you could see Charlie and Franziska on the path by the side of the lake, at other times the thick trees by the water's side hid them.

The solitary oar dipped in the water; the boat glided along the shores. Tita took up her book again. The space of time that passed may be inferred from the fact that, merely as an incident to it, we managed to catch a chub of four pounds. When the excitement over this event had passed, Tita said,

"We must go back to them. What do they mean by not coming on and telling us? It is most silly of them."

We went back by the same side of the lake, and we found both Franziska and her companion seated on the bank at the precise spot where we had left them. They said it was the best place for the pic-nic. They asked for the hamper in a business-like way. They pretended they had searched the shores of the lake for miles.

And while Tita and Franziska are unpacking the things, and laying the white cloth smoothly on the grass, and putting out the bottles for Charlie to cool in the lake, I observe that the younger of the two ladies rather endeavours to keep her left hand out of sight. It is a paltry piece of deception. Are we moles, and blinder than moles, that we should continually be made the dupes of these women? I say to her,

"Franziska, what is the matter with your left hand?"

"Leave Franziska's left hand alone," says Tita, severely.

"My dear," I reply humbly, "I am afraid Franziska has hurt her hand."

At this moment Charlie, having stuck the bottles among the reeds, comes back, and, hearing our talk, he says, in a loud and audacious way,

"Oh! do you mean the ring? It is a pretty little thing I had about me, and Franziska has been good enough to accept it. You can show it to them, Franziska."

Of course he had it about him. Young men always carry a stock of ruby rings with them when they go fishing, to put in the noses of the fish. I have observed it frequently.

Franziska looks timidly at Tita, and then she raises her hand, that trembles a little. She is about to take the ring off, to show it to us, when Charlie interposes,

"You needn't take it off, Franziska."

And with that, somehow, the girl slips away from among us; and Tita is with her, and we don't get a glimpse of either of them until the solitude resounds with our cries for luncheon.

So Charlie returned to London and to Surrey with us, in very good spirits. He used to come down very often to see us; and one evening, at dinner, he disclosed the fact that he was going over to the Black Forest in the following week, although the November nights were chill just then.

"And how long do you remain?"

"A month," he says.

"Madam," I say to the small lady at the other end of the table, "a month from now

will bring us to the Fourth of December. You have lost the bet you made last Christmas morning; when will it please you to resign your authority?"

"Oh, bother the bet!" says this unscrupulous person.

"But what do you mean?" says Charlie.

"I suppose you mean to bring Franziska over with you at the end of this month's holiday?" I venture to ask.

"Oh, no!" he says; "we don't get married till the spring."

You should have heard the burst of low, delightful laughter with which our Tita welcomed this announcement. She had won her bet.

THE LIE.

[**Sir Walter Raleigh,** born at East Budleigh, Devonshire, 1552; beheaded, 28th October, 1618. Soldier, discoverer, historian, and poet. A favourite of Queen Elizabeth, he fell into disgrace—unjustly as it seems—on the accession of James I.; and was thirteen years a prisoner in the Tower, during which time he wrote the *History of the World.* He was also the author of *Maxims of State; The Cabinet Council,* containing the chief Arts of Empire; *A Discourse of War in General; The Invention of Ships, Anchors, Compass, &c.; The Discovery of Guiana;* &c. &c. "There is no object in human pursuits which the genius of Raleigh did not embrace." —*Isaac Disraeli.*]

Go, Soul, the body's guest,
  Upon a thankless arrant:
Fear not to touch the best,
  The truth shall be thy warrant:
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Say to the court, it glows
  And shines like rotten wood;
Say to the church, it shows
  What's good, and doth no good:
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates, they live
  Acting by others' action;
Not loved unless they give,
  Not strong but by a faction:
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,
  That manage the estate,
Their purpose is ambition,
  Their practice only hate:
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
  They beg for more by spending,
Who, in their greatest cost,
  Seek nothing but commending:
And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell zeal it wants devotion;
  Tell love it is but lust;
Tell time it is but motion;
  Tell flesh it is but dust:
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth;
  Tell honour how it alters;
Tell beauty how she blasteth;
  Tell favour how it falters:
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
  In tickle points of niceness;
Tell wisdom she entangles
  Herself in over-wiseness:
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness;
  Tell skill it is pretension;
Tell charity of coldness;
  Tell law it is contention:
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness;
  Tell nature of decay;
Tell friendship of unkindness;
  Tell justice of delay:
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
  But vary by esteeming;
Tell schools they want profoundness,
  And stand too much on seeming:
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city;
  Tell how the country erreth;
Tell manhood shakes off pity;
  Tell virtue least preferreth:
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
  Commanded thee, done blabbing,—
Although to give the lie
  Deserves no less than stabbing,—
Stab at thee he that will,
No stab the soul can kill.

ENSIGN O'DONOGHUE'S "FIRST LOVE."

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

Enormous reader! were you ever in Clare Castle? 'Tis as vile a hole in the shape of a barrack—as odious a combination of stone, mortar, and rough-cast, as ever the King—God bless him!—put a regiment of the line into. There is most delightful fishing out of the windows—charming shooting at the sparrows that build in the eaves of the houses, and most elegant hunting. If you have a terrier, you may bag twenty brace of rats in a forenoon. If a person is fond of drawing, he has water scenery above the bridge, and water scenery below the bridge, with turf-boats and wild ducks, and two or three schooners with coals, and mud in abundance when the tide is out, and beautiful banks sloping to the water, with charming brown potato gardens and evergreen furze bushes. When tired of this combination of natural beauties, you may turn to the city of Clare, luxuriant in dung and pigs, and take a view of the Protestant school-house without a roof, and the parish clergyman's handsome newly white-washed kennel—by the same token, his was the best pack of hounds I ever saw—and the priest's neat cottage at the back of the public-house, where the best *potteen* in the country was to be had. Then in the distance is *not* to be seen the neighbouring abbey of Quin, which presents splendid remains of Gothic architecture; but I can only say from what I have heard, as the hill of Dundrennan happens to intervene between our citadel and the abbey. Ennis, too, in the distance, I am told, would be a fine maritime town, if it had good houses and was nearer the sea, and had trade and some respectable people in it, and a good neighbourhood. Mr. O'Connell thinks a canal from it to Clare would improve it—and *I* think the *"tribute money"* might be advantageously laid out in shares in the said canal. This is only a surmise of my own, judging of what I saw from my barrack-window in Clare Castle; for, during the six blessed weeks I spent there, from five o'clock on Ash Wednesday evening till six o'clock on Good Friday morning, my nose, which is none of the longest, never projected its own length beyond the barrack-gate. The reason of my not visiting the chief city of Clareshire was also sufficient to prevent me exploring the remains at Quin: and was simply this—Colonel Gauntlet had given positive orders to Captain Vernon, who commanded the company, not to permit Ensign O'Donoghue, on any pretence, to leave the castle.

I was a lad of about seventeen then, and had but a short time before got a commission in the Royal Irish, by raising recruits—which was done in rather an ingenious manner by my old nurse, Judy M'Leary. She got some thirty or forty of the Ballybeg hurlers, seven of whom were her own sons—lads that would have cropped an exciseman, or put a tithes proctor "to keep" in a bog-hole, as soon as they would have peeled a potato, or sooner. Nurse Judy got the boys together—made them blind drunk—locked them up in the barn—made them "drunk again," next morning—enlisted them all before my father, who was a justice of the peace—and a recruiting-sergeant, who was at the house, marched them all off ("drunk still") to the county town. They were all soldiers before they came to their senses, and I was recommended for an ensigncy. My heroes remained quiet for a day or two, having plenty of eating and drinking; but swearing, by all the saints in the Almanac, that the Ballybeg boys were, out and out, the tip-top of the country, and would "bate the Curnel, ay, and the Gineral, with the garrison to back him to boot, if Masther Con would only crook his finger and whistle." We were ordered to march to Limerick, which part of the country it did not appear that my recruits liked, for the following Sunday they were all back again playing hurley at Ballybeg.

But to return. I was, as I said before, an ensign in the Royal Irish, and strutting as proud as a peacock about the streets of Limerick. To be sure, how I ogled the darlings as they tripped along, and how they used to titter when I gave them a sly look! I was asked to all sorts of parties, as the officers were—save the mark!—so genteel! We had dinner-parties, and tea-parties, and dancing-parties, and parties up the river to Castle Connel, and pic-nics down the river to Carrick Gunnel, and dry drums; in short, the frolicking lads of the Eighteenth never lived in such clover. Three parsons, or rather, I should say, their wives, sundry doctors, the wine merchants, and a banker or two, were all quarrelling about who could show us most attention, and force most claret and whisky punch down our throats. We flirted and jigged, and got drunk every night in the week at the house of one friend or another. I was seventeen times in love, ay, and out again, in the first fortnight: such eyes as one young lady had, and such legs had another; Susan had such lips, and

Kate had such shoulders; Maria laughed so heartily—to show her teeth; and Johanna held her petticoats so tidily out of the mud—to show her ankle. I was fairly bothered with them all, and nearly ruined into the bargain by the amount of my wine-bills at the mess. The constant love-making kept me in a fever, and a perpetual unquenchable thirst was the consequence. In vain did I toss off bumper after bumper of port and sherry in honour of the charms of each and all of them; in vain did I sit down with my tumbler of whisky punch (hot) at my elbow, when I invoked the muse and wrote sonnets on the sweet creatures. Every fresh charm called for a fresh bottle, and each new poetical thought cried out for more hot water, sugar, whisky, and lemon-juice! The more I made love, the more feverish I grew; and it was absolutely impossible to keep my pulsations and wine-bills under any control. Fortunately, or perhaps unfortunately, one young lady began to usurp the place of the many. I was determined to instal her as prime and permanent mistress of my affections.

Accordingly, Miss Juliana Hennessy was gazetted to the post, *vice* a score dismissed. Juliana had beautiful legs, beautiful bust, beautiful shoulders; figure plump, smooth, and showy; face nothing to boast of, for her nose was a snub, and she was a trifle marked with the small-pox; but her teeth were generally clean, and her eye languishing; so, on the whole, Juliana Hennessy was not to be sneezed at. Half a dozen of our youngsters were already flirting with her: one boasted that he had a lock of her hair, but honour forbade him to show it; another swore that he had kissed her in her father's scullery, that she was nothing loath, and only said, "Ah now, Mr. Casey, can't you stop? what a flirt you are!"—but nobody believed him; and Peter Dawson, the adjutant, who was a wag, affirmed, that he heard her mother say, as she crossed the streets, "Juliana, mind your petticoats—spring, Juliana, spring, and show your 'agility'—the officers are looking." After this, poor Juliana Hennessy never was known but as Juliana Spring.

Juliana Spring had a susceptible mind, and was partial to delicate attentions; so the first thing I did, to show that my respect for her was particular, was to call out Mister Casey about the scullery story; and, after exchanging three shots (for I was new to the business *then*, and my pistols none of the best), I touched him up in the left knee, and spoilt his capering in rather an off-hand style, considering I was but a novice. I now basked in my Juliana's smiles, and was as happy and pleasant as a pig in a potato-garden. I begged Casey's pardon for having hurt him, and he pitched Juliana to Old Nick, for which, by the way, I was near having him out again.

I was now becoming quite a sentimental milk-sop; I got drunk not more than twice a week, I ducked but two watchmen, and broke the head of but one chairman, during the period of my loving Juliana Spring. Wherever her toe left a mark in the gutter, my heel was sure to leave its print by the side of it. Her petticoats never had the sign of a spatter on them; they were always held well out of the mud, and the snow-white cotton stockings, tight as a drum-head, were duly displayed.

Juliana returned my love, and plenty of billing and cooing we had of it. Mrs. Hennessy was as charming a lady of her years as one might see anywhere; she used to make room for me next Juliana—make us stand back to back, to see how much the taller I was of the two,—Juliana used to put on my sash and gorget, and I was obliged to adjust them right; then she was obliged to replace them, with her little fingers fiddling about me. After that the old lady would say, "Juliana, my love, how do the turkeys walk through the grass?" "Is it through the long grass, ma'am?" "Yes, Juliana, my love; show us how the turkeys walk through the long grass." Then Juliana would rise from her seat, bend forward, tuck up her clothes nearly to her knees, and stride along the room on tip-toe. "Ah, now do it again, Juliana," said the mother. So Juliana did it again—and again—and again—till I knew the shape of Juliana's supporters so well, that I can conscientiously declare they were uncommonly pretty.

Juliana and I became thicker and thicker—till at length I had almost made up my mind to marry her. I was very near fairly popping the question at a large ball at the Custom House, when fortunately Colonel Gauntlet clapped his thumb upon me, and said "Stop!" and Dawson stepped up to say that I must march next morning, at ten o'clock, for that famous citadel, Clare Castle. I was very near calling out both Dawson and the colonel; but Juliana requested me not, for her sake. Prudence came in time. Gauntlet would have brought me to a court-martial, and I should have gone back to Ballybeg after my recruits.

Leaving the Hennessys without wishing them good-bye would have been unkind and unhandsome; so at nine next morning I left the New Barracks, having told the sergeant

of the party who was to accompany me to call at Arthur's Quay on his way. I scampered along George Street, and in a few minutes arrived at the Hennessys'. How my heart beat when I lifted the knocker! I fancied that, instead of the usual sharp rat-tat-too, it had a sombre, hollow sound; and when Katty Lynch, the handmaiden of my beloved, came to the door, and hesitated about admitting me, I darted by her, and entered the dining-room on my right hand. Here the whole family were assembled; but certainly not expecting company—not one of the "genteel officers," at least.

The father of the family, who was an attorney, was arranging his outward man. His drab cloth ink-spotted inexpressibles were unbuttoned at the knee, and but just met a pair of whity-brown worsted stockings, that wrinkled up his thick legs. Coat and waistcoat he had none, and at the open breast of a dirty shirt appeared a still dirtier flannel waistcoat. He was rasping a thick stubble on his chin, as he stood opposite a handsome pier-glass between the windows. The razor was wiped upon the breakfast-cloth, which ever and anon he scraped clean with the back of the razor, and dabbed the shave into the fire. The lady mother was in a chemise and petticoat, with a large coloured cotton shawl, which did duty as dressing-gown; and she was alternately busy in combing her grizzled locks and making breakfast.

Miss Juliana—Juliana of my love—Juliana Spring, sat by the fire in a pensive attitude, dressed as she had turned out of her nest. Her hair still in papers, having just twitched off her night-cap; a red cotton bed-gown clothed her shoulders, a brown flannel petticoat was fastened with a running string round her beautiful waist, black worsted stockings enveloped those lovely legs which I had so often gazed on with admiration, as they, turkey-fashion, tripped across the room; and a pair of yellow slippers, down at heel, covered the greater part of her feet. On the fender stood the tea-kettle, and on the handle of the tea-kettle a diminutive shirt had been put to air; while its owner, an urchin of five years old, frequently popped in from an inner room, exhibiting his little natural beauties *al fresco*, to see if it was fit to put on.

I stared about me as if chaos was come again; but I could not have been more surprised than they were. The whole family were taken aback. The father stood opposite the mirror with his snub nose held between the finger and thumb of his left hand, and his right grasping the razor—his amazement was so great that he could not stir a muscle. Mrs. Hennessy shifted her seat to the next chair, and the lovely Juliana Spring, throwing down the *Sorrows of Werter*, with which she had been improving her mind, raised her fingers to get rid of the hair-papers. Each individual would have taken to flight; but, unfortunately, the enemy was upon them, and occupied the only means of egress except the little room, which it seems was the younker's den; so that, like many another body, when they could not run away, they boldly stood their ground.

I apologized for the untimely hour of my visit, and pleaded, as an excuse, that in half an hour I should be on my way to Clare Castle. My friends say that I have an easy way of appearing comfortable wherever I go, and that it at once makes people satisfied. In less than a minute Mr. Hennessy let his nose go; his wife wreathed her fat face into smiles; and Juliana Spring looked budding into summer, squeezed a tear out of her left eye, and blew her nose in silent anguish at my approaching departure.

Katty brought in a plate of eggs and a pile of buttered toast. Apologies innumerable were made for the state of affairs;—the sweeps had been in the house—the child had been sick—Mr. Hennessy was turned out of his dressing-room by the masons—Mrs. Hennessy herself had been "poorly"—and Juliana was suffering with a nervous headache. Such a combination of misfortunes surely had never fallen upon so small a family at the same time. I began to find my love evaporating rapidly. Still, Juliana was in grief, and between pity for her, and disgust at the colour of the table-cloth, I could not eat. Mr. Hennessy soon rose, said he would be back in the "peeling of an onion," and requested me not to stir till he returned.

He certainly was not long, but he came accompanied, lugging into the room with him a tall, loose-made fellow in a pepper-and-salt coat and brown corduroys. I had never seen this hero before, and marvelled who the deuce he might prove to be. "Sit down, Jerry," said Hennessy to his friend—"sit down and taste a dish of tea. Jerry, I am sorry that Juliana has a headache this morning." "Never mind, man," said Jerry; "I'll go bail she will be better by-and-by. Sure my darling niece isn't sorry at going to be married." Here were two discoveries—Jerry was uncle to Juliana, and Juliana was going to be married—to whom, I wondered? "O, Jerry! she will be well enough by-and-by," said her father. "But I don't believe you know Ensign O'Donoghue—let me introduce," &c. Accord-

ingly I bowed, but Jerry rose from his chair, and came forward with outstretched paw. "Good morrow-morning to you, sir, and 'deed and indeed it is mighty glad I am to see you, and wish you joy of so soon becoming my relation." "Your relation, sir? I am not aware"—"Not relation," returned Jerry, "not blood relation, but connection by marriage."—"I am not going to be married," said I. "You not going to be married?" "Not that I know of," I replied. "Ah, be aisy, young gentleman," said Uncle Jerry; "sure I know all about it—ar'n't you going to marry my niece, Juliana, there?"

A pretty *dénouement* this! My love oozed away like Bob Acres' valour—so I answered, "I rather think not, sir." "Not marry Juliana?" ejaculated the father. "Not marry my daughter?" yelled the mother. "Not marry my niece?" shouted the uncle; "but by Saint Peter you shall—didn't you propose for her last night?" "I won't marry her, that's flat; and I did not propose for her last night" —I roared. My blood was now up, and I had no notion of being taken by storm. "You shall marry her, and that before you quit this room, or the d—l is not in Kilballyowen!" said Jerry, getting up, and locking the door. "If you don't, I'll have the law of you," said Mr. Hennessy. "If you don't, you are no gentleman," said Mrs. Hennessy. "If I do, call me fool," said I. "And I am unanimous," said a third person, from the inner door. "The deuce you are," said I to this new addition to our family circle—a smooth-faced, hypocritical-looking scoundrel, in black coat and black breeches, and grey pearl stockings —as he issued from the smaller apartment; —how he got there, I never knew. "Don't swear, young gentleman," said he. "I'll swear from this to Clare Castle, if I like," said I, "and no thanks to any one. Moreover by this and by that, and by everything else, I am not in the humour, and I'll marry no one —good, bad, or indifferent—this blessed day." Even this did not satisfy them. "Then you will marry her after Lent?" said the fellow in the pearl stockings. "Neither then nor now, upon my oath!" I answered. "You won't?" said old Hennessy. "You won't?" echoed the wife. "You won't?" dittoed Uncle Jerry. "That I won't, ladies and gentlemen," I rejoined; "I am in a hurry for Clare Castle; so good morning to you, and I wish you all the compliments of the season." "Go aisy with your hitching," said Jerry, "you will not be off in that way"—and he disappeared into the small room.

The father sat down at a table, and began to write busily—the pearl-stocking'd gentleman twirled his thumbs, and stood between me and the door—Juliana sat snivelling and blowing her nose by the fire—I sprang to the door, but it was not only double-locked, but bolted. I contemplated a leap from the window, but the high iron railing of the area was crowned with spikes. I was debating about being impaled or not, when Jerry returned with a brace of pistols as long as my arm. Mr. Hennessy jumped from his writing-table, flourishing a piece of paper, and Mr. Pearl Stockings pulled a book out of his coat-pocket. "You have dishonoured me and my pedigree," said Jerry—"If you don't marry Juliana, I will blow you to atoms." "Stop, Jerry," said the attorney; "may-be the gentleman will sign this scrap of a document." I felt like the fat man in the play, who would not give a reason upon compulsion—I flatly refused. "I'd rather not dirty my hands with you," said the uncle; so just step in here to the closet. Father Twoney will couple you fair and aisy—or just sign the bit of paper—If you don't I'll pop you to Jericho." "Ah! do now, Mr. O'Donoghue," implored the mother. I turned to the priest: "Sir, it seems that you then are a clergyman. Do you, I ask, think it consistent with your profession thus to sanction an act of violence?" "*Batherashin,*" interrupted Jerry. "Don't be putting your *comehether* on Father Twoney—he knows what he is about; and if he don't, I do. So you had better get buckled without any more blarney."

The ruffian then deliberately threw up the pan of one of the pistols, and shook the powder together, in order that I might be convinced he was not jesting; then, slowly cocking it, laid it on the table, within his reach, and did the same with the other. "Give me one of those pistols, you scoundrel!" I exclaimed, "and I will fight you here—the priest will see fair play." "Who would be the fool then, I wonder?" said this bully. "I am not such an *omadhahaun* as you suppose. If I was to shoot you where you stand, who would be the wiser—you *spalpeen?*"

I seized the poker—Juliana rose and came towards me with extended arms. "Ah! now Mr. O'Donoghue! dearest O'Donoghue!—dearest Con, do prevent bloodshed—for my sake, prevent bloodshed—you know that I dote on you beyond anything. Can't you be led by my relations, who only want your own good—ah! now, do!" "Ah! do now," said the mother. "Listen to me, now," cried I, "listen to me all of you for fear of a mistake:

—you may murder me—my life is in your power—and Father Twoney may give you absolution, if he likes; but, mark me now, Juliana Hennessy—I would not marry you if your eyes were diamonds, and your heels gold, and you were dressed in Roche's five-pound notes. If the priest was administering extreme unction to your father, and your mother kicking the bucket beside him—and your uncle Jerry with a razor at my throat—I would pitch myself head foremost into the hottest part of purgatory before I would say—Juliana Hennessy, you are my wife. Are you satisfied? Now, have you had an answer, Juliana Spring!"

I do not imagine that they thought me so determined. The father seemed to hesitate; Juliana blubbered aloud; the priest half closed his eyes, and twirled his thumbs as if nothing unusual was going on; and Jerry, whose face became livid with rage, levelled the pistol at my head. I believe he would have murdered me on the spot, but for Mrs. Hennessy, who was calculating in her wrath. She clapped her hands with a wild howl, and shook them furiously in my face—"Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear! That I should live to hear my daughter called Juliana Spring!—I that gave her the best of learning—that had her taught singing by Mr. O'Sullivan, straight from Italy, and bought her a bran new forte-piano from Dublin—oh! to hear her called Juliana Spring!—Didn't I walk her up street and down street, and take lodgings opposite the Main Guard! And then, when we came here, wasn't she called the Pride of the Quay? Wouldn't Mr. Casey have married her, only you shot him in the knee? Wasn't that something? And you here late and early, getting the best of everything, and philandering with her everywhere—and now you won't marry her! I am ruined entirely with you—oh dear! oh dear!"

A loud ring at the bell, and a rap at the hall door, astonished the group. Before Katty could be told not to admit any one, I heard Sergeant O'Gorman asking for me—he was no relation to O'Gorman Mahon, but a lad of the same kidney—a thorough-going Irishman—and loved a row better than his prayers. I shouted to the sergeant, "O'Gorman, they are going to murder me." "Then by St. Patrick, your honour, we'll be in at the death," responded the sergeant. "Katty, shut to the door," roared Jerry.

Katty was one of O'Gorman's sweethearts, who was not so nimble as she might have been; however, before the order could be obeyed, the sergeant had thrust his halbert between the door and the post, which effectually prevented it closing. I heard his whistle, and in a second the whole of his party had forced their way into the hall.

"Break open the door, my lads," I hallooed—"never mind consequences;" and immediately a charming sledge-hammer din was heard, as my men applied the but-ends of their firelocks to the wood. The attorney ran to the inner room, so did the priest,—and Jerry, dropping the pistols, followed them. Crash went the panels of the door, and in bounced my light-bobs. Mrs. Hennessy cried "fire" and "robbery;" Juliana Spring tried to faint; and I ran to the inner room just in time to catch Jerry by the heel, as he was jumping from the window. Mr. Hennessy and the priest, in their hurry to escape, had impeded each other, so that Uncle Jerry, who was last, had not time to flee before I clutched him. I dragged back the scoundrel, who was loudly bawling for mercy.

"Is there a pump in the neighbourhood, my lads?" I asked. "Yes, sir, in the back yard," answered O'Gorman. "Then *don't* duck him."—"No, your honour!" they all said. I walked out of the house; but, strange to say, my orders were not obeyed; for Uncle Jerry was ducked within an inch of his life.

At the corner of the street I waited for my party, who soon joined me. A few minutes afterwards I met Casey. "Casey," said I, "I am more than ever sorry for your misfortune; and Juliana Spring is at your service." "She may go to Old Nick, for all that I care," said Casey. "With all my heart, too," said I. "Small difference of opinion to bother our friendships, then!" rejoined the good-humoured boy; and to drown the memory of all connected with the *calf-love*, by which we both had been stultified, we took a hearty stirrup-cup together, and off I set for Clare Castle.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

THE GRAVE.

[Robert Blair, born at Edinburgh, about 1700; died at Athelstaneford, East Lothian, 4th February, 1746. He was the son of a clergyman, and was himself the minister of Athelstaneford, where he wrote his poem of *The Grave*, from which the following is an extract.]

On this side, and on that, men see their friends
Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch out
Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers
In the world's hale and undegen'rate days
Could scarce have leisure for.—Fools that we are,
Never to think of death and of ourselves

At the same time: as if to learn to die
Were no concern of ours.—Oh! more than sottish,
For creatures of a day in gamesome mood,
To frolic on eternity's dread brink
Unapprehensive; when, for aught we know,
The very first swoll'n surge shall sweep us in.
Think we, or think we not, time hurries on
With a resistless unremitting stream;
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
And carries off his prize —What is this world?
What? but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,
Strew'd with death's spoils, the spoils of animals
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones.
The very turf on which we tread once liv'd;
And we that live must lend our carcasses
To cover our own offspring: In their turns
They too must cover theirs.—'Tis here all meet,
The shiv'ring Icelander and sunburn'd Moor;
Men of all climes, that never met before;
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Christian.
Here the proud prince, and favourite yet prouder,
His sovereign's keeper, and the people's scourge,
Are huddled out of sight.—Here lie abash'd
The great negotiators of the earth,
And celebrated masters of the balance,
Deep read in stratagems, and wiles of courts.
Now vain their treaty-skill:—Death scorns to treat;
Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burden
From his gall'd shoulders;—and when the stern tyrant,
With all his guards and tools of power about him,
Is meditating new unheard-of hardships,
Mocks his short arm,—and quick as thought escapes
Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.
Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
The tell-tale echo, and the babbling stream
(Time out of mind the fav'rite seats of love),
Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down,
Unblasted by foul tongue.—Here friends and foes
Lie close; unmindful of their former feuds.
The lawn-rob'd prelate and plain presbyter,
Erewhile that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
Familiar mingle here, like sister streams
That some rude interposing rock has split.
Here is the large-limb'd peasant;—here the child
Of a span long, that never saw the sun,
Nor press'd the nipple, strangled in life's porch.
Here is the mother, with her sons and daughters:
The barren wife, and long-demurring maid,
Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
Smil'd like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.
Here are the prude, severe, and gay coquette,
The sober widow, and the young green virgin,
Cropp'd like a rose before 'tis fully blown,
Or half its worth disclos'd. Strange medley here!
Here garrulous old age winds up his tale;
And jovial youth, of lightsome vacant heart,
Whose ev'ry-day was made of melody,
Hears not the voice of mirth.—The shrill-tongu'd shrew,
Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
Here are the wise, the generous, and the brave;
The just, the good, the worthless, and profane;
The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred;
The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the mean;
The supple statesman, and the patriot stern;
The wrecks of nations, and the spoils of time,
With all the lumber of six thousand years.

BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

A SCOTTISH LEGEND OF 1666.

BY D. M. MOIR.

It was in the yet Doric days of Scotland (comparing the present with the past) that Kenneth Bell, one of the lairds of the green holms of Kinvaid, having lost his lady by a sudden dispensation of Providence, remained for a long time wrapt up in the reveries of grief, and utterly inconsolable. The tide of affliction was at length fortuitously stemmed by the nourice bringing before him his helpless infant daughter—the very miniature of her departed mother, after whom she had been named.

The looks of the innocent babe recalled the father's heart to a sense of the duties which life yet required of him; and little Bessy grew up in health and beauty, the apple of her father's eye. Nor was his fondness for her diminished, as year after year more fully developed those lineaments which at length ripened into a more matured likeness of her who was gone. She became, as it were, a part of the old man's being; she attended him in his garden walks; rode out with him on her palfrey on sunny mornings; and was as his shadow by the evening hearth. She doted on him with more than a daughter's fondness; and he, at length, seemed bound to earth by no tie save her existence.

It was thus that Bessy Bell grew up to woman's stature; and, in the quiet of her father's hall, she was now in her eighteenth year, a picture of feminine loveliness. All around had heard of the beauty of the heiress of Kinvaid. The cottager who experienced her bounty drank to her health in his homely jug of nut-brown ale; and the squire, at wassail, toasted her in the golden wine-cup.

The dreadful plague of 1666 now fell out, and rapidly spread its devastations over Scotland. Man stood aghast; the fountains of society were broken up; and day after day brought into rural seclusion some additional proofs of its fearful ravages. Nought was heard around but the wailings of deprivation;

and omens in the heavens and on the earth heralded miseries yet to come.

Having been carried from Edinburgh (in whose ill-ventilated closes and wynds it had made terrible havoc) across the Firth of Forth, the northern counties were now thrown into alarm, and families broke up, forsaking the towns and villages to disperse themselves under the freer atmosphere of the country. Among others, the Laird of Kinvaid trembled for the safety of his beloved child, and the arrival of young Bruce, of Powfoulis Priory, afforded him an excellent opportunity of having his daughter escorted to Lynedoch, the residence of a warmly attached friend and relative.

Under the protection of this gallant young squire, Bessy rode off on the following morning, and, the day being delightful, the young pair, happy in themselves, forgot, in the beauty of nature, the miseries that encompassed them.

Besides being a youth of handsome appearance and engaging manners, young Bruce had seen a good deal of the world, having for several years served as a member of the body-guard of the French king. He had returned from Paris only a few months before, and yet wore the cap and plume peculiar to the distinguished corps to which he still belonged. The heart of poor Bessy Bell was as sensitive as it was innocent and unsophisticated; and, as her protector made his proud steed fret and curvet by her side, she thought to herself, as they rode along, that he was like one of the knights concerning whom she had read in romance, and, unknown to herself, there awoke in her bosom a feeling to which it had hitherto been a stranger.

Her reception at Lynedoch was most cordial; nor the less so, perhaps, on the part of the young lady of that mansion, because her attendant was Bruce, the secret but accepted suitor for the hand of Mary Gray. Ah! had this mystery been once revealed to Bessy Bell, what a world of misery it would have saved her!

From the plague had our travellers been flying; but the demon of desolation was here before them, and the smoke was ceasing to ascend from many a cottage hearth. It became necessary that the household of Lynedoch should be immediately dispersed. Bruce and Lynedoch remained in the vicinity of the dwelling-house, and a bower of turf and moss was reared for the young ladies on the pastoral banks of the Brauchie-burn, a tributary of the Almond.

It was there that Bessy Bell and Mary Gray lived for a while in rural seclusion, far from the bustle and parade of gay life, verifying in some measure what ancient poetry hath feigned of the golden age. Bruce was a daily visitant at the bower by the Brauchie-burn: he wandered with them through the green solitudes; and, under the summer sun and a blue sky, they threaded ofttimes together the mazes of "many a bosky bourne and bushy dell." They chased the fantastic squirrel from bough to bough, and scared the thieving little weasel from the linnet's nest. Under a great tree they would seat themselves, as Bruce read aloud some story of chivalry, romance, or superstition, or soothed the listless hours of the afternoon with the delightful tones of the shepherd's pipe. More happy were they than the story-telling group, each in turn a queen, who, in like manner, flying from the pestilence which afflicted Florence, shut themselves up in its delightful gardens, relating those hundred tales of love which have continued to delight posterity in the glowing pages of Boccaccio.

Under whatever circumstances it is placed, human nature will be human nature still. When the young and the beautiful meet together freely and unreservedly, the cold restraints of custom and formality must be thrown aside; friendship kindles into a warmer feeling, and love is generated. Could it be otherwise with our ramblers in their green solitude?

Between Mary Gray and young Bruce a mutual and understood attachment had long subsisted; indeed they only waited his coming of age to be united in the bonds of wedlock; but the circumstance, for particular reasons, was cautiously concealed within their own bosoms. Even to Bessy Bell, her dearest and most intimate companion, Mary had not revealed it. To disguise his real feelings, Bruce was outwardly less marked in his attention to his betrothed than to her friend; and, in her susceptibility and innocent confidence, Bessy Bell too readily mistook his kind assiduities for marks of affection and proofs of love. A new spirit began to pervade her whole being, almost unknown to herself; she looked on the scenes around her with other eyes; and life changed in the hues it had previously borne to the gaze of her imagination. In the absence of Bruce she became melancholy and abstracted. He seemed to her the being who had been born to render her blessed; and futurity appeared, without his presence, like the melancholy gloom of a November morning.

The physiological doctrine of temperaments

we leave to its difficulties; although we confess, that in Bessy Bell and Mary Gray something spoke in the way of illustration.

The countenance of Bessy was one of light and sunshine. Her eyes were blue, her hair flaxen, her complexion florid. She might have sat for a picture of Aurora. Everything about her spoke of "the innocent brightness of the new-born day." Mary Gray was in many things the reverse of this, although perhaps equally beautiful. Her features were more regular; she was taller, even more elegant in figure; and had in her almost colourless cheeks, lofty pale brow, and raven ringlets, a majesty which nature had denied to her unconscious rival. The one was all buoyancy and smiles; the other subdued passion, deep feeling, and quiet reflection.

Bruce was a person of the finest sense of honour; and, finding that he had unconsciously and unintentionally made an impression on the bosom-friend of his betrothed, became instantly aware that it behoved him to take some step to dispel the unfortunate illusion. Fortunately the time was speedily approaching, which called him to return, for a season, to his military post in France; but the idea of parting from Mary Gray had become doubly painful to his feelings, from the consideration of the circumstances under which he was obliged to leave her. The ravages of death were extending instead of abating; and the general elements themselves seemed to have become tainted with the unwholesomeness. There was an unrefreshing languor in the air; the sky wore a coppery appearance, and over the face of the sun was drawn as it were a veil of blood. Imagination might no doubt magnify these things; but victims were falling around on every side; and no Aaron, as in the days of hoary antiquity, now stood between the living and the dead, to bid the plague be stayed.

With a noble resolution Bruce took his departure, and sorrow, like a cloud, brooded over the bower by the Brauchie-burn. Mary sat in a quiet, melancholy abstraction; but ever and anon the tears dropped down the cheeks of Bessy Bell, as her "softer soul in woe dissolved aloud." Love is lynx-eyed, and Mary saw too well what was passing in the mind of her friend; but, with a kind consideration, she allowed the lapse of a few days to moderate the turbulence of her feelings ere she ventured to impart the cruel truth. So unlooked-for, so unexpected was the disclosure, that for a while she harboured a spirit of unbelief; but conviction at once flashed over her, extinguishing every hope, when she was shown a beautiful necklace of precious stones, which Bruce had presented to his betrothed on the morning of his bidding adieu to the bower of the Brauchie-burn. As it were by magic, a change came over the spirit of Bessy Bell. She dried her tears, hung on the neck of her friend, endeavoured to console her in her separation from him who loved her, and bore up with a heroism seemingly almost incompatible with the gentle softness of her nature. She clasped the chain round the neck of Mary, and, kneeling, implored Heaven speedily to restore the giver to her arms.

Fatal had been that gift! It had been purchased by Bruce from a certain Adonijah Baber, a well-known Jewish merchant of Perth, who had amassed considerable riches by traffic. Taking advantage of the distracted state of the times, this man had allowed his thirst after lucre to overcome his better principles, and lead him into lawless dealings with the wretches who went about abstracting movables from infected or deserted mansions. As a punishment for his rapacity, death was thus in a short time brought to his own household, and he himself perished amid the unavailing wealth which sin had accumulated.

Fatal had been that gift!—In a very little while Mary sickened; and her symptoms were those of the fearful malady afflicting the nation. Bessy Bell was fully aware of the danger; but, with a heroic self-devotion, she became the nurse of her friend; and, when all others kept aloof, administered, though vainly, to her wants. Her noble and generous mind was impressed with the conviction that she owed some reparation for the unintentional wound which she might have inflicted on the feelings of Mary, in having appeared to become her rival in the affections of her betrothed.

As an almost necessary consequence, she was herself seized with the malady of death. The evening heard them singing hymns together—midnight listened to the ravings of delirium—the morning sun shone into the bower of death, where all was still!

The tragedy was consummated ere yet Bruce had set sail for France; but the news did not reach him for a considerable time, the communication between the two countries being interrupted. His immediate impulse was to volunteer into the service of the German emperor, by whom he was attached to a squadron sent to assist Sobieski of Poland against the Turks. He never returned; and was supposed to have fallen shortly afterwards,

in one of the many sanguinary encounters that ensued.

The old Laird of Kinvaid awoke from the paroxysm of his grief to a state of almost dotage, yet occasionally a glimpse of the past would shoot across his mind; for, in wandering vacantly about his dwelling, he would sometimes exclaim, in the spirit so beautifully expressed in the Arabian manuscript, "Where is my child?" and Echo answered, "Where?"

The burial vaults of both the Kinvaid and Lynedoch families, who were related, were in the church of Methven; but, according to a wish said to have been expressed by the two young friends, "who were lovely in their lives, and in death were not divided," they were buried near a beautiful bank of the Almond. Several of the poets of Scotland have sung their hapless fate: Lednoch bank has become classic in story; and, during the last century and a half, many thousands of enthusiastic pilgrims have visited the spot, which the late proprietor of Lynedoch has inclosed with pious care.

Of the original ballad only a few lines remain: they are full of nature and simple pathos.

"Bessy Bell and Mary Gray
They were twa bonny lasses;
They biggit a bower on yon burn brae,
And theekit it owre wi' rashes.

"They wouldna lie in Methven kirk
Beside their gentle kin;
But they would lie on Lednoch braes,
To beek them in the sun."

THE PAINTER WHO PLEASED NOBODY AND EVERYBODY.

[**John Gay**, born at Barnstaple, Devonshire, 1688; died in London, 4th December, 1732. Dramatist and poet. He wrote many pieces for the stage, of which the most successful was the *Beggar's Opera*—intended as a satire upon the Italian Opera. Of his other works the most notable are: *The Mohocks*, a farce; *Wife of Bath*, a comedy; *Three Hours after Marriage*, a comedy; *The Shepherd's Week*, in six pastorals; and his *Fables*, from which we quote.]

Lest men suspect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view.
The traveller leaping o'er those bounds,
The credit of his book confounds.
Who with his tongue hath armies routed,
Makes even his real courage doubted.
But flattery never seems absurd;
The flatter'd always take your word:
Impossibilities seem just;
They take the strongest praise on trust.
Hyperboles, though ne'er so great,
Will still come short of self-conceit.

So very like a painter drew,
That every eye the picture knew,
He hit complexion, feature, air,
So just, the life itself was there.
No flattery with his colours laid,
To bloom restor'd the faded maid;
He gave each muscle all its strength;
The mouth, the chin, the nose's length;
His honest pencil touched with truth,
And mark'd the date of age and youth.

He lost his friends, his practice fail'd;
Truth should not always be reveal'd:
In dusty piles his pictures lay,
For no one sent the second pay.
Two busts, fraught with every grace,
A Venus' and Apollo's face,
He plac'd in view; resolv'd to please,
Whoever sat he drew from these,
From these corrected every feature,
And spirited each awkward creature.
All things were set; the hour was come,
His pallet ready o'er his thumb.
My lord appear'd; and seated right,
In proper attitude and light,
The painter look'd, he sketch'd the piece,
Then dipt his pencil, talk'd of Greece,
Of Titian's tints, of Guido's air;
Those eyes, my lord, the spirit there
Might well a Raphael's hand require,
To give them all the native fire;
The features, fraught with sense and wit,
You'll grant, are very hard to hit;
But yet with patience you shall view
As much as paint and art can do.
Observe the work. My lord replied,
"Till now I thought my mouth was wide;
Besides, my nose is somewhat long:
Dear sir, for me, 'tis far too young."
"Oh! pardon me," the artist cry'd;
"In this we painters must decide.
The piece ev'n common eyes must strike,
I warrant it extremely like."
My lord examin'd it anew;
No looking-glass seem'd half so true.
A lady came, with borrow'd grace
He from his Venus form'd her face.
Her lover prais'd the painter's art;
So like the picture in his heart!
To every age some charm he lent;
Ev'n beauties were almost content.
Through all the town his art they prais'd:
His custom grew, his price was rais'd.
Had he the real likeness shown,
Would any man the picture own?
But, when thus happily he wrought,
Each found the likeness in his thought.

THE DUTCH AT HOME.

[Henri Alphonse Esquiros, born in Paris, 1814; died there 12th May, 1876. He wrote: poems—*The Swallows* and the *Songs of a Prisoner;* romances—*The Magicians* and *Charlotte Corday;* social and historical studies, and sketches of travel, which were the most popular of his works, namely, *The English at Home; The Dutch at Home;* &c. From the last-mentioned work we quote.]

There is in Holland a life unknown elsewhere, or at least but badly known; it is life on the water. You must visit this country to comprehend the touching melancholy of the *Spiritus Dei ferebatur super aquas.* Still, what floats on the waters is probably less the Spirit of God than of man, for in the Netherlands you are incessantly recalled to the feeling of reality. At all the spots where nature had forgotten to place rivers or streams, Dutch industry has made canals. These water-ways lead not merely from one town to another, but even to each village, we might almost say to each country-house; hence, such an arterial system could not fail to be marvellously favourable to the circulation of produce. Through Haarlem alone 22,000 boats pass annually. An English traveller asked himself, two centuries back, whether there were not more people in Holland living on the water than on land. As the majority of these canals are higher than the adjoining fields, and as they are concealed by dykes, at a certain distance off you can see neither water nor boats, but only the swelling sails, which have the appearance of making an excursion about the country. There are boats for conveying passengers; the rich and busy classes despise this mode of locomotion as too slow or too vulgar, but they lose those landscape beauties for which the speed does not compensate. Be on your guard against railways in Holland, for travelling by them is running through the country, but not travelling. Those who do not consider the time devoted to the gratification of the sight as lost, poets, artists, the contemplators of nature or of local manners, will always prefer these slow and rustic boats to the winged carriages.

Heaven forbid that we should condemn steam, whose services, on the contrary, we admire; but Holland is of all countries in the world the one which, owing to its abundance of canals, could most easily do without locomotives. Elsewhere navigation has never been able to compete with the iron ways, but in the Netherlands the greater part of the carriage still continues to be effected by water; and this economic method will for a long time supply most wants. The services rendered elsewhere by carts are here performed by boats; the gardener himself pulls to market his boat laden with vegetables, fruits, or flowers, just as in the south of France a donkey is led along. All this verdure, all this wealth of spring, arranged with a vivid feeling for colour, really is a pleasure to look upon.

At Amsterdam, on quarter days, the furniture is moved from one part of the town to another on the canals; chairs and tables, arranged with some degree of symmetry, appear to be awaiting visitors. These saloons on the water move along through the crowd, which does not even look at them. Milk comes to Amsterdam from the adjacent farms by the same route, in the morning at five or six o'clock, and in the afternoon about three. The North Holland canal, whose width more than one river might envy, sees boats coming and going, loaded with oak buckets, adorned with copper handles and hoops. The milk girls who hover round these boats are frequently young and pretty; their large hats of shining straw, the brim of which is slightly turned up in front and back, their large earrings, and coral bead necklaces, set off their ruddy complexions. The milk-boats sometimes meet on the Amsterdam canals water-boats coming from Utrecht. Such is in fact one of the singularities of this Northern Venice; though seated in the midst of water, it has none to drink. Flat boats, true water-carriers, were obliged to come to its help till very recently, when human industry sought rain-water in the sand of the dunes, and brought it to Amsterdam by engines whose strength and boldness of conception are admirable; but the use of the new fountains has not yet spread through all classes of the population.

The boats specially employed for the passenger service are called *trekschuyten.* They are a species of gondola or water diligence. Along nearly the whole length, which is about thirty feet, runs a box or wooden house, frequently painted green; the roof, on which the sailors walk to perform sundry operations, being covered with a layer of pounded cockle-shells. This house is divided into two compartments, or cabins; the larger one, situated near the prow, is common to passengers and luggage. Here, during the winter, the worthy people, shut up as in a box, swim along in a cloak of tobacco smoke, which relieves the tedium of the voyage. In summer the wooden shutters are removed, and the hatch is raised from the

orifice by which the travellers descend. The second compartment is the cabinet, called in Dutch the *roef*, which is entered through folding doors. This second cabin is small, but fitted up with some degree of taste. The windows, four or six in number, are glazed, and have red or white curtains, according to the season. In the centre is a table with a copper vessel containing fire, and another smaller one to receive cigar-ash, both cleaned and polished in a manner only found in Holland. Add to this, to complete the furniture, a mat, a looking-glass, and, in winter for the ladies, a foot-warmer, called the *stoof*, containing a small earthenware vessel, with two or three lumps of lighted peat in it. Along two sides of this cabin run cushioned benches, on which the travellers sit down opposite to each other. Sometimes there are on a shelf a few volumes belonging to the boat, and forming a floating library at the service of the studious passengers. The whole national character is revealed in this simple and minute attention to comfort. At the bows, the space not occupied by the cabinet is filled with merchandise, bales, and barrels; while the poop is left to travellers who wish to take the fresh air, and the helmsman, who steers and smokes the while with the regularity of a steamer.

The master of the trekschuyt is a worthy Dutchman, with an honest and placid face, who receives the fares from the passengers in a leathern purse. In the front of the boat stands the mast, which is lowered at each bridge, and to the top of which a long rope is fastened, the other end being on the bank. This rope is fastened to the horse that pulls the boat, on which the postilion (*het jagertje*) is mounted. This driver, who is generally a young fellow, wears over his shoulder, in some parts, a buffalo horn, which he blows, either to give the signal for starting, or to have the bridges raised, or else to warn boats coming in the opposite direction on the same canal; but generally he contents himself with giving the warning by shouting. When the trekschuyt passes through towns, the horse is unfastened, and it is propelled by poles through the tangled web of boats. The Dutch boatmen are neither turbulent nor quarrelsome, and it is a pleasure to see them working in silence upon the silent waters.

The boats are, with the mills and the head-dress of the women, the characteristic types of Dutch manners. At times they only go short distances, as, for instance, from the Hague to Delft, and are in that case water omnibuses. When the journey is long, each establishes himself in the cabin as in his room, and carries on his business; for it is the nature of the Dutchman to economize the stuff of which life is made. People write, eat, and sleep; the ladies produce their needle-work, the elder ones their knitting. From one town to another is with them the distance of half a stocking. It is not rare for an organist to be present in the front cabin, who whiles away the fatigue of the journey by playing. On Sunday, especially toward evening, young girls are fond of singing in chorus; and this song of the waters has something simple and soft about it which is affecting.

On the trekschuyten floats Old Holland, with its language, manners, and conscientious and powerful originality. On the railways it is rare for a traveller coming from France to meet fellow-passengers who do not understand him; in the barges, on the contrary, it is very rare to meet Dutchmen who understand or speak French. It is generally believed that, to identify yourself with a foreign nation, you must speak the language; the principle is true, but some restrictions must be made. In Holland, where there is candour in the relations of life, you are often less of a stranger because you speak the language of the country more or less incorrectly. The necessity of understanding each other by a word, the language of symbols, the medley of sounds badly pronounced, or misunderstood—all this creates a species of sympathetic current whence arises a sort of intimacy. There are some trekschuyten in which you pass the night; at about six in the evening, in the event of the master being polite (and we never met any who were not so), he invites you to take tea. You then see a little cabinet produced, containing cups, sugar-basin, and tea-pot of black earthenware, which is not inelegant. The kettle is placed on a species of stove, covered with Chinese designs, and containing a vessel filled with burning peat. At night the *roef* is divided into two parts—a saloon, and a small sleeping room, of which the curtains are raised. A common bed, occupying the entire width of the cabin, and on which men and women sleep honestly side by side, invites you to take your share of the universal calm and rest of nature. This bed is composed of a mattress and counterpane, and you lie down on it full dressed. During this period the boat continues its noiseless voyage through the waters, which divide in a silvery furrow on either side the prow.

On the railways, steam effaces everything through its speed; in the boats you enjoy at your ease the scenery, and the physiognomy of the towns and villages you pass through. Seated near the helm, you allow your eyes to

wander over the water, which yields with a slight plash to the movement of the boat; you notice the white, red, or black sails that enliven the solitude of the canal; the prairies where cows, covered in spring with warm blankets, gravely chew the damp grass; the beautiful marsh birds, which are seen nowhere else; the women silently washing the linen; or the continuous fringe of châteaux, country houses, and gardens that lines the canal banks.

The scenery of Holland has often been accused of monotony; but possibly persons have not looked twice at it. Here you must not seek variety on the earth, but in the sky. Look up! the sky is more diversified in the Netherlands than anywhere in France. Those immense clouds, with their thousand shapes, their changing colours and rapid wings, impart a singular movement to the landscape. But the land and the water are not without diversity. The nature of the Netherlands is photographic, clear, positive, and delicate, abounding in minute and charming details. Individual property is neither imprisoned nor hidden; the fields are walled by water. In these ditches that take the place of hedgerows, a perfect aquatic flora is expanded, not less rich or varied than the terrestrial flora. In spring the sombre surface of the canals is studded with little white flowers, soon to be joined by the lily and the iris; it is the festival of the waters. There is not a plant, however small, in this cold and damp vegetable nature, which has not its day of beauty. Nor is life absent from the scene. On the banks of the canal marches from distance to distance a sturdy lad, and at times a bending woman, painfully towing a boat along. These wooden houses lodge families, which are born, live, and die in them. Often you may see a mother sitting near the tiller, and gravely giving her infant the breast. The Dutchman is so naturally a sailor, that once on the water he never looks as if he wished to reach his destination. The feeling which these persons, cradled at their birth on the sleeping waters of the canals, know the least, is impatience. You meet, now and then, a boat-woman after Rubens' taste, who, proud of her *embonpoint* and second youth, casts around her a cold and resolute glance, like the queen of the waters. In these travelling-houses dwell domestic animals, which have become, as it were, amphibious, and have the calm faces of their masters. Between the lights the surface of the canals is changed into a mirror, in which all nature laves and purifies its image. On the banks, the trees, wearied by the heat of the day, dip the end of their leaves into the water, as if to drink. At night, if you stand near the tiller you enjoy a spectacle that has some grandeur about it. The mills with folded wings which seem to be gazing on the stars, the placid light of the moon on the tranquil waters, the innocent attitude of the small houses slumbering on the banks of the canal, and from which a cock-crow is audible now and then—all this reveals to you one of the rustic sides of Dutch life.

Holland is not only the country where you find the most water, but also the one where you find the most motionless water. The canals are arrested rivers, and this serenity of the water is related to that of the manners, habitations, and countenances. Near the towns, Chinese pavilions are built on the canal banks, where people meet in fine weather to drink tea and coffee. Some of these pavilions, whose roofs are covered with varnished and glistening tiles, bathe their base in water with a joyous air. In these nests, which repose under an abundant verdure, domestic happiness seeks a refuge. The stranger who wanders about alone regards with an eye of envy these little retreats, which are so proud of their cleanliness, and look at themselves in the canal like a girl before a looking-glass. Here the ladies apply themselves to needle-work, while looking out at the passing boats and travellers; while for the men the hours evaporate in rings of smoke. It has long been remarked how naturally a pipe hung from a Dutch mouth, and most local habits are based on the hygienic conditions of the climate. Beneath the foggy sky of the Netherlands, a necessity was felt to produce smoke against smoke; it is a sort of local homœopathy. Some physiologists have asserted that tobacco smoke befogged the intellect, but this observation is contradicted by the Dutchman, who lives in a cloud, and whose mind is more precise, positive, and clear in its details than that of any other people. If this opium of the North does not contribute to vagueness of ideas, it might possibly lull the brain to sleep.

Less loquacious and more contemplative than the southern Frenchman, the Dutchman is silent, but he is not taciturn. Gay nations are not always happy nations; there are some men who laugh on the same principle as children sing when crossing a wood by night—to overcome their fears. In Holland we find what thinkers born in periods of moral agitation never attain, and what Dante sought—peace. It is not rare to notice on little wayside hostelries the inscription *Pax intrantibus!* We might say that life is like the water of the canals—it does not flow. Be it illusion or

reality, it seemed to us that the hour struck here more slowly than in France, and it is ushered into life with a song. The carillons produce, at a certain distance, and on the water, an effect difficult to describe. The whole character of Old Holland is found in these solemn peals, in these Æolian voices, which the fathers heard, and their sons will hear after them. At Utrecht, a thoroughly Protestant town, the chimes play a hymn according to the reformed ritual. This puritan gentleness, these notes which the bells clash out in the air, harmonize with the calm and reposed hues of the scenery. The gardens that border the water are kept up, gravelled, and raked with extreme care, and trees loaded with fruit offer a pleasing variety to the slightly monotonous character of the verdure.

In Holland the horticultural art has created a season which nature did not indicate. Man has made an autumn here by introducing the productions which are the ornament and crown of that season. In South Holland especially, grapes flourish, the fruit of which is destined for England. The Netherlands gardeners have ever excelled in the art of accelerating the ripening of fruit, and they are even said to have taught other people the management of hothouses. The Dutch autumn under glass is rich in melons, and all sorts of fruits and vegetables of which Batavia was ignorant.

In Holland the towns and villages touch one another, and this is a consequence of the slight extent of territory. The houses are small, discreet, and circumspect; you notice in the habitations, as in the character of the inhabitants, that moderation of tastes and desires which is the philosophy of happiness. The Dutch do not suffer like the Belgians from the whitewashing malady; they leave their houses the pleasant colour of the bricks. This red colour, combined with the verdure of the trees, the dark blue of the canals, and the gold of the sun, gives the towns, and often the villages, in the Netherlands a holiday aspect. A widely spread taste, especially among the women, is that for flowers, for here home life is a poem, and all means are sought to idealize it. We had already noticed in Flanders that moral habits were trained with the love of flowers; in the Netherlands it is an inclination which is becoming general. A rose expanding behind a clean and thoroughly transparent Dutch window resembles the perfumed soul of the house. These domestic gardens are sometimes perfect conservatories, so rich and varied does the flora appear. One of the most admired plants in Holland is the hyacinth, and there is any quantity of varieties; the *Sephrane* (white), the *Unique Rose*, the *Jenny Lind*, the *Mind your Eyes* (red), the *Amiable Shepherdess*, the *Othello*, which latter is of a dark and tragic colour, as suiting the Moor of Venice. If transplanted to other countries, these bulbs degenerate; true children of Batavia, they only find pleasure in Holland.

Behind the curtain of flowers a young maiden face may be glimpsed, which hides itself, though after having been seen. The women of the Netherlands are curious as all the daughters of Eve, but it is a curiosity which is hidden behind a species of green frame work, called in Dutch *horritje*. It is the habit to look at what is going on the street, not in the street itself, but in two mirrors set at an angle, which reflect objects, and deserve the name the local idiom has given them, that of "spies." A blonde Hollandaise, or even a brunette (for black hair is not rare in the Netherlands), will sit for hours gazing on what is going on outside. This silent image of movement and life harmonizes with their character. Dutch beauties are timid and diaphanous, and their faces resemble the waters of the canal sleeping before their windows. We all know the reputation of still waters, but here internal passions are kept in check, as we were told, by the regularity of life and simplicity of manners.

Nothing is lacking to the peaceful and contemplative joy of the houses in the small towns or villages of Holland when the stork by chance builds its nest upon them.

In this country the same naïve and touching respect is shown the stork as in other places is shown to the swallow. The stork, in fact, is a swallow on a large scale; it wages war with frogs, toads, rats, and lizards, that useful war which the guest of our chimney-pots and old châteaux carries on with insects. Storks are, moreover, regarded as birds of good omen, and you need have no fear as to them being killed. Happy the roof near which they deign to settle, happier still the one they select as their domicile! Perches and artificial shelter are even constructed to attract them, for a stork's nest is the crown of the house. In some parts of Holland if a stork breaks its leg by any accident, it is supplied with a wooden one.

The abundance of water ever ready to hand necessarily produced habits of cleanliness in Holland. Without speaking of Broek, that curious village which seems detached from a Chinese vase, we found everywhere, even among the poor, articles of tin or copper which cleaning had converted into silver and gold. In Belgium a few prizes for cleanliness were

instituted, but in Holland people are cleanly without knowing why, and do not require the interferences of a Monthyon. The general toilet of the houses is performed on Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday; on these days of *schoonmaking* (general cleaning), the street belongs to the servants, and they may be seen drawing and emptying buckets of water with a species of exaltation. These girls, generally so calm, suddenly change their character, and they might be called the Bacchantes of cleanliness. In Holland the walls are brushed, as a coat is brushed elsewhere; both the out and in sides of the houses are washed, rubbed, and dried with peculiar care.

A HYMN.

[**James Thomson**, born at Ednam, on the Tweed, 11th September, 1700; died at Richmond, near London, 27th August, 1748. Educated for the ministry, but adopted literature as a profession. Author of *The Seasons; The Castle of Indolence; Liberty; Britannia;* and other poems. He also wrote several plays: *Sophonisba; Agamemnon; Tancred and Sigismunda; Edward and Eleanora; Coriolanus;* and, in conjunction with Mallet, *The Masque of Alfred*, which contained the still popular song of "Rule Britannia." "Thomson is the best of our descriptive poets; for he gives most of the poetry of natural description."—*Wm. Hazlitt.*]

These, as they change, Almighty Father, these,
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense, and every heart, is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year;
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks—
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In winter, awful thou! with clouds and storms
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing
Riding sublime, thou bidd'st the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined;
Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade;
And all so forming an harmonious whole;
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand
That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend! join every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and, ardent, raise
One general song! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes:
Oh talk of him in solitary glooms!
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the astonish'd world, lift high to heaven
The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
A secret world of wonders in thyself,
Sound his stupendous praise—whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft-roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to him—whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to Him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write with every beam his praise.
The thunder rolls: be hush'd the prostrate world;
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound: the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise; for the great Shepherd reigns;
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless song
Burst from the groves; and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night his praise.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft-breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling base;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to heaven.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove;

There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of seasons, as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the blossom blows, the summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring autumn gleams,
Or winter rises in the blackening east,
Be my tongue mute—my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!
Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song—where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles—'tis nought to me:
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where he vital spreads there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
Where universal love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their sons;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression.—But I lose
Myself in Him, in light ineffable!
Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise.

AN ODE.

BY JOSEPH ADDISON.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
Th' unweary'd sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

THE COUSINS.

A COUNTRY TALE.—BY MISS MITFORD.

Towards the middle of the principal street in my native town of Cranley, stands, or did stand, for I speak of things that happened many years back, a very long-fronted, very regular, very ugly brick house, whose large gravelled court, flanked on each side by offices reaching to the street, was divided from the pavement by iron gates and palisades, and a row of Lombardy poplars, rearing their slender columns so as to veil, without shading, a mansion which evidently considered itself, and was considered by its neighbours, as holding the first rank in the place. That mansion, indisputably the best in the town, belonged, of course, to the lawyer; and that lawyer was, as may not unfrequently be found in small places, one of the most eminent solicitors in the county.

Richard Molesworth, the individual in question, was a person obscurely born and slenderly educated, who, by dint of prudence, industry, integrity, tact, and luck, had risen through the various gradations of writing clerk, managing clerk, and junior partner, to be himself the head of a great office, and a man of no small property or slight importance. Half of Cranley belonged to him, for he had the passion for brick and mortar often observed amongst those who have accumulated large fortunes in totally different pursuits, and liked nothing better than running up rows and terraces, repairing villas, and rebuilding farm-houses. The better half of Cranley called him master, to say nothing of six or seven snug farms in the neighbourhood, of the goodly estate and manor of Hinton, famous for its preserves and fisheries, or of a command of floating capital which borrowers, who came to him with good securities in their hands, found almost inexhaustible. In short, he was one of those men with whom everything had prospered through life; and, in spite of a profession too often obnoxious to an unjust, because sweeping, prejudice, there was a pretty universal feeling amongst all who knew him that his prosperity was deserved. A kind temper, a moderate use of power and influence, a splendid hospitality, and that judicious liberality which shows itself in small things as well as in great ones (for it is by twopenny savings that men get an ill name), served to insure his popularity with high and low.

Perhaps even his tall, erect, portly figure, his good-humoured countenance, cheerful voice, and frank address, contributed something to his reputation; his remarkable want of pretension or assumption of any sort certainly did, and as certainly the absence of everything striking, clever, or original in his conversation. That he must be a man of personal as well as of professional ability, no one tracing his progress through life could for a moment doubt; but, reversing the witty epigram on our wittiest monarch, he reserved his wisdom for his actions, and whilst all that he did showed the most admirable sense and judgment, he never said a word that rose above the level of the merest common-place, vapid, inoffensive, dull, and safe.

So accomplished, both in what he was and in what he was not, our lawyer, at the time of which we write, had been for many years the oracle of the country gentlemen, held all public offices not inconsistent with each other, which their patronage could bestow, and in the shape of stewardships, trusts, and agencies, managed half the landed estates in the county. He was even admitted into visiting intercourse, on a footing of equality very uncommon in the aristocratic circles of country society—a society which is, for the most part, quite as exclusive as that of London, though in a different way. For this he was well suited, not merely by his own unaffected manners, high animal spirits, and nicety of tact, but by the circumstances of his domestic arrangements. After having been twice married, Mr. Molesworth found himself, at nearly sixty, a second time a widower.

His first wife had been a homely, frugal, managing woman, whose few hundred pounds and her saving habits had, at that period of his life, for they were early united, conduced in their several ways to enrich and benefit her equally thrifty but far more aspiring husband. She never had a child; and, after doing him all possible good in her lifetime, was so kind as to die just as his interest and his ambition required more liberal housekeeping and higher connection, each of which, as he well knew, would repay its cost. For connection accordingly he married, choosing the elegant though portionless sister of a poor baronet, by whom he had two daughters, at intervals of seven years; the eldest being just of sufficient age to succeed her mother as mistress of the family, when she had the irreparable misfortune to lose the earliest, the tenderest, and the most inestimable friend that a young woman can have. Very precious was the memory of her dear mother to Agnes Molesworth! Although six years had passed between her death and the period at which our little story begins, the affectionate daughter had never ceased to lament her loss.

It was to his charming daughters that Mr. Molesworth's pleasant house owed its chief attraction. Conscious of his own deficient education, no pains or money had been spared in accomplishing them to the utmost height of fashion.

The least accomplished was, however, as not unfrequently happens, by far the most striking; and many a high-born and wealthy client, disposed to put himself thoroughly at ease at his solicitor's table, and not at all shaken in his purpose by the sight of the pretty Jessy,—a short, light, airy girl, with a bright sparkling countenance, all lilies and roses, and dimples and smiles, sitting, exquisitely dressed, in an elegant morning room, with her guitar in her lap, her harp at her side, and her drawing table before her,—has suddenly felt himself awed into his best and most respectful breeding, when introduced to her retiring but self-possessed elder sister, dressed with an almost matronly simplicity, and evidently full not of her own airs and graces, but of the modest and serious courtesy which beseemed her station as the youthful mistress of the house.

Dignity, a mild and gentle, but still a most striking dignity, was the prime characteristic of Agnes Molesworth in look and in mind. Her beauty was the beauty of sculpture, as contradistinguished from that of painting; depending mainly on form and expression, and little on colour. There could hardly be a stronger contrast than existed between the marble purity of her finely-grained complexion, the softness of her deep gray eye, the calm composure of her exquisitely-moulded features, and the rosy cheeks, the brilliant glances, and the playful animation of Jessy. In a word, Jessy was a pretty girl, and Agnes was a beautiful woman. Of these several facts both sisters were of course perfectly aware; Jessy, because everybody told her so, and she must have been deaf to have escaped the knowledge; Agnes, from some process equally certain, but less direct; for few would have ventured to take the liberty of addressing a personal compliment to one evidently too proud to find pleasure in anything so nearly resembling flattery as praise.

Few, excepting her looking-glass and her father, had ever told Agnes that she was handsome, and yet she was as conscious of her

surpassing beauty as Jessy of her sparkling prettiness; and, perhaps, as a mere question of appearance and becomingness, there might have been as much coquetry in the severe simplicity of attire and of manner which distinguished one sister, as in the elaborate adornment and innocent showing-off of the other. There was, however, between them exactly such a real and internal difference of taste and of character as the outward show served to indicate. Both were true, gentle, good, and kind; but the elder was as much loftier in mind as in stature, was full of high pursuit and noble purpose; had abandoned drawing, from feeling herself dissatisfied with her own performances, as compared with the works of real artists; reserved her musical talent entirely for her domestic circle, because she put too much of soul into that delicious art to make it a mere amusement; and was only saved from becoming a poetess by her almost exclusive devotion to the very great in poetry—to Wordsworth, to Milton, and to Shakspeare. These tastes she very wisely kept to herself; but they gave a higher and firmer tone to her character and manners; and more than one peer, when seated at Mr. Molesworth's hospitable table, has thought with himself how well his beautiful daughter would become a coronet.

Marriage, however, seemed little in her thoughts. Once or twice, indeed, her kind father had pressed on her the brilliant establishments that had offered,—but her sweet questions, "Are you tired of me? Do you wish me away?" had always gone straight to his heart, and had put aside for the moment the ambition of his nature even for this his favourite child.

Of Jessy, with all her youthful attraction, he had always been less proud, perhaps less fond. Besides, her destiny he had long in his own mind considered as decided. Charles Woodford, a poor relation, brought up by his kindness, and recently returned into his family from a great office in London, was the person on whom he had long ago fixed for the husband of his youngest daughter, and for the immediate partner and eventual successor to his great and flourishing business—a choice that seemed fully justified by the excellent conduct and remarkable talents of his orphan cousin, and by the apparently good understanding and mutual affection that subsisted between the young people.

This arrangement was the more agreeable to him, as, providing munificently for Jessy, it allowed him the privilege of making, as in lawyer-phrase he used to boast, "an elder son" of Agnes, who would, by this marriage of her younger sister, become one of the richest heiresses of the county. He had even, in his own mind, elected her future spouse, in the person of a young baronet who had lately been much at the house, and in favour of whose expected addresses (for the proposal had not yet been made—the gentleman had gone no farther than attentions) he had determined to exert the paternal authority which had so long lain dormant.

But in the affairs of love, as of all others, man is born to disappointment. "*L'homme propose, et Dieu dispose*," is never truer than in the great matter of matrimony. So found poor Mr. Molesworth, who—Jessy having arrived at the age of eighteen, and Charles at that of two-and-twenty—offered his pretty daughter and the lucrative partnership to his penniless relation, and was petrified with astonishment and indignation to find the connection very respectfully but very firmly declined. The young man was very much distressed and agitated; "he had the highest respect for Miss Jessy; but he could not marry her—he loved another!" And then he poured forth a confidence as unexpected as it was undesired by his incensed patron, who left him in undiminished wrath and increased perplexity.

This interview had taken place immediately after breakfast; and when the conference was ended, the provoked father sought his daughters, who, happily unconscious of all that had occurred, were amusing themselves in their splendid conservatory—a scene always as becoming as it is agreeable to youth and beauty. Jessy was flitting about like a butterfly amongst the fragrant orange-trees and the bright geraniums; Agnes standing under a superb fuschia that hung over a large marble basin, her form and attitude, her white dress, and the classical arrangement of her dark hair, giving her the look of some nymph or naiad, a rare relic of Grecian art. Jessy was prattling gaily, as she wandered about, of a concert which they had attended the evening before at the county town:

"I hate concerts!" said the pretty little flirt. "To sit bolt upright on a hard bench for four hours, between the same four people, without the possibility of moving or of speaking to anybody, or of anybody's getting to us! Oh! how tiresome it is!"

"I saw Sir Edmund trying to slide through the crowd to reach you," said Agnes, a little archly: "his presence would, perhaps, have mitigated the evil. But the barricade was too

complete; he was forced to retreat, without accomplishing his object."

"Yes, I assure you, he thought it very tiresome; he told me so when we were coming out. And then the music!" pursued Jessy; "the noise that they call music! Sir Edmund says that he likes no music except my guitar, or a flute on the water; and I like none except your playing on the organ, and singing Handel on a Sunday evening, or Charles Woodford's reading Milton and bits of Hamlet."

"Do you call that music?" asked Agnes, laughing. "And yet," continued she, "it is most truly so, with his rich Pasta-like voice, and his fine sense of sound; and to you, who do not greatly love poetry for its own sake, it is doubtless a pleasure much resembling in kind that of hearing the most thrilling of melodies on the noblest of instruments. I myself have felt such a gratification in hearing that voice recite the verses of Homer or of Sophocles in the original Greek. Charles Woodford's reading *is* music."

"It is a music which you are neither of you likely to hear again," interrupted Mr. Molesworth, advancing suddenly towards them; "for he has been ungrateful, and I have discarded him."

Agnes stood as if petrified: "Ungrateful! oh, father!"

"You can't have discarded him, to be sure, papa," said Jessy, always good-natured; "poor Charles! what can he have done?"

"Refused your hand, child," said the angry parent; "refused to be my partner and son-in-law, and fallen in love with another lady! What have you to say for him now?"

"Why really, papa," replied Jessy, "I'm much more obliged to him for refusing my hand than to you for offering it. I like Charles very well for a cousin, but I should not like such a husband at all; so that if this refusal be the worst that has happened, there's no great harm done." And off the gipsy ran; declaring that "she must put on her habit, for she had promised to ride with Sir Edmund and his sister, and expected them every minute."

The father and his favourite daughter remained in the conservatory.

"That heart is untouched, however," said Mr. Molesworth, looking after her with a smile.

"Untouched by Charles Woodford, undoubtedly," replied Agnes; "but has he really refused my sister?"

"Absolutely."

"And does he love another?"

"He says so, and I believe him."

"Is he loved again?"

"That he did not say."

"Did he tell you the name of the lady?"

"Yes."

"Do you know her?"

"Yes."

"Is she worthy of him?"

"Most worthy."

"Has he any hope of gaining her affections? Oh! he must! he must! What woman could refuse him?"

"He is determined not to try. The lady whom he loves is above him in every way; and much as he has counteracted my wishes, it is an honourable part of Charles Woodford's conduct that he intends to leave his affection unsuspected by its object."

Here ensued a short pause in the dialogue, during which Agnes appeared trying to occupy herself with collecting the blossoms of a Cape jessamine and watering a favourite geranium; but it would not do: the subject was at her heart, and she could not force her mind to indifferent occupations. She returned to her father, who had been anxiously watching her motions and the varying expression of her countenance, and resumed the conversation.

"Father! perhaps it is hardly maidenly to avow so much, but although you have never in set words told me your intentions, I have yet seen and known, I can hardly tell how, all that your too kind partiality towards me has designed for your children. You have mistaken me, dearest father, doubly mistaken me; first, in thinking me fit to fill a splendid place in society; next, in imagining that I desired such splendour. You meant to give Jessy and the lucrative partnership to Charles Woodford, and designed me and your large possessions to our wealthy and titled neighbour. And with some little change of persons these arrangements may still for the most part hold good. Sir Edmund may still be your son-in-law and your heir, for he loves Jessy, and Jessy loves him. Charles Woodford may still be your partner and your adopted son, for nothing has chanced that need diminish your affection or his merit. Marry him to the woman he loves. She must be ambitious indeed, if she be not content with such a destiny. And let me live on with you, dear father, single and unwedded, with no thought but to contribute to your comfort, to cheer and brighten your declining years. Do not let your too great fondness for me stand in the way of their happiness! Make me not so odious to them and to myself, dear father! Let me live always with you, and for you—always your own poor Agnes!" And,

blushing at the earnestness with which she had spoken, she bent her head over the marble basin, whose waters reflected the fair image, as if she had really been the Grecian statue to which, whilst he listened, her fond father's fancy had compared her: "Let me live single with you, and marry Charles to the woman whom he loves."

"Have you heard the name of the lady in question? Have you formed any guess who she may be?"

"Not the slightest. I imagined from what you said that she was a stranger to me. Have I ever seen her?"

"You may see her—at least you may see her reflection in the water, at this very moment; for he has had the infinite presumption, the admirable good taste, to fall in love with his cousin Agnes!"

"Father!"

"And now, mine own sweetest! do you still wish to live single with me?"

"Oh, father! father!"

"Or do you desire that I should marry Charles to the woman of his heart?"

"Father! dear father!"

"Choose, my Agnes! It shall be as you command. Speak freely. Do not cling so around me, but speak!"

"Oh, my dear father! Cannot we all live together? I cannot leave you. But poor Charles—surely, father, we may all live together!"

And so it was settled; and a very few months proved that love had contrived better for Mr. Molesworth than he had done for himself. Jessy, with her prettiness, and her title, and her fopperies, was the very thing to be vain of—the very thing to visit for a day;—but Agnes, and the cousin whose noble character and splendid talents so well deserved her, made the pride and the happiness of his home.

"THE DOUBT OF FUTURE FOES."

BY QUEEN ELIZABETH (CIRC. 1569).

The doubt of future foes
Exiles my present joy,
And wit me warns to shun such snares
As threaten mine annoy.

For falsehood now doth flow,
And subject faith doth ebb,
Which would not be if reason ruled,
Or wisdom weaved the web.

But clouds of toys untried
Do cloak aspiring minds,
Which turn to rain of late repent,
By course of changed winds.

The top of hope supposed
The root of ruth will be,
And fruitless all their graffed guiles,
As shortly ye shall see.

Then dazzled eyes with pride,
Which great ambition blinds,
Shall be unsealed by worthy wights,
Whose foresight falsehood finds.

The daughter of debate,
That eke discord doth sow,
Shall reap no gain where former rule
Hath taught still peace to grow.

No foreign banished wight
Shall anchor in this port;
Our realm it brooks no stranger's force;
Let them elsewhere resort.

Our rusty sword with rest
Shall first his edge employ,
To poll their tops that seek such change,
And gape for future joy.

AMORET.

[William Congreve, born at Barnsley, Yorkshire, 1672; died in London, 19th January, 1728. Dramatist and poet. His poems are forgotten, but his plays still hold an important place in dramatic literature. He wrote: *The Old Bachelor; The Double Dealer; Love for Love; The Mourning Bride; The Way of the World;* &c.]

Fair Amoret is gone astray:
Pursue and seek her, every lover:
I'll tell the signs by which you may
The wandering shepherdess discover.

Coquet and coy at once her air,
Both study'd, though both seem neglected;
Careless she is with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected.

With skill her eyes dart every glance,
Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect them;
For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
Though certain aim and art direct them.

She likes herself, yet others hates
For that which in herself she prizes;
And, while she laughs at them, forgets
She is the thing that she despises.

THE PLANTATIONS.

BY DANIEL DEFOE.[1]

I was disposed of, that is to say, sold to a rich planter, whose name was Smith, and with me the other Englishman, who was my fellow-deserter, that Jack brought to me when we went off from Dunbar.

We were now fellow-servants, and it was our lot to be carried up a small river or creek, which falls into Potomac River, about eight miles from the great river. Here we were brought to the plantation, and put in among about fifty servants, as well negroes as others; and being delivered to the head man, or director, or manager of the plantation, he took care to let us know that we must expect to work, and very hard too; for it was for that purpose his master bought servants, and for no other. I told him very submissively that since it was our misfortune to come into such a miserable condition as we were in, we expected no other; only we desired we might be showed our business, and be allowed to learn it gradually, since he might be sure we had not been used to labour; and I added that when he knew particularly by what methods we were brought and betrayed into such a condition, he would perhaps see cause at least to show us that favour, if not more. This I spoke with such a moving tone as gave him curiosity to inquire into the particulars of our story, which I gave him at large, a little more to our advantage too than ordinary.

This story, as I hoped it would, did move him to a sort of tenderness; but yet he told us that his master's business must be done, and that he expected we must work as above; that he could not dispense with that upon any account whatever. Accordingly to work we went; and indeed we had three hard things attending us, namely: we worked hard, lodged hard, and fared hard. The first I had been an utter stranger to; the last I could shift well enough with.

During this scene of life I had time to reflect on my past hours, and upon what I had done in the world; and though I had no great capacity of making a clear judgment, and very little reflections from conscience, yet it made some impressions upon me, and particularly that I was brought into this miserable condition of a slave by some strange directing power, as a punishment for the wickedness of my younger years; and this thought was increased upon the following occasion:—The master whose service I was now engaged in was a man of substance and figure in the country, and had abundance of servants, as well negroes as English; in all, I think, he had near 200; and among so many, as some grew every year infirm and unable to work, others went off upon their time being expired, and others died; and by these and other accidents the number would diminish if they were not often recruited and filled, and this obliged him to buy more every year.

It happened while I was here that a ship arrived from London with several servants, and among the rest was seventeen transported felons, some burned in the hand, others not; eight of whom my master bought for the time specified in the warrant for their transportation respectively, some for a longer, some a shorter term of years.

Our master was a great man in the country, and a justice of peace, though he seldom came down to the plantation where I was; yet, as the new servants were brought on shore and delivered at our plantation, his worship came thither in a kind of state to see and receive them. When they were brought before him I was called, among other servants, as a kind of guard, to take them into custody after he had seen them, and carry them to the work. They were brought by a guard of seamen from the ship, and the second-mate of the ship came with them, and delivered them to our master, with the warrant for their transportation, as above.

When his worship had read over the warrants, he called them over by their names, one by one; and having let them know, by his reading the warrants over again to each man respectively, that he knew for what offences they were transported, he talked to every one separately very gravely; let them know how much favour they had received in being saved from the gallows, which the law had appointed for their crimes; that they were not sentenced to be transported, but to be hanged; and that transportation was granted them upon their own request and humble petition.

Then he laid before them that they ought to look upon the life they were just going to enter upon as just beginning the world again; that if they thought fit to be diligent and sober, they would (after the time they were

[1] From the *Life of Colonel Jack*, who began his career as a pickpocket, was kidnapped and carried to America, sold to a planter, and afterwards became a distinguished officer. This sketch of the condition of affairs in the plantations during the last century has somewhat of an historical value.

ordered to serve was expired) be encouraged by the constitution of the country to settle and plant for themselves; and that even he himself would be so kind to them that, if he lived to see any of them serve their time faithfully out, it was his custom to assist his servants in order to their settling in that country, according as their behaviour might merit from him; and they would see and know several planters round about them who now were in very good circumstances, and who formerly were only his servants, in the same condition with them, and came from the same place—that is to say, Newgate; and some of them had the mark of it in their hands, but were now very honest men, and lived in very good repute.

Among the rest of his new servants he came to a young fellow not above seventeen or eighteen years of age, and his warrant mentions that he was, though a young man, yet an old offender; that he had been several times condemned, but had been respited or pardoned, but still he continued an incorrigible pickpocket; that the crime for which he was now transported was for picking a merchant's pocket-book or letter-case out of his pocket, in which was bills of exchange for a very great sum of money; that he had afterwards received the money upon some of the bills, but that going to a goldsmith in Lombard Street with another bill, and having demanded the money, he was stopped, notice having been given of the loss of them; that he was condemned to die for the felony, and being so well known for an old offender, had certainly died, but the merchant, upon his earnest application, had obtained that he should be transported, on condition that he restored all the rest of his bills, which he had done accordingly.

Our master talked a long time to this young fellow; mentioned, with some surprise, that he, so young, should have followed such a wicked trade so long as to obtain the name of an old offender at so young an age; and that he should be styled incorrigible, which is to signify that, notwithstanding his being whipped two or three times, and several times punished by imprisonment, and once burned in the hand, yet nothing would do him any good, but that he was still the same. He talked mighty religiously to this boy, and told him God had not only spared him from the gallows, but had now mercifully delivered him from the opportunity of committing the same sin again, and put it into his power to live an honest life, which perhaps he knew not how to do before; and though some part of his life now might be laborious, yet he ought to look on it to be no more than being put out apprentice to an honest trade, in which, when he came out of his time, he might be able to set up for himself, and live honestly.

Then he told him that while he was a servant he would have no opportunity to be dishonest, so when he came to be for himself he would have no temptation to it; and so, after a great many other kind things said to him and the rest, they were dismissed.

I was exceedingly moved at this discourse of our master's, as anybody would judge I must be, when it was directed to such a young rogue, born a thief, and bred up a pickpocket, like myself; for I thought all my master said was spoken to me, and sometimes it came into my head that sure my master was some extraordinary man, and he knew all things that ever I had done in my life.

But I was surprised to the last degree when my master, dismissing all the rest of us servants, pointed at me, and speaking to his head clerk, "Here," says he, "bring that young fellow hither to me."

I had been near a year in the work, and I had plied it so well that the clerk or head man either flattered me, or did really believe that I behaved very well; but I was terribly frighted to hear myself called out aloud, just as they used to call for such as had done some misdemeanour, and were to be lashed or otherwise corrected.

I came in like a malefactor indeed, and thought I looked like one just taken in the fact, and carried before the justice; and indeed when I came in, for I was carried into an inner-room or parlour in the house to him; his discourse to the rest was in a large hall, where he sat in a seat like a lord judge upon the bench, or a petty king upon his throne.

When I came in, I say, he ordered his man to withdraw, and I standing half-naked and bare-headed, with my haugh or hoe in my hand (the posture and figure I was in at my work), near the door, he bade me lay down my hoe and come nearer. Then he began to look a little less stern and terrible than I fancied him to look before, or perhaps both his countenance then and before might be, to my imagination, differing from what they really were; for we do not always judge those things by the real temper of the person, but by the measure of our apprehensions.

"Hark ye, young man, how old are you?" says my master; and so our dialogue began.

Jack. Indeed, sir, I do not know.

Mast. What is your name?

Jack. They call me Colonel here, but my name is Jack, an't please your worship.

Mast. But, prithee, what is thy name?

Jack. Jack.

Mast. What! is thy Christian name, then, Colonel, and thy surname Jack?

Jack. Truly, sir, to tell your honour the truth, I know little or nothing of myself, nor what my true name is; but thus I have been called ever since I remember. Which is my Christian name, or which my surname, or whether I was ever christened or not, I cannot tell.

Mast. Well, however, that's honestly answered. Pray how came you hither, and on what account are you made a servant here?

Jack. I wish your honour could have patience with me to hear the whole story; it is the hardest and most unjust thing that ever came before you.

Mast. Say you so? Tell it me at large, then; I'll hear it, I promise that, if it be an hour long.

This encouraged me, and I began at being a soldier, and being persuaded to desert at Dunbar, and gave him all the particulars as they are related above, to the time of my coming on shore, and the captain talking to me about my bill after I arrived here. He held up his hands several times as I went on, expressing his abhorrence of the usage I had met with at Newcastle, and inquired the name of the master of the ship; "for," said he, "that captain, for all his smooth words, must be a rogue." So I told him his name and the name of the ship, and he took it down in his book, and then we went on.

Mast. But pray answer me, honestly too, to another question: What was it made you so much concerned at my talking to the boy there, the pickpocket?

Jack. An't please your honour, it moved me to hear you talk so kindly to a poor slave.

Mast. And was that all? speak truly now.

Jack. No, indeed; but a secret wish came into my thoughts, that you that were so good to such a creature as that, could but one way or other know my case, and that if you did, you would certainly pity me, and do something for me.

Mast. Well, but was there nothing in his case that hit your own—that made you so affected with it? for I saw tears come from your eyes, and it was that made me call to speak to you.

Jack. Indeed, sir, I have been a wicked idle boy, and was left desolate in the world; but that boy is a thief, and condemned to be hanged. I never was before a court of justice in my life.

Mast. Well, I won't examine you too far; if you were never before a court of justice, and are not a criminal transported, I have nothing further to inquire of you. You have been ill-used, that's certain; and was it that that affected you?

Jack. Yes, indeed, please your honour. (We all call him his honour or his worship.)

Mast. Well, now I do know your case, what can I do for you? You speak of a bill of £94, of which you would have given the captain £40 for your liberty. Have you that bill in your keeping still?

Jack. Yes, sir; here it is. (I pulled it out of the waistband of my drawers, where I always found means to preserve it, wrapped up in a piece of paper, and pinned to the waistband, and yet almost worn out too with often pinning and removing. So I gave it to him to read, and he read it.)

Mast. And is this gentleman in being that gave you the bill?

Jack. Yes, sir; he was alive and in good health when I came from London, which you may see by the date of the bill, for I came away the next day.

Mast. I do not wonder that the captain of the ship was willing to get this bill of you when you came on shore here.

Jack. I would have given it into his possession if he would have carried me and my brother back again to England, and have taken what he asked for us out of it.

Mast. Ay, but he knew better than that too. He knew, if he had any friends there, they would call him to an account for what he had done. But I wonder he did not take it from you while you were at sea, either by fraud or by force.

Jack. He did not attempt that indeed.

Mast. Well, young man, I have a mind to try if I can do you any service in this case. On my word, if the money can be paid, and you can get it safe over, I might put you in a way how to be a better man than your master, if you will be honest and diligent.

Jack. As I behave myself in your service, sir, you will, I hope, judge of the rest.

Mast. But perhaps you hanker after returning to England.

Jack. No, indeed, sir; if I can but get my bread honestly here, I have no mind to go to England, for I know not how to get my bread there. If I had, I had not 'listed for a soldier.

Mast. Well, but I must ask you some questions about that part hereafter, for 'tis indeed something strange that you should 'list for a soldier when you had £94 in your pocket.

Jack. I shall give your worship as particular

account of that as I have of the other part of my life, if you please, but 'tis very long.

Mast. Well, we will have that another time; but to the case in hand: are you willing I should send to anybody at London to talk with that gentleman that gave you the bill; not to take the money of him, but to ask him only whether he has so much money of yours in his hands; and whether he will part with it when you shall give order, and send the bill, or a duplicate of it; that is, says he, the copy? and it was well he did say so, for I did not understand the word duplicate at all.

Jack. Yes, sir, I will give you the bill itself, if you please. I can trust it with you, though I could not with him.

Mast. No, no, young man; I won't take it from you.

Jack. I wish your worship would please to keep it for me, for if I should lose it, then I am quite undone.

Mast. I will keep it for you, Jack, if you will; but then you shall have a note under my hand signifying that I have it, and will return it you upon demand, which will be as safe to you as the bill. I won't take it else.

So I gave my master the bill, and he gave me his note for it; and he was a faithful steward for me, as you will hear in its place. After this conference I was dismissed, and went to my work; but about two hours after the steward, or the overseer of the plantation, came riding by, and coming up to me as I was at work, pulled a bottle out of his pocket, and calling me to him, gave me a dram of rum; when, in good manners, I had taken but a little sup, he held it out to me again, and bade me take another, and spoke wondrous civilly to me, quite otherwise than he used to do.

This encouraged me, and heartened me very much; but yet I had no particular view of anything, or which way I should have any relief.

A day or two after, when we were all going out to our work in the morning, the overseer called me to him again, and gave me a dram and a good piece of bread, and bade me come off from my work about one o'clock, and come to him to the house, for he must speak with me.

When I came to him, I came, to be sure, in the ordinary habit of a poor half-naked slave. "Come hither, young man," says he, "and give me your hoe." When I gave it to him, "Well," says he, "you are to work no more in this plantation."

I looked surprised, and as if I was frighted. "What have I done, sir," said I, "and whither am I to be sent away?"

"Nay, nay," says he, and looked very pleasantly. "Do not be frighted; 'tis for your good, 'tis not to hurt you. I am ordered to make an overseer of you, and you shall be a slave no longer."

"Alas!" says I to him, "I an overseer! I am in no condition for it; I have no clothes to put on, no linen, nothing to help myself."

"Well, well," says he, "you may be better used than you are aware of. Come hither with me." So he led me into a vast great warehouse, or rather set of warehouses, one within another, and calling the warehouse-keeper, "Here," says he, "you must clothe this man, and give him everything necessary, upon the foot of number five, and give the bill to me. Our master has ordered me to allow it in the account of the west plantation." This was, it seems, the plantation where I was to go.

Accordingly the warehouse-keeper carried me into an inner warehouse, where were several suits of clothes of the sort his orders mentioned, which were plain but good sorts of clothes, ready-made, being of a good broadcloth about eleven shillings a yard in England; and with this he gave me three good shirts, two pair of shoes, stockings, and gloves, a hat, six neckcloths, and, in short, everything I could want; and when he had looked everything out and fitted them, he lets me into a little room by itself. "Here," says he, "go in there a slave, and come out a gentleman;" and with that carried everything into the room, and, shutting the door, bid me put them on, which I did most willingly; and now you may believe that I began to hope for something better than ordinary.

In a little while after this came the overseer, and gave me joy of my new clothes, and told me I must go with him; so I was carried to another plantation, larger than that where I worked before, and where there were two overseers or clerks—one within doors, and one without. This last was removed to another plantation, and I was placed there in his room—that is to say, as the clerk without doors; and my business was to look after the servants and negroes, and take care that they did their business, provide their food, and, in short, both govern and direct them.

I was elevated to the highest degree in my thoughts at this advancement, and it is impossible for me to express the joy of my mind upon this occasion. But there came a difficulty upon me that shocked me so violently, and went so against my very nature, that I really had almost forfeited my place about it, and, in all appearance, the favour of our master, who had been so generous to me; and this

was, that when I entered upon my office I had a horse given to me, and a long horsewhip, like what we call in England a hunting-whip. The horse was to ride up and down all over the plantation, to see the servants and negroes did their work, and the plantation being so large, it could not be done on foot, at least so often and so effectually as was required; and the horsewhip was given me to correct and lash the slaves and servants when they proved negligent or quarrelsome, or, in short, were guilty of any offence. This part turned the very blood within my veins, and I could not think of it with any temper, that I, who was but yesterday a servant or slave like them, and under the authority of the same lash, should lift up my hand to the cruel work which was my terror but the day before. This, I say, I could not do; insomuch that the negroes perceived it, and I had soon so much contempt upon my authority that we were all in disorder.

The ingratitude of their return for the compassion I showed them provoked me, I confess, and a little hardened my heart; and I began with the negroes, two of whom I was obliged to correct, and I thought I did it most cruelly, but after I had lashed them till every blow I struck them hurt myself, and I was ready to faint at the work, the rogues laughed at me, and one of them had the impudence to say, behind my back, that if he had the whipping of me he would show me better how to whip a negro.

Well, however, I had no power to do it in such a barbarous manner as I found it was necessary to have it done; and the defect began to be a detriment to our master's business, and now I began indeed to see that the cruelty so much talked of, used in Virginia and Barbadoes and other colonies, in whipping the negro slaves, was not so much owing to the tyranny and passion and cruelty of the English as had been reported, the English not being accounted to be of a cruel disposition, and really are not so; but that it is owing to the brutality and obstinate temper of the negroes, who cannot be managed by kindness and courtesy, but must be ruled with a rod of iron, beaten with scorpions, as the Scripture calls it, and must be used as they do use them, or they would rise and murder all their masters, which, their numbers considered, would not be hard for them to do, if they had arms and ammunition suitable to the rage and cruelty of their nature.

But I began to see at the same time that this brutal temper of the negroes was not rightly managed—that they did not take the best course with them to make them sensible either of mercy or punishment; and it was evident to me that even the worst of those tempers might be brought to a compliance without the lash, or at least without so much of it as they generally inflicted.

Our master was really a man of humanity himself, and was sometimes so full of tenderness that he would forbid the severities of his overseers and stewards; but he saw the necessity of it, and was obliged at last to leave it to the discretion of his upper servants. Yet he would often bid them be merciful, and bid them consider the difference of the constitution of the bodies of the negroes—some being less able to bear the tortures of their punishment than others, and some of them less obstinate too than others.

However, somebody was so officious as to inform him against me upon this occasion, and let him know that I neglected his affairs, and that the servants were under no government; by which means his plantation was not duly managed, and that all things were in disorder.

This was a heavy charge for a young overseer; and his honour came like a judge, with all his attendants, to look into things and hear the cause. However, he was so just to me as that, before he censured me, he resolved to hear me fully, and that not only publicly, but in private too; and the last part of this was my particular good fortune, for as he had formerly allowed me to speak to him with freedom, so I had the like freedom now, and had full liberty to explain and defend myself.

I knew nothing of the complaint against me till I had it from his own mouth, nor anything of his coming till I saw him in the very plantation viewing his work, and viewing the several pieces of ground that were ordered to be new planted; and after he had rode all round, and seen things in the condition which they were to be seen in—how everything was in its due order, and the servants and negroes were all at work, and everything appearing to his mind—he went into the house.

As I saw him come up the walks, I ran towards him and made my homage, and gave him my humble thanks for the goodness he had showed me in taking me from the miserable condition I was in before, and employing and intrusting me in his business; and he looked pleasant enough, though he did not say much at first, and I attended him through the whole plantation, gave him an account of everything as he went along, answered all his

objections and inquiries everywhere in such a manner as it seems he did not expect; and, as he acknowledged afterwards, everything was very much to his satisfaction.

There was an overseer, as I observed, belonging to the same plantation, who was, though not over me, yet in a work superior to mine; for his business was to see the tobacco packed up, and deliver it either on board the sloops or otherwise, as our master ordered, and to receive English goods from the grand warehouse, which was at the other plantation, because that was nearest the water-side; and, in short, to keep the accounts.

This overseer, an honest and upright man, made no complaint to him of his business being neglected as above, or of anything like it, though he inquired of him about it, and that very strictly too.

I should have said that as he rid over the plantation he came in his round to the place where the servants were usually corrected when they had done any fault, and there stood two negroes with their hands tied behind them, as it were under sentence; and when he came near them they fell on their knees and made pitiful signs to him for mercy. "Alas! alas!" says he, turning to me, "why did you bring me this way? I do not love such sights; what must I do now? I must pardon them. Prithee, what have they done?" I told him the particular offences which they were brought to the place for: one had stole a bottle of rum, and had made himself drunk with it, and when he was drunk had done a great many mad things, and had attempted to knock one of the white servant's brains out with a handspike, but that the white man had avoided the blow, and, striking up the negro's heels, had seized him and brought him prisoner thither, where he had lain all night; and that I had told him he was to be whipped that day and the next three days twice every day.

"And could you be so cruel?" says his honour. "Why, you would kill the poor wretch; and so, beside the blood which you would have to answer for, you would lose me a lusty man negro which cost me at least £30 or £40, and bring a reproach upon my whole plantation; nay, and more than that, some of them in revenge would murder me if ever it was in their power."

"Sir," says I, "if those fellows are not kept under by violence, I believe you are satisfied nothing is to be done with them; and it is reported in your works that I have been rather their jest than their terror, for want of using them as they deserve; and I was resolved, how much soever it is against my own disposition, that your service should not suffer for my unseasonable forbearance; and therefore, if I had scourged him to death"——"Hold," says he; "no, no; by no means any such severity in my bounds. Remember, young man, you were once a servant; deal as you would acknowledge it would be just to deal with you in his case, and mingle always some mercy. I desire it, and let the consequence of being too gentle be placed to my account."

This was as much as I could desire, and the more because what passed was in public, and several, both negroes and white servants, as well as the particular persons who had accused me, heard it all, though I did not know it. "A cruel dog of an overseer," says one of the white servants behind; "he would have whipped poor bullet-head" (so they called the negro that was to be punished) "to death if his honour had not happened to come to-day."

However, I urged the notorious crime this fellow was guilty of, and the danger there was in such forbearance, from the refractory and incorrigible temper of the negroes, and pressed a little the necessity of making examples; but he said, "Well, well, do it the next time, but not now." So I said no more.

The other fellow's crime was trifling compared with this; and the master went forward, talking of it to me, and I following him, till we came to the house; when, after he had been sat down a while, he called me to him, and not suffering my accusers to come near till he had heard my defence, he began with me thus:

Mast. Hark ye, young man, I must have some discourse with you. Your conduct is complained of since I set you over this plantation. I thought your sense of the obligation I had laid on you would have secured your diligence and faithfulness to me.

Jack. I am very sorry any complaint should be made of me, because the obligation I am under to your honour (and which I freely confess) does bind me to your interest in the strongest manner imaginable; and however I may have mistaken my business, I am sure I have not willingly neglected it.

Mast. Well, I shall not condemn you without hearing you, and therefore I called you in now to tell you of it.

Jack. I humbly thank your honour. I have but one petition more, and that is that I may know my accusation and, if you please, my accusers.

Mast. The first you shall, and that is the reason of my talking to you in private; and if there is any need of a further hearing, you

shall know your accusers too. What you are charged with is just contrary to what appeared to me just now, and therefore you and I must come to a new understanding about it, for I thought I was too cunning for you, and now I think you have been too cunning for me.

Jack. I hope your honour will not be offended that I do not fully understand you.

Mast. I believe you do not. Come, tell me honestly, did you really intend to whip the poor negro twice a day for four days together; that is to say, to whip him to death, for that would have been the English of it and the end of it?

Jack. If I may be permitted to guess, sir, I believe I know the charge that is brought against me; and that your honour has been told that I have been too gentle with the negroes, as well as other servants; and that when they deserved to be used with the accustomed severity of the country, I have not given them half enough; and that by this means they are careless of your business, and that your plantation is not well looked after, and the like.

Mast. Well, you guess right; go on.

Jack. The first part of the charge I confess, but the last I deny; and appeal to your honour's strictest examination into every part of it.

Mast. If the last part could be true, I would be glad the first were; for it would be an infinite satisfaction to me that, my business not being neglected, nor our safety endangered, those poor wretches could be used with more humanity; for cruelty is the aversion of my nature, and it is the only uncomfortable thing that attends me in all my prosperity.

Jack. I freely acknowledge, sir, that at first it was impossible for me to bring myself to that terrible work. How could I that was but just come out of the terror of it myself, and had but the day before been a poor, naked, miserable servant myself, and might be to-morrow reduced to the same condition again; how could I use this (showing a horsewhip) terrible weapon on the naked flesh of my fellow-servants as well as fellow-creatures? At least, sir, when my duty made it absolutely necessary, I could not do it without the utmost horror. I beseech you, pardon me if I have such a tenderness in my nature, that though I might be fit to be your servant, I am incapable of being an executioner, having been an offender myself.

Mast. Well, but how then can my business be done? and how will this terrible obstinacy of the negroes, who, they tell me, can be no otherwise governed, be kept from neglect of their work, or even insolence and rebellion?

Jack. This brings me, sir, to the latter part of my defence; and here I hope your honour will be pleased to call my accusers, or that you will give yourself the trouble of taking the exactest view of your plantation, and see, or let them show you, if anything is neglected—if your business has suffered in anything, or if your negroes or other servants are under less government than they were before; and if, on the contrary, I have found out that happy secret, to have good order kept, the business of the plantation done, and that with diligence and despatch, and that the negroes are kept in awe, the natural temper of them subjected, and the safety and peace of your family secured, as well by gentle means as by rough—by moderate correction as by torture and barbarity—by a due awe of just discipline as by the horror of unsufferable torments,—I hope your honour will not lay that sin to my charge.

Mast. No, indeed; you would be the most acceptable manager that ever I employed; but how then does this consist with the cruel sentence you had passed on the poor fellow that is in your condemned hole yonder, who was to be whipped eight times in four days?

Jack. Very well, sir. First, sir, he remains under the terrible apprehensions of a punishment so severe as no negro ever had before. This fellow, with your leave, I intended to release to-morrow without any whipping at all, after talking to him in my way about his offence, and raising in his mind a sense of the value of pardon; and if this makes him a better servant than the severest whipping will do, then I presume you would allow I have gained a point.

Mast. Ay, but what if it should not be so? for these fellows have no sense of gratitude.

Jack. That is, sir, because they are never pardoned. If they offend, they never know what mercy is, and what then have they to be grateful for?

Mast. Thou art in the right, indeed; where there is no mercy showed, there is no obligation laid upon them.

Jack. Besides, sir, if they have at any time been let go, which is very seldom, they are not told what the case is; they take no pains with them to imprint principles of gratitude on their minds—to tell them what kindness is shown them, and what they are indebted for it, and what they might gain in the end by it.

Mast. But do you think such usage would do? Would it make any impression? You persuade yourself it would, but you see 'tis against the received notion of the whole country.

Jack. There are, it may be, public and national mistakes and errors in conduct, and this is one.

Mast. Have you tried it? You cannot say it is a mistake till you have tried and proved it to be so.

Jack. Your whole plantation is a proof of it. This very fellow had never acted as he did if he had not gotten rum in his head, and been out of the government of himself; so that, indeed, all the offence I ought to have punished him for had been that of stealing a bottle of rum and drinking it all up; in which case, like Noah, he did not know the strength of it, and when he had it in his head he was a madman—he was as one raging and distracted; so that for all the rest he deserved pity rather than punishment.

Mast. Thou art right, certainly right, and thou wilt be a rare fellow if thou canst bring these notions into practice. I wish you had tried it upon any one particular negro, that I might see an example. I would give £500 if it could be brought to bear.

Jack. I desire nothing, sir, but your favour, and the advantage of obliging you. I will show you an example of it among your own negroes, and all the plantation will acknowledge it.

Mast. You make my very heart glad within me, Jack. If you can bring this to pass, I here give you my word, I'll not only give you your own freedom, but make a man of you for this world as long as you live.

Upon this I bowed to him very respectfully, and told him the following story:—"There is a negro, sir, in the plantation, who has been your servant several years before I came. He did a fault that was of no great consequence in itself, but perhaps would have been worse if they had indeed gone farther; and I had him brought into the usual place, and tied him by the thumbs for correction, and he was told that he should be whipped and pickled in a dreadful manner. After I had made proper impressions on his mind of the terror of his punishment, and found that he was sufficiently humbled by it, I went into the house, and caused him to be brought out, just as they do when they go to correct the negroes on such occasions. When he was stripped and tied up, he had two lashes given him that were indeed very cruel ones, and I called to them to hold. 'Hold!' said I to the two men that had just begun to lay on upon the poor fellow; 'Hold!' said I; 'let me talk with him.'

"So he was taken down; then I began and represented to him how kind you, that were his great master,[1] had been to him; that you had never done him any harm; that you had used him gently, and he had never been brought to this punishment in so many years, though he had done some faults before; that this was a notorious offence, for he had stolen some rum, and made himself and two other negroes drunk-mad,[2] and had abused two women negroes who had husbands in our master's service, but in another plantation; and played several pranks, and for this I had appointed him this punishment.

"He shook his head, and made signs that he was *muchee sorree*, as he called it. 'And what will you say or do,' said I, 'if I should prevail with the great master to pardon you? I have a mind to go and see if I can beg for you.' He told me he would lie down; let me kill him. 'Me will,' says he, 'run, go, fetch, bring for you as long as me live.' This was the opportunity I had a mind to have, to try whether, as negroes have all the other faculties of reasonable creatures, they had not also some sense of kindness, some principles of natural generosity, which, in short, is the foundation of gratitude, for gratitude is the product of generous principles."

"You please me with the beginning of this story," says he. "I hope you have carried it on."

"Yes, sir," says I, "it has been carried on farther perhaps than you imagine, or will think has been possible in such a case.

"But I was not so arrogant as to assume the merit to myself. 'No, no,' said I; 'I do not ask you to go or run for me; you must do all that for our great master, for it will be from him entirely that you will be pardoned at all, for your offence is against him; and what will you say? Will you be grateful to him, and run, go, fetch, bring for him as long as you live, as you have said you would for me?'

"'Yes, indeed,' says he; 'and *muchee do, muchee do* for you too (he would not leave me out); you ask him for me.'

"Well, I put off all his promised gratitude to me from myself, as was my duty, and placed it to your account; told him I knew you was *muchee good, muchee pitiful*, and I would persuade you if I could; and so told him I would

[1] So the negroes call the owner of the plantation, or at least so they called him, because he was a great man in the country, having three or four large plantations.

[2] To be drunk in a negro is to be mad, for when they get rum they are worse than raving, and fit to do any manner of mischief

go to you, and he should be whipped no more till I came again. 'But hark ye, Mouchat,' says I (that was the negro's name), 'they tell me when I came hither that there is no showing kindness to any of you negroes; that when we spare you from whipping you laugh at us, and are the worse.'

"He looked very serious at me, and said, 'O, that no so; the masters say so, but no be so, no be so, indeede, indeede.' And so we parleyed:—

"*Jack.* Why do they say so, then? To be sure they have tried you all.

"*Negro.* No, no; they no try; they say so, but no try.

"*Jack.* I hear them all say so.

"*Negro.* Me tell you the true: they have no mercie; they beat us cruel, all cruel; they never have show mercie. How can they tell we be no better?

"*Jack.* What! do they never spare?

"*Negro.* Master, me speakee the true; they never give mercie; they always whippee, lashee, knockee down—all cruel. Negro be muchee better man, do muchee better work, but they tell us no mercie.

"*Jack.* But what, do they never show any mercy?

"*Negro.* No, never; no, never; all whippee, all whippee, cruel, worse than they whippee de horse, whippee dog.

"*Jack.* But would they be better if they did?

"*Negro.* Yes, yes; negro be muchee better if they be mercie. When they be whippee, whippee, negro muchee cry, muchee hate, would kill if they had de gun; but when they makee de mercie, then negro tell de great tankee, and love to workee, and do muchee workee, and because he good master to them.

"*Jack.* They say no; you would laugh at them, and mock when they show mercy.

"*Negro.* How they say when they show mercie! They never show mercie; me never see them show one mercie since me live.

"Now, sir," said I, "if this be so, really they go, I dare say, contrary to your inclination, for I see you are but too full of pity for the miserable. I saw it in my own case; and upon a presumption that you had rather have your work done from a principle of love than fear, without making your servants bleed for every trifle, if it were possible; I say, upon this presumption I dealt with this Mouchat, as you shall hear."

Mast. I have never met with anything of this kind since I have been a planter, which is now about forty years. I am delighted with the story. Go on; I expect a pleasant conclusion.

Jack. The conclusion, sir, will be, I believe, as much to your satisfaction as the beginning, for it every way answered my expectation, and will yours also, and show you how you might be faithfully served if you pleased, for 'tis certain you are not so served now.

Mast. No, indeed; they serve me but just as they do the devil—for fear I should hurt them; but 'tis contrary to an ingenuous spirit to delight in such service. I abhor it, if I could but know how to get any other.

Jack. It is easy, sir, to show you that you may be served upon better principles, and consequently be better served, and more to your satisfaction; and I dare undertake to convince you of it.

Mast. Well, go on with the story.

Jack. After I had talked thus to him, I said, "Well, Mouchat, I shall see how you will be afterwards, if I can get our great master to be merciful to you at this time."

"*Negro.* Yes, you shall see; you muchee see, muchee see.

"Upon this I called for my horse and went from him, and made as if I rode away to you, who they told me was in the next plantation; and having stayed four or five hours, I came back and talked to him again, told him that I had waited on you, and that you had heard of his offence, was highly provoked, and had resolved to cause him to be severely punished for an example to all the negroes in the plantation; but that I had told you how penitent he was, and how good he would be if you would pardon him, and had at last prevailed on you; that you had told me what all people said of the negroes, how that to show them mercy was to make them think you were never in earnest with them, and that you did but trifle and play with them. However, that I had told you what he had said of himself, and that it was not true of the negroes, and that the white men said it, but that they could not know because they did never show any mercy, and therefore had never tried; that I had persuaded you to show mercy, to try whether kindness would prevail as much as cruelty. 'And now, Mouchat,' said I, 'you will be let go; pray let our great master see that I have said true.' So I ordered him to be untied, gave him a dram of rum out of my pocket-bottle, and ordered them to give him some victuals.

"When the fellow was let loose he came to me, and kneeled down to me, and took hold of my legs and of my feet, and laid his head

upon the ground, and sobbed and cried like a child that had been corrected, but could not speak for his life; and thus he continued a long time. I would have taken him up, but he would not rise; but I cried as fast as he, for I could not bear to see a poor wretch lie on the ground to me, that was but a servant the other day like himself. At last, but not till a quarter of an hour, I made him get up, and then he spoke. 'Me muchee know good great master, muchee good you master. No negro unthankful; me die for them, do me so muchee kind.'

"I dismissed him then, and bid him go to his wife (for he was married), and not work that afternoon; but as he was going away I called him again, and talked thus to him:—

"'Now, Mouchat,' says I, 'you see the white men can show mercy; now you must tell all the negroes what has been reported of them —that they regard nothing but the whip; that if they are used gently they are the worse, not the better; and that this is the reason why the white men show them no mercy; and convince them that they would be much better treated, and used kindlier, if they would show themselves as grateful for kind usage, as humble after torment; and see if you can work on them.'

"'Me go, me go,' says he; 'me muchee talk to them; they be muchee glad as me be, and do great work to be used kind by de great master.'"

Mast. Well, but now what testimony have you of this gratitude you speak of? Have you seen any alteration among them?

Jack. I come next to that part, sir. About a month after this I caused a report to be spread abroad in the plantation that I had offended you, the great master, and that I was turned out of the plantation, and was to be hanged. Your honour knows that some time ago you sent me upon your particular business into Potuxent River, where I was absent twelve days; then I took the opportunity to have this report spread about among the negroes, to see how it would work.

Mast. What! to see how Mouchat would take it?

Jack. Yes, sir; and it made a discovery indeed. The poor fellow did not believe it presently; but finding I was still absent, he went to the head-clerk, and, standing at his door, said nothing, but looked like a fool of ten years old. After some time the upper overseer came out, and seeing him stand there, at first said nothing, supposing he had been sent of some errand; but observing him to stand stock still, and that he was in the same posture and place during the time that he had passed and repassed two or three times, he stops short the last time of his coming by. "What do you want," says he to him, "that you stand idle here so long?"

"Me speakee; me tell something," says he.

Then the overseer thought some discovery was at hand, and began to listen to him. "What would you tell me?" says he.

"Me tell! pray," says he, "where be de other master?"

He meant he would ask where he was. "What other master do you mean?" says the clerk. "What! do you want to speak with the great master? He can't be spoke by you. Pray what is your business; cannot you tell it to me?"

"No, no; me no speakee the great master, the other master," says Mouchat.

"What, the colonel?" says the clerk.

"Yes, yes; the colonel," says he.

"Why, don't you know that he is to be hanged to-morrow," says the clerk, "for making the great master angry?"

"Yes, yes," says Mouchat; "me know, me know; but me want speak; me tell something."

"Well, what would you say?" says the clerk.

"O! me no let him makee de great master angry." With that he kneeled down to the clerk.

"What ails you?" says the clerk. "I tell you he must be hanged."

"No, no," says he; "no hang de master; me kneel for him to great master."

"You kneel for him!" says the clerk. "What! do you think the great master will mind you? He has made the great master angry, and must be hanged, I tell you; what signifies your begging?"

"*Negro.* O! me pray, me pray the great master for him.

"*Clerk.* Why, what ails you, that you would pray for him?

"*Negro.* O! he beggee the great master for me; now me beggee for him. The great master muchee good, muchee good; he pardon me when the other master beggee me; now he pardon him when me beggee for him again.

"*Clerk.* No, no; your begging won't do. Will you be hanged for him? If you do that, something may be.

"*Negro.* Yes, yes; me be hang for de poor master that beggee for me. Mouchat shall

hang; the great master shall hangee me, whippee me—anything to save the poor master that beggee me. Yes, yes, indeed.

"*Clerk.* Are you in earnest, Mouchat?

"*Negro.* Yes indeed, me tellee de true; the great master shall know me tellee de true, for he shall see the white man hangee me Mouchat. Poor negro Mouchat will be hangee, be whippee—anything for the poor master that beggee for me.

"With this the poor fellow cried most pitifully, and there was no room to question his being in earnest; when on a sudden I appeared, for I was fetched to see all this transaction. I was not in the house at first, but was just come home from the business you sent me of, and heard it all; and indeed neither the clerk nor I could bear it any longer, so he came out to me: 'Go to him,' says he; 'you have made an example that will never be forgot, that a negro can be grateful. Go to him,' adds he, 'for I can talk to him no longer.' So I appeared, and spoke to him presently, and let him see that I was at liberty; but to hear how the poor fellow behaved, your honour cannot but be pleased."

Mast. Prithee go on; I am pleased with it all. 'Tis all a new scene of negro life to me, and very moving.

Jack. For a good while he stood as if he had been thunderstruck and stupid; but looking steadily at me, though not speaking a word, at last he mutters to himself, with a kind of a laugh, "Ay, ay," says he, "Mouchat see, Mouchat no see, me wakee, me no wakee; no hangee, no hangee; he live truly, very live;" and then on a sudden he runs to me, snatches me away as if I had been a boy of ten years old, and takes me up upon his back and runs away with me, till I was fain to cry out to him to stop; then he sets me down, and looks at me again; then falls a-dancing about me as if he had been bewitched, just as you have seen them do about their wives and children when they are merry.

Well, then, he began to talk with me, and told me what they had said to him, how I was to be hanged. "Well," says I, "Mouchat, and would you have been satisfied to be hanged to save me?" "Yes, yes," says he; "be truly hangee, to beggee you."

"But why do you love me so well, Mouchat?" said I.

"Did you no beggee me," he says, "at the great master? You savee me, make great master muchee good, muchee kind, no whippee me; me no forget; me be whipped, be hanged, that you no be hanged; me die, that you no die; me no let any bad be with you all while that me live."

Now, sir, your honour may judge whether kindness, well managed, would not oblige these people as well as cruelty; and whether there are principles of gratitude in them or no.

Mast. But what then can be the reason that we never believed it to be so before?

Jack. Truly, sir, I fear that Mouchat gave the true reason.

Mast. What was that, pray? That we were too cruel?

Jack. That they never had any mercy showed them; that they never tried them whether they would be grateful or no; that if they did a fault, they were never spared, but punished with the utmost cruelty; so that they had no passion, no affection to act upon but that of fear, which necessarily brought hatred with it; but that if they were used with compassion they would serve with affection as well as other servants. Nature is the same, and reason governs in just proportions in all creatures; but having never been let taste what mercy is, they know not how to act from a principle of love.

Mast. I am convinced it is so; but now, pray tell me, how did you put this in practice with the poor negroes now in bonds yonder, when you passed such a cruel sentence upon them, that they should be whipped twice a day for four days together; was that showing mercy?

Jack. My method was just the same; and if you please to inquire of Mr. ——, your other servant, you will be satisfied that it was so, for we agreed upon the same measures as I took with Mouchat, namely, first to put them into the utmost horror and apprehensions of the cruelest punishment that they ever heard of, and thereby enhance the value of their pardon, which was to come as from yourself, but not without our great intercession. Then I was to argue with them, and work upon their reason, to make the mercy that was showed them sink deep into their minds, and give lasting impressions; explain the meaning of gratitude to them, and the nature of an obligation, and the like, as I had done with Mouchat.

Mast. I am answered. Your method is certainly right, and I desire you may go on with it; for I desire nothing on this side heaven more than to have all my negroes serve me from principles of gratitude for my kindness to them. I abhor to be feared like a lion, like a tyrant. It is a violence upon nature every way, and is the most disagreeable thing in the world to a generous mind.

GOOD IN ALL THINGS.

[Richard Savage, born in London, 10th January, 1697; died in London, 1st August, 1743. The story of his life as told by Dr. Johnson forms a most pathetic and romantic biography. He was the illegitimate son of Anne, Countess of Macclesfield, and Richard Savage, Earl of Rivers. His mother treated him with unnatural severity. His chief poems are: *The Wanderer*, from which the following passage is taken; various addresses to the queen, under the title of the *Volunteer Laureate;* and *London and Bristol Delineated*, a satire.]

My hermit thus. "I know thy soul believes,
'Tis hard vice triumphs, and that virtue grieves;
Yet oft affliction purifies the mind,
Kind benefits oft flow from means unkind.
Were the whole known, that we uncouth suppose,
Doubtless, would beauteous symmetry disclose.
The naked cliff, that singly rough remains,
In prospect dignifies the fertile plains;
Lead-colour'd clouds, in scattering fragments seen,
Show, though in broken views, the blue serene.
Severe distresses industry inspire;
Thus captive oft excelling arts acquire,
And boldly struggle through a state of shame,
To life, ease, plenty, liberty, and fame.
Sword-law has often Europe's balance gain'd,
And one red victory years of peace maintain'd.
We pass through want to wealth, through dismal strife
To calm content, through death to endless life.
Libya thou nam'st—let Afric's wastes appear
Cursed by those heats that fructify the year;
Yet the same suns her orange groves befriend,
Where clustering globes in shining rows depend.
Here when fierce beams o'er withering plants are roll'd,
There the green fruit seems ripen'd into gold.
Ev'n scenes that strike with terrible surprise,
Still prove a God, just, merciful, and wise.
Sad wintery blasts, that strip the autumn, bring
The milder beauties of a flowery spring.
Ye sulphurous fires in jaggy lightnings break!
Ye thunders rattle, and ye nations shake!
Ye storms of riving flame the forest tear!
Deep crack the rocks! rent trees be whirl'd in air!
Reft at a stroke, some stately fane we'll mourn;
Her tombs wide-shatter'd, and her dead up-torn;
Were noxious spirits not from caverns drawn,
Rack'd earth would soon in gulfs enormous yawn:
Then all were lost!—Or would we floating view
The baleful cloud, there would destruction brew—
Plague, fever, frenzy, close-engendering lie,
Till these red ruptures clear the sullied sky."

Now a field opens to enlarge my thought,
In parcel'd tracts to various uses wrought;
Here hardening ripeness the first blooms behold,
There the last blossoms spring-like pride unfold;
Here swelling pease on leafy stalks are seen,
Mix'd flowers of red and azure shine between;
Whose weaving beauties, heighten'd by the sun,
In colour'd lanes along the furrows run;
There the next produce of a genial shower,
The bean's fresh-blossoms in a speckled flower;
Whose morning dews, when to the sun resign'd,
With undulating sweets embalm the wind.
Now daisy plats of clover square the plain,
And part the bearded from the beardless grain;
There fibrous flax with verdure binds the field,
Which on the loom shall art-spun labours yield.
The mulberry, in fair summer-green array'd,
Full in the midst starts up a silky shade;
For human taste the rich-stain'd fruitage bleeds,
The leaf the silk-emitting reptile feeds.
As swans their down, as flocks their fleeces leave,
Here worms for man their glossy entrails weave.
Hence to adorn the fair, in texture gay,
Sprigs, fruits, and flowers on figur'd vestments play:
But industry prepares them oft to please
The guilty pride of vain, luxuriant ease.

Now frequent, dusty gales offensive blow,
And o'er my sight a transient blindness throw.
Windward we shift. Near down th' ethereal steep,
The lamp of day hangs hovering o'er the deep,
Dun shades, in rocky shapes up æther roll'd,
Project long shaggy points, deep-ting'd with gold.
Others take faint th' unripen'd cherry's dye,
And paint amusing landscapes on the eye;
Their blue-veil'd yellow, through a sky serene,
In swelling mixture forms a floating green.
Streak'd through white clouds a mild vermilion shines,
And the breeze freshens, as the heat declines.

Yon crooked, sunny roads change rising views
From brown to sandy red and chalky hues.
One mingled scene another quick succeeds,
Men, chariots, teams, yok'd steers, and prancing steeds,
Which climb, descend, and, as loud whips resound,
Stretch, sweat, and smoke along unequal ground.
On winding Thames, reflecting radiant beams,
When boats, ships, barges mark the roughen'd streams.
This way, and that, they different points pursue;
So mix the motions, and so shifts the view,
While thus we throw around our gladden'd eyes,
The gifts of heaven in gay profusion rise;
Trees rich with gums, and fruits; with jewels, rocks;
Plains with flowers, herbs, and plants, and beeves, and flocks;
Mountains with mines; with oak and cedar, woods;
Quarries with marble, and with fish the floods.
In darkening spots, mid fields of various dyes,
Tilth new manur'd, or naked fallow lies.
Near uplands fertile, pride inclos'd, display
The green grass yellowing into scentful hay;
And thick-set hedges fence the full-ear'd corn,
And berries blacken on the virid thorn.
Mark in yon heath oppos'd the cultur'd scene,
Wild thyme, pale box, and firs of darker green.
The native strawberry red-ripening grows,
By nettles guarded, as by thorns the rose.

There nightingales in unprun'd copses build,
In shaggy furzes lies the hare conceal'd.
Twixt ferns and thistles, unsown flowers amuse,
And form a lucid chase of various hues;
Many half-gray with dust: confus'd they lie,
Scent the rich year, and lead the wandering eye.

Contemplative, we tread the flowery plain,
The muse preceding with her heavenly train:
When, lo! the mendicant, so late behind,
Strange view! now journeying in our front we find!
And yet a view more strange our heed demands;
Touch'd by the muse's wand transform'd he stands.
O'er skin late wrinkled, instant beauty spreads;
The late-dimm'd eye, a vivid lustre sheds;
Hairs, once so thin, now graceful locks decline;
And rags now chang'd in regal vestments shine.

The hermit thus: "In him the BARD behold,
Once seen by midnight's lamp in winter's cold;
The BARD, whose want so multiplied his woes,
He sunk a mortal, and a seraph rose.
See!—where those stately yew-trees darkling grow,
And, waving o'er yon graves, brown shadows throw,
Scornful he points—there, o'er his sacred dust,
Arise the sculptur'd tomb, and labour'd bust.
Vain pomp! bestow'd by ostentatious pride,
Who to a life of want relief deny'd."

A GAMING MATCH.

BY THE RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI.

Unless the loss of an occasional napoleon at a German watering-place is to be so stigmatized, gaming had never formed one of the numerous follies of the Duke of St. James. Rich, and gifted with a generous, sanguine, and luxurious disposition, he had never been tempted by the desire of gain, or, as some may perhaps maintain, by the desire of excitement, to seek assistance or enjoyment in a mode of life which stultifies all our fine fancies, deadens all our noble emotions, and mortifies all our beautiful aspirations.

I know that I am broaching a doctrine which many will start at, and which some will protest against, when I declare my belief, that no person, whatever be his rank, or apparent wealth, ever yet gamed, except from the prospect of immediate gain. We hear much of want of excitement, of *ennui*, of satiety; and then the gaming table is announced as a sort of substitute for opium, wine, or any other mode of obtaining a more intense vitality at the cost of reason. Gaming is too active, too anxious, too complicated, too troublesome,—in a word, *too sensible* an affair for such spirits, who fly only to a sort of dreamy and indefinite distraction. The fact is, gaming is a matter of business. Its object is tangible, clear, and evident. There is nothing high, or inflammatory, or exciting; no false magnificence, no visionary elevation, in the affair at all. It is the very antipodes to enthusiasm of any kind. It presupposes in its votary a mind essentially mercantile. All the feelings that are in its train are the most mean, the most common-place, and the most annoying of daily life, and nothing would tempt the gamester to experience them, except the great object which, as a matter of calculation, he is willing to aim at on such terms. No man flies to the gaming-table in a paroxysm. The first visit requires the courage of a forlorn hope. The first stake will make the lightest mind anxious, the firmest hand tremble, and the stoutest heart falter. After the first stake, it is all a matter of calculation and management, even in games of chance. Night after night will men play at *Rouge et Noir*, upon what they call a system, and for hours their attention never ceases, any more than it would if they were in the shop or on the wharf. No manual labour is more fatiguing, and more degrading to the labourer, than gaming. Every gamester (I speak not of the irreclaimable) feels ashamed. And this vice, this worst vice, from whose embrace, moralists daily inform us, man can never escape, is just the one from which the majority of men most completely, and most often, emancipate themselves. Infinite are the men who have lost thousands in their youth, and never dream of chance again. It is this pursuit which, oftener than any other, leads man to self-knowledge. Appalled by the absolute destruction on the verge of which he finds his early youth just stepping; aghast at the shadowy crimes which, under the influence of this life, seem, as it were, to rise upon his soul, often he hurries to emancipate himself from this fatal thraldom, and with a ruined fortune, and marred prospects, yet thanks his Creator that his soul is still white, his conscience clear, and that, once more, he breathes the sweet air of heaven.

And our young duke, I must confess, gamed, as all other men have gamed—for money, His satiety had fled the moment that his affairs were embarrassed. The thought suddenly came into his head, while Bagshot was speaking. He determined to make an effort to recover, and so completely was it a matter of business with him, that he reasoned that, in the present state of his affairs, a few thou-

sands more would not signify,—that these few thousands might lead to vast results, and that, if they did, he would bid adieu to the gaming-table with the same coolness with which he had saluted it.

. . . . . .

The young duke had accepted the invitation of the Baron de Berghem for to-morrow, and accordingly, himself, Lords Castlefort and Dice, and Temple Grace, assembled in Brunswick Terrace at the usual hour.

After dinner, with the exception of Cogit, who was busied in compounding some wonderful liquid for the future refreshment, they sat down to *Ecarte*. Without having exchanged a word upon the subject, there seemed a general understanding among all the parties, that to-night was to be a pitched battle, and they began at once very briskly. Yet, in spite of their universal determination, midnight arrived without anything very decisive. Another hour passed over, and then Tom Cogit kept touching the baron's elbow, and whispering in a voice which everybody could understand. All this meant that supper was ready. It was brought into the room.

Gaming has one advantage—it gives you an appetite; that is to say, as long as you have a chance remaining. The duke had thousands, —for at present, his resources were unimpaired, and he was exhausted by the constant attention and anxiety of five hours. He passed over the delicacies, and went to the side-table, and began cutting himself some cold roast beef. Tom Cogit ran up, not to his grace, but to the baron, to announce the shocking fact, that the Duke of St. James was enduring great trouble; and then the baron asked his grace to permit Mr. Cogit to serve him. Our hero devoured—I use the word advisedly, as fools say in the House of Commons—he devoured the roast beef, and rejecting the hermitage with disgust, asked for porter.

They set to again, fresh as eagles. At six o'clock, accounts were so complicated that they stopped to make up their books. Each played with his memorandums and pencil at his side. Nothing fatal had yet happened. The duke owed Lord Dice about five thousand pounds, and Temple Grace owed him as many hundreds. Lord Castlefort also was his debtor, to the tune of seven hundred and fifty, and the baron was in his books, but slightly. Every half hour they had a new pack of cards, and threw the used ones on the floor. All this time, Tom Cogit did nothing but snuff the candles, stir the fire, bring them a new pack, and occasionally make a tumbler for them.

At eight o'clock, the duke's situation was worsened. The run was greatly against him, and perhaps his losses were doubled. He pulled up again the next hour or two; but nevertheless at ten o'clock owed every one something. No one offered to give over; and every one, perhaps, felt that his object was not obtained. They made their toilettes, and went down stairs to breakfast. In the meantime the shutters were opened, the room aired; and in less than an hour they were at it again.

They played till dinner time without intermission; and though the duke made some desperate efforts, and some successful ones, his losses were, nevertheless, trebled. Yet he ate an excellent dinner, and was not at all depressed; because the more he lost, the more his courage and his resources seemed to expand. At first, he had limited himself to ten thousand; after breakfast, it was to have been twenty thousand; then, thirty thousand was the ultimatum; and now he dismissed all thoughts of limits from his mind, and was determined to risk or gain everything.

At midnight, he had lost forty-eight thousand pounds. Affairs now began to be serious. His supper was not so hearty. While the rest were eating, he walked about the room, and began to limit his ambition to recovery, and not to gain. When you play to win back, the fun is over: there is nothing to recompense you for your bodily tortures and your degraded feelings; and the very best result that can happen, while it has no charms, seems to your cowed mind impossible.

On they played, and the duke lost more. His mind was jaded. He floundered—he made desperate efforts, but plunged deeper in the slough. Feeling that, to regain his ground, each card must tell, he acted on each as if it must win, and the consequences of this insanity (for a gamester, at such a crisis, is really insane) were, that his losses were prodigious.

Another morning came, and there they sat, ankle deep in cards. No attempt at breakfast now—no affectation of making a toilette, or airing the room. The atmosphere was hot, to be sure, but it well became such a Hell. There they sat, in total, in positive forgetfulness of everything but the hot game they were hunting down. There was not a man in the room, except Tom Cogit, who could have told you the name of the town in which they were living. There they sat almost breathless, watching every turn with the fell look in their cannibal eyes, which showed their total inabil-

ity to sympathize with their fellow-beings. All forms of society had been long forgotten. There was no snuff-box handed about now, for courtesy, admiration, or a pinch; no affectation of occasionally making a remark upon any other topic but the all-engrossing one. Lord Castlefort rested with his arms on the table:—a false tooth had got unhinged. His lordship, who at any other time would have been most annoyed, coolly put it in his pocket. His cheeks had fallen, and he looked twenty years older. Lord Dice had torn off his cravat, and his hair hung down over his callous, bloodless cheeks, straight as silk. Temple Grace looked as if he were blighted by lightning; and his deep blue eyes gleamed like a hyæna. The baron was least changed. Tom Cogit, who smelt that the crisis was at hand, was as quiet as a bribed rat.

On they played till six o'clock in the evening, and then they agreed to desist till after dinner. Lord Dice threw himself on a sofa. Lord Castlefort breathed with difficulty. The rest walked about. While they were resting on their oars, the young duke roughly made up his accounts. He found that he was minus about one hundred thousand pounds.

Immense as the loss was, he was more struck,—more appalled, let me say,—at the strangeness of the surrounding scene, than even by his own ruin. As he looked upon his fellow-gamesters, he seemed, for the first time in his life, to gaze upon some of those hideous demons of whom he had read. He looked in the mirror at himself. A blight seemed to have fallen over his beauty, and his presence seemed accursed. He had pursued a dissipated, even more than a dissipated career. Many were the nights that had been spent by him not on his couch; great had been the exhaustion that he had often experienced; haggard had sometimes even been the lustre of his youth. But when had been marked upon his brow this harrowing care? when had his features before been stamped with this anxiety, this anguish, this baffled desire, this strange, unearthly scowl, which made him even tremble? What! was it possible?—it could not be—that in time he was to be like those awful, those unearthly, those unhallowed things that were around him. He felt as if he had fallen from his state,—as if he had dishonoured his ancestry,—as if he had betrayed his trust. He felt a criminal. In the darkness of his meditations, a flash burst from his lurid mind,—a celestial light appeared to dissipate this thickening gloom, and his soul felt as it were bathed with the softening radiancy. He thought of May Dacre; he thought of everything that was pure, and holy, and beautiful, and luminous, and calm. It was the innate virtue of the man that made this appeal to his corrupted nature. His losses seemed nothing; his dukedom would be too slight a ransom for freedom from these ghouls, and for the breath of the sweet air.

He advanced to the baron, and expressed his desire to play no more. There was an immediate stir. All jumped up, and now the deed was done. Cant, in spite of their exhaustion, assumed her reign. They begged him to have his revenge,—were quite annoyed at the result,—had no doubt he would recover if he proceeded. Without noticing their remarks, he seated himself at the table, and wrote cheques for their respective amounts, Tom Cogit jumping up and bringing him the inkstand. Lord Castlefort, in the most affectionate manner, pocketed the draft; at the same time recommending the duke not to be in a hurry, but to send it when he was cool. Lord Dice received his with a bow,—Temple Grace with a sigh,—the baron, with an avowal of his readiness always to give him his revenge.

The duke, though sick at heart, would not leave the room with any evidence of a broken spirit; and when Lord Castlefort again repeated, "Pay us when we meet again," he said: "I think it very improbable that we shall meet again, my lord. I wished to know what gaming was. I had heard a great deal about it. It is not so very disgusting; but I am a young man, and cannot play tricks with my complexion."

He reached his house. He gave orders for himself not to be disturbed, and he went to bed; but in vain he tried to sleep. What rack exceeds the torture of an excited brain, and an exhausted body? His hands and feet were like ice, his brow like fire; his ears rung with supernatural roaring; a nausea had seized upon him, and death he would have welcomed. In vain, in vain he courted repose; in vain, in vain he had recourse to every expedient to wile himself to slumber. Each minute he started from his pillow with some phrase which reminded him of his late fearful society. Hour after hour moved on with its leaden pace; each hour he heard strike, and each hour seemed an age. Each hour was only a signal to cast off some covering, or shift his position. It was at length morning. With a feeling that he should go mad if he remained any longer in bed, he rose and paced his chamber. The air refreshed him. He threw himself on the floor; the cold crept over his senses, and he slept.

CUPID AND PSYCHE.

[APULEIUS, author of a celebrated romance, written in Latin, and entitled "*The Metamorphoses, or Golden Ass*," was born in Africa about the year 130 of the Christian era. He called himself a half Numidian, Madura, his native place, being a Roman colony. Educated at Carthage, Apuleius travelled through Greece and Italy, and, returning to Africa, wrote several books, the most noted of which is that before-named, containing the beautiful episode of Cupid and Psyche. This amusing work, intended as a satire upon the hypocrisy and frauds of pretenders to supernatural powers, and the profligacy of public morals, has great merits as well as glaring defects. The following story is a gem which has redeemed an otherwise perishable book from oblivion. Many ingenious attempts have been made to explain this fable as a philosophic allegory. Psyche is the soul, which is of divine origin, but led into many errors and trials on earth; purified by these, it is finally led upward by the heavenly Love as his bride.]

In a certain city there lived a king and queen, who had three daughters of remarkable beauty. The charms of the two elder—and they were very great—were still thought not to exceed all possible measure of praise; but as for the youngest sister, human speech was too poor to express, much less, adequately to extol, her exquisite and surpassing loveliness. In fact, multitudes of the citizens, and of strangers, whom the fame of this extraordinary spectacle gathered to the spot, were struck dumb with astonishment at her unapproachable beauty, and moving their right hand to their lips, with the forefinger joining the elevated thumb, paid her religious adoration, just as though she were the goddess Venus herself.

And now the tidings spread through the neighbouring cities and adjacent countries, that the goddess whom the azure depths of the ocean had brought forth, and the spray of the foamy billows had nurtured, dwelt in the midst of mortals, and suffered them indiscriminately to behold her fine form, or at least, that once again, impregnated by a new emanation from the starry heavens, not the sea, but the earth, had brought forth another Venus, gifted with the flower of virginity. Thus did her fame travel rapidly every day; thus did the news soon traverse the neighbouring islands, a great part of the continent, and multitudes of provinces. Many were the mortals who, by long journeys over land, and over the deep sea, flocked from all quarters to behold this glorious specimen of the age. No one set sail for Paphos, no one for Cnidus, nor even for Cythera to have sight of the goddess Venus. Her sacred rites were abandoned, her temples suffered to decay, her cushions trampled under foot, her ceremonies neglected, her statues left without chaplets, and her desolate altars defiled with cold ashes. A young girl was supplicated in her stead, and the divinity of the mighty goddess was worshipped under human features; and the maiden was propitiated in her morning walks with victims and banquets offered her in the name of the absent Venus. And ever, as she passed along the streets, the people crowded round, and adoringly presented her with garlands, and scattered flowers on her path.

This extraordinary transfer of celestial honours to a mortal maiden, greatly incensed the real Venus; and, unable to suppress her indignation, and shaking her head, in a towering wrath, she thus soliloquized: "Behold how the primal parent of all things, behold how the first source of the elements, behold how I, the genial Venus of the whole world, am treated! The honour belonging to my majesty shared by a mortal girl! My name, that is registered in heaven, profaned by the dross of earth! I must be content, forsooth, with the uncertain homage of a vicarious worship, and with my share in expiations offered to me in common with another! And a mortal girl shall go about in my likeness! It is all for nought that the shepherd Paris, whose justice and good faith the mighty Jupiter approved, preferred me to such mighty goddesses on account of my unparalleled beauty. But this creature, whoever she be, shall not so joyously usurp my honors; for I will soon cause her to repent of her contraband good looks."

Thus saying, the goddess forthwith summons her son, that winged and very malapert boy, who, with his evil manners, sets at nought all ordinary institutions, and, armed with flames and arrows, runs by night from one man's house to another, and blighting matrimonial happiness on all sides, commits such mighty mischiefs with impunity, and does nothing whatever that is good.

Mischievous as he was by inborn licentiousness, she incites him to still more evil, by her words. She brings him to that city I mentioned, and points out Psyche to him (for that was the name of the maiden), and after telling him the whole story, about that mortal's rivalry of her own beauty, groaning with rage and indignation, she said:

"I conjure you, by the ties of maternal love, by the sweet wounds inflicted by your arrow—by the warmth, delightful as honey, of that torch, to afford your parent her revenge, ay, and a full one too, and as you respect myself, severely punish this rebellious beauty; and this one thing, above all, use all your endeavours to effect:—let this maiden be seized with the most burning love for the lowest of mankind,—one whom fortune has stripped of rank, patrimony, and even of personal safety,—and so degraded, that he cannot find his equal in wretchedness throughout the whole world."

Having thus said, and long and tenderly kissed her son, she sought the neighbouring margin of the shore, on which the waves ebb and flow, and, with rosy feet, brushing along the topmost spray of the dancing waters, behold! she took her seat on the watery surface of the main; where the powers of the deep, the instant that she conceived the wish, appeared at once, as though she had previously commanded their attendance. The daughters of Nereus were present, singing in tuneful harmony; Portunus, too, rough with his azure-coloured beard; and Salacia, weighed down with her lapful of fish,—with little Palæmon, their charioteer, upon a dolphin, and then troops of Tritons, furrowing the main in all directions. One softly sounded his melodious shell, another with a silken canopy, protected her from the unpleasant heat of the sun; a third held a mirror before the eyes of his mistress, while others again swam yoked to her car. Such was the train that attended Venus, as she proceeded to the palace of Oceanus.

In the meantime Psyche, with all her exquisite beauty, derived no advantage whatever from her good looks;—she was gazed on by all, praised by all, and yet no one—king, noble, or plebeian even—came to woo her for his bride. They admired, no doubt, her divine beauty, but then all admired it as they would a statue exquisitely wrought. Long before this, her two elder sisters, whose more moderate charms had not been bruited abroad among the nations, had been wooed by kings, and happily wedded to them; but Psyche, forlorn virgin, sat at home, bewailing her lonely condition, faint in body and sick at heart; and hated her own beauty, though it delighted all the rest of the world.

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Psyche, therefore, delightfully reclining in a pleasant and grassy spot, upon a bed of dewy herbage, felt her extreme agitation of mind allayed, and sank into a sweet sleep, from which she awoke refreshed in body, and with a mind more composed. She then espied a grove, thick planted with vast and lofty trees; she likewise saw a fountain in the middle of the grove with water limpid and crystal. Near the fall of the fountain there was a kingly palace, not raised by human hands, but by divine skill. You might know, from the very entrance of the palace, that you were looking upon the splendid and delightful abode of some god. For the lofty ceilings, curiously arched with cedar and ivory, were supported by golden columns. The walls were encrusted all over with silver carving, with wild beasts and domestic animals of all kinds, presenting themselves to the view of those who entered the palace. A wonderful man was he, a demi-god, nay, surely, a god, who, with such exquisite subtlety of art, moulded such vast quantities of silver into various ferine forms.

The very pavement itself consisted of precious stones, cut out and arranged so as to form pictures of divers kinds. Blessed—thrice blessed those who can tread gems and bracelets under foot! The other parts, as well, of this palace of vast extent, were precious beyond all computation; and the walls being everywhere strengthened with bars of gold, shone with their own lustre, so that even if the sun were to withhold its light, the palace would make for itself a day of its own; so effulgent were the chambers, the porticos, and the doors. The furniture, too, was on a scale commensurate with the majesty of this abode; so that it might well be looked upon as a palace built by mighty Jove, where he might dwell among mankind.

Invited by the delightful appearance of the place, Psyche approached it, and, gradually taking courage, stepped over the threshold. The beauty of what she beheld lured her on, and everything filled her with admiration. In another part of the palace, she beheld brilliant repositories, stored with immense riches; nothing, in fact, is there, which was not there to be found. But, besides the admiration which such enormous wealth excited, this was particularly surprising, that this treasury of the universal world was protected by no chain, no bar, no guard.

Here, while Psyche's gaze was ravished

with delight, a bodiless voice thus addressed her:

"Why, lady," it said, "are you astonished at such vast riches? All are yours. Betake yourself, therefore, to your chamber, and refresh your wearied limbs on your couch, and, when you think proper, repair to the bath; for we, whose voices you now hear, are your handmaidens, and will carefully attend to all your commands, and, when we have dressed you, a royal banquet will be placed before you without delay."

Psyche was sensible of the goodness of divine providence; and, obedient to the admonitions of the unembodied voices, relieved her fatigue, first with sleep, and afterwards with the bath. After this, perceiving close at hand a semicircular dais, with a raised seat, and what seemed to be the apparatus for a banquet intended for her refreshment, she readily took her place; whereupon nectarious wines, and numerous dishes containing various kinds of dainties, were immediately served up,—impelled, as it seemed, by some spiritual impulse, for there were no visible attendants. Not one human being could she see; she only heard words that were uttered, and had voices alone for her servants. After an exquisite banquet was served up, some one entered, and sang unseen, while another struck the lyre, which was no more visible than himself. Then a swell of voices, as of a multitude singing in full chorus, was wafted to her ears, though not one of the vocalists could she descry.

Meanwhile, the sisters, having inquired the way to the rock on which Psyche was abandoned, hastened thither, and there they wept and beat their breasts till the rocks and crags resounded with their lamentations. They called to their unfortunate sister by her own name, until the shrill sound of their shrieks descending the declivities of the mountain, reached the ears of Psyche, who ran out of her palace in delirious trepidation, and exclaimed:

"Why do you needlessly afflict yourselves with doleful lamentations? Here am I, whom you mourn; cease those dismal accents, and now at last dry up those tears that have so long bedewed your cheeks, since you may now embrace her whom you have been lamenting."

Then, summoning Zephyr, she acquaints him with her husband's commands, in obedience to which, instantly wafting them on his gentlest breeze, he safely conveyed them to Psyche. Now do they enjoy mutual embraces, and hurried kisses, and their tears, that had ceased to flow, return, after a time, summoned forth by joy. "Now come," said Psyche, "enter my dwelling in gladness, and cheer up your afflicted spirits with your Psyche." Having thus said, she showed them the vast treasures of her golden palace, made their ears acquainted with the numerous retinue of voices that were obedient to her commands, and sumptuously refreshed them in a most beautiful bath and with the delicacies of a divine banquet, until, satiated with this copious abundance of celestial riches, they began to nourish envy in the lowest depths of their hearts. One of them especially, very minute and curious, persisted in making inquiries about the master of this celestial wealth; what kind of person and what sort of husband he made.

Psyche, however, would by no means violate her husband's injunctions, or disclose the secrets of her heart; but, devising a tale for the occasion, told them that he was a young man, and very good-looking, with cheeks as yet only shaded with soft down, and that he was, for the most part, engaged in rural occupations, and hunting on the mountains. And, lest by any slip in the course of the protracted conversation, her sweet counsels might be betrayed, having loaded them with ornaments of gold and jewelled necklaces, she called Zephyr, and ordered him at once to convey them back again.

[The narrative of Apuleius, too prolix for these columns, relates how the sisters of Psyche, moved by envy and jealousy, persuaded that simple maiden that her unknown husband, who took great pains to visit her only by night, and to conceal himself from her view by day, must be some monster or noxious serpent, with a human body. They persuaded her to light a lamp, and to provide a sharp instrument to cut off the head of the monster when asleep, promising, when rid of so dangerous a companion, to wed her to one of her own kind. The story then proceeds.]

The night came, and with it came her husband, and, after their first dalliance was over, he fell into a deep sleep. Then Psyche, to whose weak body and spirit the cruel influence of fate had imparted unusual strength, uncovered the lamp and seized the knife with masculine courage. But the

instant she advanced the lamp, and the mysteries of the couch stood revealed, she beheld the very gentlest and sweetest of all mild creatures, even Cupid himself, the beautiful God of Love, there fast asleep; at sight of whom the joyous flame of the lamp shone with redoubled vigour, and the sacrilegious razor repented the keenness of its edge.

But as for Psyche, astounded at such a sight, losing the control of her senses, faint, deadly pale, and trembling all over, she fell on her knees and made an attempt to hide the blade in her own bosom; and this no doubt she would have done, had not the blade, dreading the commission of such a crime, glided out of her rash hand. And now, faint and unnerved as she was, she feels herself refreshed at heart by gazing upon the beauty of those divine features. She looks upon the genial locks of his golden head, teeming with ambrosial perfume, the orbed curls that strayed over his milk-white neck and roseate cheeks, and fell gracefully entangled, some before, some behind, causing the very light of the lamp itself to flicker by their radiant splendour. On the shoulders of the volatile god were dewy wings of brilliant whiteness, and though the pinions were at rest, yet the tender down that fringed the feathers wantoned to and fro in tremulous, unceasing play. The rest of his body was smooth and beautiful, and such as Venus could not have repented of giving birth to. At the foot of the bed lay his bow, his quiver, and his arrows, the auspicious weapons of the mighty god.

While, with insatiable wonder and curiosity, Psyche is examining and admiring her husband's weapons, she draws one of the arrows out of the quiver, and touches the point with the tip of her thumb, to try its sharpness, but, happening to press too hard, for her hand still trembled, she punctured the skin, so that some tiny drops of rosy blood oozed forth; and thus did Psyche, without knowing it, fall in love with Love. Then, burning more and more with desire for Cupid, gazing passionately on his face, and fondly kissing him again and again, her only fear was that he should wake too soon.

But while she hung over him bewildered with delight so extreme at heart, the lamp, whether from treachery or baneful envy, or because it longed to touch and to kiss, as it were, such a beautiful object, spirted a drop of scalding oil from the summit of its flame upon the right shoulder of the god. O rash, audacious lamp! vile minister to love! thus to burn the god of all fire; you, whom some lover, doubtless, first invented, that he might prolong even through the night the bliss of beholding the object of his desire! The god, thus scorched, sprang from the bed, and seeing the disgraceful tokens of forfeited fidelity, without a word, was flying away from the eyes and arms of his most unhappy wife. But Psyche, the instant he arose, seized hold of his right leg with both hands, and hung on to him, a wretched appendage to his flight through the regions of the air, till at last her strength failed her, and she fell to the earth.

Her divine lover, however, not deserting her as she lay on the ground, alighted upon a neighbouring cypress tree, and thus angrily addressed her from its lofty top:—"O simple, simple Psyche, for you I have been unmindful of the commands of my mother, Venus; for when she bade me cause you to be infatuated with passion for some base and abject man, I chose rather to fly to you myself as a lover. That in this I acted inconsiderately I know but too well. I, that redoubtable archer, have wounded myself with my own arrow, and have made you my wife, that I, forsooth, might be thought by you to be a serpent, and that you might cut off my head, which bears those very eyes which have so doted upon you. This was the danger which I told you again and again to be on your guard against, this was what I so benevolently forewarned you of. But, as for those choice counsellors of yours, they shall speedily feel my vengeance for giving you such pernicious advice, but you I will punish only by my flight." And so saying he soared aloft, and flew away.

Meanwhile Psyche lay prostrate on the ground, gazing on the flight of her husband as long as ever he remained in sight, and afflicting her mind with the most bitter lamentations. But when the reiterated movement of his wings had borne her husband through the immensity of space till she saw him no more, she threw herself headlong from the bank of the adjacent river into the stream. But the gentle river, honouring the God, who is in the habit of imparting his warmth to the waters themselves, and fearing his power, bore her on the surface of a harmless wave to the bank, and laid her safe on its flowery turf.

In the meantime Psyche wandered about, day and night, restlessly seeking her husband, and the more anxious to find him, because, though she had incurred his anger, she hoped to appease him, if not by the tender endearments of a wife, at least by entreaties as humble as a slave could urge. Perceiving a temple on the summit of a lofty mountain, "How can I tell," said she, "but yonder may be the residence of my lord?" and immediately she hastened thither, while wayworn and exhausted as she was, hope and affection quickened her steps, and gave her vigor to climb the highest ridges of the mountain, and enter the temple. There she saw blades of wheat, some in sheaves, some twisted into chaplets, and ears of barley also. There were scythes likewise, and all the implements of harvest, but all lying scattered about in confusion, just as such things are usually thrown down, in the heat of summer, from the careless hands of the reapers.

Psyche began carefully to sort all these things, and arrange them properly in their several places, deeming it her duty not to fail in respect for the temples and ceremonies of any deity, but to implore the benevolent sympathy of all the Gods. Bounteous Ceres found her thus diligently employed in her temple, and cried to her from a distance: "Ah, poor unfortunate Psyche! Venus, full of rage, is eagerly tracking your footsteps, craving to inflict upon you the deadly penalties, and the whole force of her divine vengeance. And can you then busy yourself with my concerns, and think of anything but your own safety?"

Psyche, prostrating herself before the goddess, moistening her feet with abundant tears, and sweeping the ground with her locks, besought her protection with manifold prayers. "I implore thee," said she, "by thy fruit-bearing right hand, by the joyful ceremonies of harvest, by the mysterious rites of thy cists, by the winged car of the dragons, thy servants, by the furrows of the Sicilian soil, by the chariot of the ravisher, by the earth that closed upon him, by the dark descent and unlighted nuptials of Proserpine, by the torch-illumined return of thy recovered daughter, and by the other mysteries which Eleusis, the sanctuary of Attica, conceals in silence; succour, O succour the life of wretched Psyche, thy suppliant! Suffer me, if for a few days only, to conceal myself in that heap of wheat-sheaves, till the raging anger of the mighty goddess be mitigated by the lapse of time; or at least until my bodily powers, weakened by long-continued labor, be renewed by an interval of rest."

"I am touched by your tears and entreaties," Ceres replied, "and fain would render you assistance; but I cannot provoke the displeasure of my relative, to whom I am also united by ties of friendship of old date, and who besides is a very worthy lady. Begone, therefore, from this temple directly."

Venus, meanwhile, declining to employ earthly means in pursuing her inquiries after Psyche, returned to heaven. She ordered the chariot to be got ready, which Vulcan had constructed with exquisite skill, and presented to her before the celebration of her marriage. The nuptial gift was of burnished gold, and was even the more precious through the diminution of its material by the file. Four white doves out of the many that nestled about the chamber of their mistress, advanced with joyous flutterings, and bending their painted necks to the jewelled yoke, flew forward with the chariot that contained the goddess. Around it wantoned chattering sparrows and other birds of sweet note, which announced the approach of Venus in melodious strains.

And now the clouds dispersed, heaven unfolded itself before its daughter, and the lofty æther received the goddess with joy; nor did the tuneful retinue of Venus dread the attacks of eagles or rapacious hawks. She went straightway to the royal citadel of Jove, and with a haughty air demanded, as especially necessary, the services of the crier god; nor did the azure brow of Jove refuse its assent. Exulting Venus, accompanied by Mercury, immediately descended from heaven, and thus anxiously addressed him: "My Arcadian brother, you well know that your sister, Venus, never did anything without the presence of Mercury, nor are you ignorant how long I have been unable to find my absconding female slave. Nothing remains, therefore, to be done, but for you to proclaim her in public, and announce a reward to him who shall find her."

Mercury hearing this, made proclamation, the desire of obtaining such a reward excited the emulous endeavours of all mankind, and this circumstance it was that quite put an end to all Psyche's hesitation. She was already near her mistress's gates when she was met by one of the retinue of Venus, whose name was Habit, and who cried out,

as loud as she could bawl. "So you most good-for-nothing wench, have you at last begun to discover that you have a mistress? And do you pretend too, in your abundant assurance that you don't know what immense trouble we have had in endeavoring to find you out? But it is well you have fallen into my hands of all others, and have got within the very jaws of Orcus, to receive, without delay, the penalty of such obstinate contumacy."

So saying, she resolutely twisted her hands in Psyche's hair, and dragged the unresisting captive along. But Venus, the moment she was dragged into her presence, burst into a loud laugh, such as people laugh who are furiously angry; and shaking her head and scratching her right ear; "At length," said she, "have you deigned to pay some respect to your mother-in-law? Or rather, have you come to see your sick husband, who is yet dangerously ill from the wound you gave him? But make yourself easy, for I shall at once give you such a reception as a good mother-in-law ought to give. Where," she cried, "are those servants of mine, Anxiety and Sorrow?" These attending at her call, she delivered her to them to be tormented. Thereupon, in obedience to the commands of their mistress, they scourged, and inflicted other torments on the wretched Psyche, and after they had tortured her, brought her back again into the presence of Venus.

She flew upon her, tore her clothes in a great many places, pulled out her hair, shook her by the head and grievously maltreated her. Then taking wheat, barley, millet, poppy, vetches, lentils and beans, and mixing them all together, in one heap, she said to her: "You seem to me, such an ugly slave as you now are, to be likely to gain lovers in no other way than by diligent drudgery. I will, therefore, myself, for once, make trial of your industrious habits. Take and separate this promiscuous mass of seeds, and having properly placed each grain in its place, and so sorted the whole, give me a proof of your expedition, by finishing the task before evening." Then having delivered over to her the vast heap of seeds, she at once took her departure for a nuptial banquet.

But Psyche, astounded at the stupendous task, sat silent and stupefied, and did not move a hand to the confused and inextricable mass. Just then, a tiny little ant, one of the inhabitants of the fields, became aware of this prodigious difficulty; and pitying the distress of the partner of the mighty god, and execrating the mother-in-law's cruelty, it ran busily about, and summoned together the whole tribe of ants in the neighbourhood, crying to them: "Take pity on her, ye active children of the all-producing earth! Take pity and make haste to help the wife of Love, a pretty damsel, who is now in a perilous situation."

Immediately the six-footed people came rushing in whole waves one upon another, and with great diligence separated the whole heap, grain by grain; then, having assorted the various kinds into different heaps, they vanished forthwith.

At nightfall, Venus returned home from the nuptial banquet, exhilarated with wine, fragrant with balsams, and having her waist encircled with blooming roses. As soon as she saw with what marvellous expedition the task had been executed, "This is no work of your hands, wicked creature," she said, "but his whom you have charmed, to your own sorrow and his;" and throwing her a piece of coarse bread, she went to bed.

Meanwhile, Cupid was closely confined in his chamber, partly that he might not inflame his wound by froward indulgence, and partly lest he should associate with his beloved. The lovers thus separated from each other under one roof, passed a miserable night. But as soon as Aurora had ushered in the morning, Venus called Psyche, and thus addressed her: "Do you see yonder grove stretching along the margin of a river, whose deep eddies receive the waters of a neighbouring fountain? There shining sheep of a golden colour wander about without a shepherd. I desire that you bring me immediately a flock of that precious wool, get it how you may."

Psyche willingly set out, not with any intention of executing this command, but to procure rest from her misfortunes, by hurling herself headlong from the rock into the river. But when she came to the brink, a green reed, the muse of sweet music, divinely inspired by a gentle breath of air, thus prophetically murmured. "Psyche! exercised in mighty sorrows, neither pollute my sacred waters by your most miserable death, nor venture yet to approach the formidable sheep on the opposite bank. While heated by the burning radiance of the sun, they are transported with savage rage, and

are the destruction of mortals, either by their sharp horns, their stony foreheads, or their venomous bites. Therefore, until the sun has declined from the meridian, and the serene spirit of the flood has lulled the animals to rest, you may hide yourself under yonder lofty plane tree, which drinks of the same river with myself; and as soon as the sheep have mitigated their fury, if you shake the branches of the neighbouring grove, you will find the woolly gold everywhere sticking to them." Thus the artless and humane reed taught the wretched Psyche how to accomplish this dangerous enterprise with safety.

Psyche, therefore, observing all the directions, found her obedience was not in vain, but returned to Venus with her bosom full of the delicate golden fleece. Yet she was not able to win the approbation of her mistress by this second perilous labour.

In the meantime, Cupid, wasting away through excess of love, and dreading his mother's sudden prudery, betakes himself to his usual weapons of craft, and having with rapid wings penetrated the summit of heaven, supplicates the mighty Jupiter, and defends his cause. Then Jupiter, stroking the little cheeks of Cupid, and kissing his hand, thus addressed him:—"Though you, my masterful son, never pay me that reverence which has been decreed me by the Synod of the Gods, but perpetually wound this breast of mine, by which the laws of the elements and the revolutions of the stars are governed, and frequently defile it by earthly intrigues, contrary to the laws of the Julian edict, and public discipline, injuring my reputation and fame by base adulteries, and sordidly changing my serene countenance, into serpents, fire, wild beasts, birds, and cattle; nevertheless, remembering my own moderation, and that you have been nursed in these hands of mine, I will accomplish all that you desire. At the same time you must be sensible that you ought to guard against rivals, and to recompense me for this service, by presenting me with any girl of transcendent beauty that may now happen to be upon the earth."

Having thus spoken, he ordered Mercury immediately to summon an assembly of all the gods; and at the same time to proclaim, that if any one of the celestials absented himself, he should be fined ten thousand pieces of money. The fear of such a penalty caused the celestial theatre to be filled immediately; whereupon lofty Jupiter sitting upon his sublime throne, thus addressed the assembly of the Gods;—"Ye conscript Gods, whose names are registered in the white roll of the muses, you are all well acquainted with that youth whom I have reared with my own hands, and the impetuous fire of whose juvenile years I deem it necessary to restrain by some bridle or other. It is sufficient that he is every day defamed in conversation, for the adulteries and all manner of corruption for which he is the cause. Every occasion of this must be taken away, and his youthful libertinism must be bound in nuptial fetters. He has made choice of a girl, and deprived her of her virginity. Let him, therefore, hold her, let him possess her, and embracing Psyche, always enjoy the object of his love." Then, turning his face to Venus, "Nor do you, my daughter," said he, "be sorrowful on this occasion, nor fearful that your pedigree and rank will be disgraced by a mortal marriage: for I will now cause the nuptials not to be unequal, but legitimate, and agreeable to the civil law." Immediately after this, he ordered Mercury to bring Psyche to heaven; and as soon as she arrived, extending to her a cup of ambrosia, "Take this," said he, "Psyche, and be immortal; nor shall Cupid ever depart from your embrace, but these nuptials of yours shall be perpetual."

Then, without delay, a sumptuous wedding supper was served up. The husband reclining at the upper end of the table, embraced Psyche in his bosom; in like manner Jupiter was seated with Juno, and after them the other gods and goddesses in their proper order. Then Jupiter was presented with a bowl of nectar, the wine of the gods, by the rustic youth, Ganymede, his cupbearer; Bacchus supplied the rest. Vulcan dressed the supper; the Hours empurpled everything with roses and other fragrant flowers; the Graces scattered balsam; the Muses sang melodiously; Apollo accompanied the lyre with his voice; and beautiful Venus danced with steps in unison with the delightful music. The order, too, of the entertainment was, that the Muses should sing the chorus, Satyrus play on the flute, and Pensicus on the pipe. Thus Psyche came lawfully into the hands of Cupid; and at length, a daughter was born to them, whom we shall denominate Pleasure.

APULEIUS.

NOCHE SERENA.

[Luis Ponce de Leon, one of the most gifted of Spanish poets, born at Granada in 1527, died 1590. Descended from noble ancestry, he dedicated himself to religion and to poetry, and became professor in the university of Salamanca. The *Edinburgh Review* says of his poetry—"with the lofty idealism of the Platonic philosophy, he exhibits in his style all the clearness and precision of Horace. But the moral odes of Luis Ponce de Leon have a spell beyond the odes of the Epicurean poet."

When yonder glorious sky,
Lighted with million lamps, I contemplate;
And turn my dazzled eye
To this vain mortal state,
All dim and visionary, mean and desolate:

A mingled joy and grief
Fills all my soul with dark solicitude;—
I find a short relief
In tears, whose torrents rude
Roll down my cheeks; or thoughts which thus intrude:—

Thou so sublime abode!
Temple of light, and beauty's fairest shrine!
My soul, a spark of God,
Aspiring to thy seats divine,—
Why, why is it condemned in this dull cell to pine?

Why should I ask in vain
For truth's pure lamp, and wander here alone,
Seeking, through toil and pain,
Light from the Eternal One,—
Following a shadow still, that glimmers and is gone?

Rise from your sleep, vain men!
Look round,—and ask if spirits born of heaven,
And bound to heaven again,
Were only lent or given
To be in this mean round of shades and follies driven?

Turn your unclouded eye
Up to yon bright, to yon eternal spheres;
And spurn the vanity
Of time's delusive years,
And all its flattering hopes, and all its frowning fears.

What is the ground ye tread,
But a mere point, compared with that vast space,
Around, above you spread,—
Where, in the Almighty's face,
The present, future, past, hold an eternal place?

List to the concert pure
Of yon harmonious, countless worlds of light!
See, in his orbit sure,
Each takes his journey bright,
Led by an unseen hand through the vast maze of night!

See how the pale Moon rolls
Her silver wheel; and, scattering beams afar
On Earth's benighted souls,
See Wisdom's holy star;
Or, in his fiery course, the sanguine orb of War;

Or that benignant ray
Which Love hath called its own, and made so fair;
Or that serene display
Of power supernal there,
Where Jupiter conducts his chariot through the air!

And, circling all the rest,
See Saturn, father of the golden hours:
While round him, bright and blest,
The whole empyreum showers
Its glorious streams of light on this low world of ours!

But who to these can turn,
And weigh them 'gainst a weeping world like this,—
Nor feel his spirit burn
To grasp so sweet a bliss,
And mourn that exile hard which here his portion is?

Ye fields of changeless green,
Covered with living streams and fadeless flowers!
Thou paradise serene!
Eternal, joyful hours
My disembodied soul shall welcome in thy bowers!

JOHN LAW AND THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE.

[Louis Adolphe Thiers, a celebrated French historian and statesman, 1797–1877, was born at Marseilles, and died in Paris. Educated to the law, he went to Paris in 1815, serving his apprenticeship to literature by contributing articles to the daily press. This brought him into the best political and literary society in Paris, and he planned his great "*Histoire de la Révolution Française*" (10 vols., 1823–27). This comprehensive and carefully-executed work raised the young author at once to the height of celebrity. Three editions were quickly sold, and Thiers emerged from an obscure garret to

fame and fortune. A Liberal in politics, he established in 1830 the "*Nationale*," which waged vigorous war against the absolute measures of Charles X, of which the Revolution of 1830 was the climax. Soon elected to the Chamber of Deputies, Thiers became a power in politics, and was a member of the Cabinet from 1832–36. In 1846, Louis Philippe made him Prime Minister, and when 1848 came Thiers accepted the Republic, and was banished by Louis Napoleon, after the Coup d'état of 1851. Returning to France by permission, he continued his historical labours by his "*Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*," 20 vols. (1845–62). On the downfall of the Empire in 1870, Thiers was elected head of the provisional government, and in 1871, after crushing the Commune, he was elected President of the French Republic, succeeded by MacMahon in 1873. The style of Thiers is singularly clear, and his judgment of men and events generally calm and just. We quote some passages from his treatise on the Mississippi Bubble.]

Law involved himself by degrees in an error which the appearance of an abundant currency often occasions. He thought that the prosperity of a country depended upon the amount of money in circulation, and that this amount might be increased at pleasure. However, money is not food which will nourish a man, cloth which will clothe him, tools with which he can work; money is the equivalent which, by way of exchange, serves to procure all these things; but the things themselves must first exist. Cover a desert isle with all the gold of the Americas, or with all the notes of the Bank of England, and we should not at once find roads, canals, husbandry, manufactures—in a word, business. If by any means the amount of money in a country could be increased, without a proportionate increase in the amount of everything else, the prices would only be raised, without increasing actual wealth, because a greater quantity of cash would be put in the balance with the same quantity of merchantable articles.

Money, then, is not wealth; it is the result of wealth, and increases gradually with wealth. In proportion as business activity increases and industry and commerce become more developed, the products, more numerous, must be exchanged more frequently and with greater rapidity; traffic must increase in the same proportion as production. Then money, the medium of exchange, must become more abundant, because it is always attracted where it is needed. Soon, to money, a slow and expensive means of exchange, must succeed bills, a means easy, prompt, and, above all, economical. Banks will certainly be established: they are the result of an anterior prosperity, and serve effectively to increase it, but never precede it, because the creation of products must precede the demand for their circulation.

If Law, deceived by the first appearances of an expanded currency, attributed too great results to money alone, he was not mistaken as to the means of increasing it by credit. He had explained and developed, in a remarkable pamphlet, the operation of banks better than it had ever been done before.

One advantage of the establishment of banks, Law appreciated as much as the increase of currency—that was the introduction of paper money. Law esteemed this of special importance. Paper, in fact, can be transported to any distance without difficulty; it is easily counted; it is not merchandise, like the precious metals, whose value changes according to the quantity in the market. For all these reasons Law thought it preferable to gold and silver for the requirements of business.

He was right in many respects, and, notwithstanding his high estimation of the virtues of paper money, he did not fall into an error which his commentators and enemies have attributed to him.

This error, less common now than formerly, consisted in the belief that, as the fixed value of specie is ideal, and is useful only to be exchanged for supplying our wants, paper money also, which was equally current and could be exchanged for bread, meat and clothing, had an intrinsic value as positive as that of gold or silver. But Law understood perfectly well that specie had an intrinsic value which paper money could not have; that coin melted down is still valuable as an ingot, while paper is worthless when it ceases to be a note, and that this intrinsic value of the precious metals makes the most certain and secure medium of exchange. He has explained precisely his opinion on this subject, in a pamphlet still in existence; but he thought that banks could impart a real value to paper. In effect, the notes which a bank discounts are assignments of an anticipated product; a bank, in accepting them and issuing its own notes in their place, guarantees the products. If it miscalculates, its capital is responsible. It is an insurance fund against its mistakes. Paper money thus acquires, by means of the banks, the actual value of gold. It was upon these conditions, and

these alone, that Law thought paper money preferable to specie.

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The rue Quincampoix was called the *Mississippi*. Every day industrious mechanics and quiet gentlemen abandoned their labor or the enjoyment of their peaceable competency to embark on this tempestuous sea. Their number constantly increased, and in November all were under the fascination of this wild illusion. At this time the shares were quoted at 15,000f., or thirty times the original price. No one stopped to ask what was the foundation of this enormous wealth; no one reflected that paper had no value, except as representing realities.

While the six hundred thousand shares represented, in fact, the sum of one billion six hundred and seventy-seven million five hundred thousand francs, they had risen, at the price of fifteen thousand francs, to represent a sum amounting to nine billions. Had the commerce of all the Indies ever produced profits to justify such a rise in the capital and to pay a proportionate interest? Had it, for example, produced four hundred and fifty millions in a year, so as to have paid five per cent., at least, upon the capital so suddenly created? No one asked himself these questions. Every one seemed to think with Law, that all wealth was in money; that paper would take the place of it, and that the shares were really worth their market price.

Law was idolized. The nobility filled his ante-chambers. One of his old friends being in his private apartments, saw him go through some long calculations, breakfast, then play at faro, while a crowd of noblemen patiently waited for him.

The month of December was the time of the greatest infatuation. The shares ended by rising to eighteen and twenty thousand francs—thirty-six and forty times the first price. Everything had been systematized in the rue Quincampoix. Guards were placed at both extremities of the street; a commission had been appointed to settle all disputes summarily. The concourse of speculators constantly increased. People from every quarter rushed to this general rendezvous of fortune. Creditors brought the sums received from their debtors; proprietors brought the value of their estates, and ladies that of their diamonds. The *Mississippians* began to abandon themselves to the pleasures and dissipations which attend suddenly-acquired fortunes. The regent, freed from his cares; the nobility, believing itself wealthy; the brokers, possessing immense quantities of paper, indulged in every kind of debauchery. The shops in the rue St. Honoré, commonly filled with the richest stuffs, were emptied; the cloth of gold became extremely scarce—it was seen in the streets worn by all sorts of people. An unheard-of number of equipages paraded the capital; the streets St. Denis and St. Martin, contiguous to the rue Quincampoix, were so blocked up by the carriages of rich *Mississippians*, that the merchants complained to the regent that they seriously interfered with their trade.

So unnatural a state of things could not last long. Before Law had made his system complete—before he had given the company the last privileges which he had designed for it, and had united it with the bank, the shares were to suffer a frightful decline.

THE CONSPIRACY OF CATILINE.

[Caius Sallustius Crispus, an eminent Roman historian, born 86, B. C., died in 34, B. C. He followed the fortunes of Cæsar in the civil war, and was made by the victorious general, governor of Numidia in Africa. Returning to Rome, Sallust retired to private life, and wrote his celebrated histories, "*The Conspiracy of Catiline*," and "*The Jugurthine War*." An actual spectator of the events which he describes, Sallust's narrative has all the merit of a vivid portrayal of character, and his style is concise and forcible.]

It becomes all men, who desire to excel other animals, to strive, to the utmost of their power, not to pass through life in obscurity, like the beasts of the field, which nature has formed grovelling and subservient to appetite.

All our power is situate in the mind and in the body. Of the mind we rather employ the government; of the body, the service. The one is common to us with the gods; the other with the brutes. It appears to me, therefore, more reasonable to pursue glory by means of the intellect than of bodily strength, and, since the life that we enjoy is short, to make the remembrance of us as lasting as possible. For the glory of wealth and beauty is fleeting and perishable; that of intellectual power is illustrious and immortal.

Yet it was long a subject of dispute among mankind, whether military efforts were more advanced by strength of body, or by force of intellect. For, in affairs of

war, it is necessary to plan before beginning to act, and, after planning, to act with promptitude and vigor. Thus, each being sufficient of itself, the one requires the assistance of the other.

In early times, accordingly, kings (for that was the first title of sovereignty in the world) applied themselves in different ways; some exercised the mind, others the body. At that period, however, the life of man was passed without covetousness; every one was satisfied with his own. But after Cyrus in Asia, and the Lacedemonians and Athenians in Greece began to subjugate cities and nations, to deem the lust of dominion a reason for war, and to imagine the greatest glory to be in the most extensive empire, it was at length discovered, by proof and experience, that mental power has the greatest effect in military operations. And, indeed, if the intellectual ability of kings and magistrates were exerted to the same degree in peace as in war, human affairs would be more orderly and settled, and you would not see governments shifted from hand to hand, and things universally changed and confused. For dominion is easily secured by those qualities by which it was at first obtained. But when sloth has introduced itself in the place of industry, and covetousness and pride in that of moderation and equity, the fortune of a state is altered, together with its morals; and thus authority is always transferred from the less to the more deserving.

Even in agriculture, in navigation, and in architecture, whatever man performs, owns the dominion of intellect. Yet many human beings, resigned to sensuality and indolence, uninstructed and unimproved, have passed through life like travellers in a strange country; to whom, certainly contrary to the instruction of nature, the body was a gratification, and the mind a burden. Of these I hold the life and death in equal estimation; for silence is maintained concerning both. But he only, indeed, seems to me to live, and to enjoy life, who, intent upon some employment, seeks reputation from some ennobling enterprise, or honourable pursuits.

But in the great abundance of occupations, nature points out different paths to different individuals. To act well for the commonwealth is noble, and even to speak well for it, is not without merit. Both in peace and in war it is possible to obtain celebrity; many who have acted, and many who have recorded the actions of others, receive their tribute of praise. And to me, assuredly, though by no means equal glory attends the narrator and the performer of illustrious deeds, it yet seems in the highest degree difficult to write the history of great transactions; first, because deeds must be adequately represented by words; and next, because most readers consider that whatever errors you mention with censure, are mentioned through malevolence and envy; while when you speak of the great virtue and glory of eminent men, every one hears with acquiescence only that which he himself thinks easy to be performed; all beyond his own conception he regards as fictitious and incredible.

I myself, however, when a young man, was at first led by inclination, like most others, to engage in political affairs; but in that pursuit many circumstances were unfavorable to me; for instead of modesty, temperance, and integrity, there prevailed shamelessness, corruption, and rapacity. And although my mind, inexperienced in dishonest practices, detested these vices, yet, in the midst of so much corruption, my tender age was infected and ensnared by ambition; and though I shrunk from the vicious principles of those around me, yet the same eagerness for honours, the same obloquy and jealousy which disquieted others, disquieted myself.

When, therefore, my mind had rest from its numerous troubles and trials, and I had determined to pass the remainder of my days unconnected with public life, it was not my intention to waste my valuable leisure in indolence and inactivity, or, engaging in servile occupations, to spend my time in agriculture or hunting; but returning to those studies, from which, at their commencement, a corrupt ambition had allured me, I determined to write, in detached portions, the transactions of the Roman people, as any occurrence should seem worthy of mention; an undertaking to which I was rather inclined, as my mind was uninfluenced by hope, fear, or political partisanship. I shall accordingly give a brief account, with as much truth as I can, of the Conspiracy of Catiline; for I think it an enterprise eminently deserving of record, from the unusual nature, both of its guilt and of its perils. But before I enter upon my narrative, I must give a short description of the character of the man.

Lucius Catiline was a man of noble

birth, and of eminent mental and personal endowments; but of a vicious and depraved disposition. His delight, from his youth, had been in civil commotious, bloodshed, robbery, and sedition; and in such scenes he had spent his early years. His constitution could endure hunger, want of sleep, and cold, to a degree surpassing belief. His mind was daring, subtle, and versatile, capable of pretending or dissembling anything he wished. He was covetous of other men's property, and prodigal of his own. He had abundance of eloquence, though but little wisdom. His insatiable ambition was always pursuing objects extravagant, romantic, and unattainable.

Since the time of Sylla's dictatorship, a strong desire of seizing the government possessed him, nor did he at all care, provided that he secured power for himself, by what means he might arrive at it. His violent spirit was daily more and more hurried on by the diminution of his patrimony, and by his consciousness of guilt; both which he had increased by the practices which I have mentioned above. The corrupt morals of the state, too, which extravagance and selfishness, two pernicious and contending vices, rendered thoroughly depraved, furnished him with additional incentives to action.

Since the occasion has thus brought public morals under my notice, the subject itself seems to call upon me to look back, and briefly to describe the conduct of our ancestors in peace and war; how they managed the state, and how powerful they left it; and how, by gradual alteration, it became, from being the most virtuous, the most vicious and depraved.

Of the city of Rome, as I understand, the founders and earliest inhabitants were the Trojans, who, under the conduct of Aeneas, were wandering about as exiles from their country, without any settled abode; and with these were joined the aborigines, a savage race of men, without laws or government, free, and owning no control. How easily these two tribes, though of different origin, dissimilar language, and opposite habits of life, formed a union when they met within the same walls is almost incredible. But when their state, from an accession of population and territory, and an improved condition of morals, showed itself tolerably flourishing and powerful, envy, as is generally the case in human affairs, was the consequence of its prosperity. The neighbouring kings and people, accordingly, began to assail them in war, while a few only of their friends came to their support; for the rest, struck with alarm, shrunk from sharing their dangers. But the Romans, active at home and in the field, prepared with alacrity for their defence. They encouraged one another, and hurried to meet the enemy. They protected with their arms, their liberty, their country, and their homes. And when they had at length repelled danger by valour, they lent assistance to their allies and supporters, and procured friendships rather by bestowing favours than by receiving them.

They had a government regulated by laws. The denomination of their government was monarchy. Chosen men, whose bodies might be enfeebled by years, but whose minds were vigorous in understanding, formed the council of the state; and these, whether from their age, or from the similarity of their duty, were called Fathers. But afterwards, when the monarchical power, which had been originally established for the protection of liberty, and for the promotion of the public interest, had degenerated into tyranny and oppression, they changed their plan, and appointed two magistrates with power only annual; for they conceived that, by this method, the human mind would be least likely to grow overbearing through want of control.

At this period every citizen began to seek distinction, and to display his talents with greater freedom; for with princes the meritorious are greater objects of suspicion than the undeserving, and to them the worth of others is a source of alarm. But when liberty was secured, it is almost incredible how much the state strengthened itself in a short space of time, so strong a passion for distinction had pervaded it. Now, for the first time, the youth, as soon as they were able to bear the toils of war, acquired military skill by actual service in the camp, and took pleasure rather in splendid arms and military deeds than in the society of mistresses and convivial indulgence. To such men no toil was unusual, no place was difficult or inaccessible, no armed enemy was formidable; their valour had overcome everything. But among themselves the grand rivalry was for glory; each sought to be the first to wound an enemy, to scale a wall, and to be noticed while performing such an exploit. Distinction such as this

they regarded as wealth, honour, and true nobility. They were covetous of praise, but liberal of money; they desired competent riches, but boundless glory. I could mention, but that the account would draw me too far from my subject, places in which the Roman people, with a small body of men, routed vast armies of the enemy; and cities which, though fortified by nature, they carrried by assault.

But, assuredly, Fortune rules in all things. She makes everything famous or obscure rather from caprice than in conformity with truth. The exploits of the Athenians, as far as I can judge, were very great and glorious, yet something inferior to what fame has represented them. But because writers of great talent flourished there, the actions of the Athenians are celebrated over the world as the most splendid of achievements. Thus the merit of those who have acted is estimated at the highest point to which illustrious intellects could exalt it in their writings.

But among the Romans there was never any such abundance of writers; for, with them, the most able men were the most actively employed. No one exercised the mind independently of the body; every man of ability chose to act rather than narrate; and was more desirous that his own merits should be celebrated by others, than that he himself should record theirs.

Good morals, accordingly, were cultivated in the city and in the camp. There was the greatest possible concord, and the least possible avarice. Justice and probity prevailed among the citizens, not more from the influence of the laws, than from natural inclination. They displayed animosity, enmity, and resentment only against the enemy. Citizens contended with citizens in nothing but honour. They were magnificent in their religious services, frugal in their families, and steady in their friendships.

By these two virtues, intrepidity in war, and equity in peace, they maintained themselves and their state. Of their exercise of which virtues, I consider these as the greatest proofs; that, in war, punishment was oftener inflicted on those who attacked an enemy contrary to orders, and who, when commanded to retreat, retired too slowly from the contest, than on those who had dared to desert their standards, or, when pursued by the enemy, to abandon their posts; and that, in peace they governed more by conferring benefits than by exciting terror, and when they received an injury, chose rather to pardon than to revenge it.

But when, by perseverance and integrity, the republic had increased its power; when mighty princes had been vanquished in war; when barbarous tribes and populous states had been reduced to subjection; when Carthage, the rival of Rome's dominion, had been utterly destroyed, and sea and land lay everywhere open to her sway, Fortune then began to exercise her tyranny, and to introduce universal innovation. To those who easily endured toils, dangers, and doubtful and difficult circumstances, ease and wealth, the objects of desire to others, became a burden and a trouble. At first the love of money, and that of power, began to prevail, and these became, as it were, the source of every evil. For avarice subverted honesty, integrity, and other honourable principles, and, in their stead, inculcated pride, inhumanity, contempt of religion, and general venality. Ambition prompted many to become deceitful; to keep one thing concealed in the breast and another ready on the tongue; to estimate friendships and enmities, not by their worth, but according to interest; and to carry rather a specious countenance than an honest heart. These vices advanced but slowly, and were sometimes restrained by correction; but afterwards when their infection had spread like a pestilence, the state was entirely changed, and the government, from being the most equitable and praiseworthy, became rapacious and insupportable.

SALLUST.

ODES OF HORACE.

[QUINTUS HORATIUS FLACCUS, the most finished of the Latin poets, was born in the year 65, B. C., at Venusia, and died in the year 8, B. C., in his fifty-seventh year. His father held a small office, and was a farmer, although once a slave. He gave his son the best Roman education of the day, after which, in his eighteenth year, Horace went to Athens to continue his studies. Here he seems to have imbibed much of that Epicurean philosophy which appears so conspicuous in some of his poems. Returning to Rome, Horace began to write those immortal odes which have become prime favorites with men of culture in all nations. Virgil admired and Varius loved him, and these famous poets introduced him to Mæcenas, a man of letters and one of the richest of Romans, as well as a minister of

Augustus. His patron, Mæcenas, presented Horace the Sabine farm, a few miles from Rome, where the poet passed a part of each year in an agreeable retreat, raising corn, olives and wine, and entertaining his friends. The writings of Horace, though far from voluminous, are marked by an exquisite polish, a masterly condensation, and a refined choice of metre and of diction, which secures to them perennial fame as models of literary art. His satires afford pictures of Roman life and manners in the age of Augustus. No classic author, except Homer, has been so frequently translated as Horace.]

TO LUCIUS SEXTIUS, CONSUL.

[*Ode* 4, *Book I.*]

Now Spring, with gentle gales, over wintry cold prevails,
And the capstan warps the bark to the sea;
The cattle quit their byre, and the husbandmen their fire,
As the hoar-frost melts away from the lea.

Beneath Diana's glance Cytherea leads the dance,
Nymphs and Graces pairing off in the maze;
And deep in Ætna's gorge toil the Cyclops at their forge,
While Vulcan keeps the furnace in a blaze.

Let the myrtle-wreath around every shining head be wound,
Or the flowers in the earth lately hid;
So to Faunus in the shade must our offering be made,
Be it lamb or more acceptable kid.

Pale Death's impartial foot knocks at the peasant's hut
And the palace of the king. O my friend,
Away with scheme and plan when our life is but a span,
Like spectres of the night must we end.

In Pluto's narrow home, whither, Sextius, if thou come,
Cast of die names no lord of the wine,
Nor Lycidas is there driving suitors to despair,
When the maidens for his love 'gin to pine.

Translated by R. M. Hovenden.

THE POET'S PRAYER.

[*Ode* 31, *Book I.*]

What asks the poet, who adores
Apollo's virgin shrine,
What asks he, as he freely pours
The consecrating wine?

Not the rich grain that waves along
Sardinia's fertile land,
Nor the unnumber'd herds, that throng
Calabria's sultry strand;

Nor gold, nor ivory's snowy gleam,
The spoil of far Cathay,
Nor fields, which Liris, quiet stream,
Gnaws silently away.

Let fortune's favour'd sons the vine
Of fair Campania hold;
The merchant quaff the rarest wine,
From cups of gleaming gold.

For to the Gods the man is dear
Who scathelessly can brave,
Three times or more in every year,
The wild Atlantic wave.

Let olives, endives, mallows light
Be all my fare; and health
Give thou, Latoë, so I might
Enjoy my present wealth.

Give me but these, I ask no more,
These, and a mind entire—
An old age not unhonour'd, nor
Unsolaced by the lyre.

Translated by Theodore Martin.

TO QUINTUS DELLIUS.

[*Ode* 3, *Book II.*]

In trouble's dark hour don't give way to despair,
For, Dellius, our days are but brief;
And when you're in luck learn as wisely to bear
The good fortune of life as its grief.

However you live, whether sadly or not,
Or whether, reclined on the grass,
You quaff the best wine in a snug little spot,
And make the days jollily pass:

Where poplar and pine join their branches on high,
And form an acceptable shade
Where struggling the bend of the bank to flow by,
The murmuring brook is delayed.

So bring here your perfumes, your wine, and your flowers,
And roses whose bloom is soon fled:
While we've money and youth let's enjoy a few hours
Before the Fates spin out our thread.

You must leave your own groves and your houses, my friend,
And your villa beside the fair river,
And the wealth that you've gathered, and never will spend,
Your heir will enjoy every stiver.

Are you rich and descended from Inachus old,
Or poor, living out in the air?
It matters not—off you must go when you're told,
No victim will Orcus e'er spare.

On the same gloomy voyage we're all of us bound—
The urn must be shaken for all:
And sooner or later our lot will be found,
And he'll bear us away past recall.

Translated by W. E. H. FORSYTH.

TO GROSPHUS.

[*Ode* 16, *Book II.*]

On wild Ægean waters, tempest-tossed,
Rest is the suppliant's prayer; the only boon
He asks the Gods when guiding-stars are lost,
And veiled the moon.

Goaded by war, for rest the Thracians cry;
Rest is the hope the quivered Parthians hold,
Grosphus, that rest which purple cannot buy,
Nor genius, nor gold.

No lictor's hand the tumults of the mind
Can quell, no treasured wealth can keep aloof
The cares that round a gilded ceiling wind
And lacquered roof.

Right well he lives, whose frugal board appears
Decked only with the salt-dish of his sire;
Lightly he sleeps, for wealth he knows no fears
And no desire.

What do we aim at? Creatures of a day,
Why wish to bask beneath another sky;
What restless exile, tho' through earth he stay,
From self can fly?

Since gnawing Care the brazen bark can scale,
Nor troops of horse leave gnawing Care behind,
Swift as the deer, swift as the clouds that sail
Before the wind:

Gladdened with present joy, the mind should scorn
All that's beyond. Each bitter thought repressed
With a calm smile, since nought on earth that's born
Is wholly blessed.

An early death cut short Achilles' fame;
And endless life wore gaunt Tithonus down;
One hour may blast thy hopes—perchance the same
My wish may crown.

Thine are a hundred flocks; around thee low
Sicilian herds; for thee the managed mare
Neighs in the car; twice dipped, thy garments show
The purple rare,

Of Afric's dye. To me the homely prize
Of my small farm hath equal fate allowed,
To woo the Grecian Muse and to despise
The envious crowd.

Translated by G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE.

TO SEPTIMIUS.

[*Ode* 6, *Book II.*]

Septimius, who hast vow'd to go
With Horace e'en to furthest Spain,
Or see the fierce Cantabrian foe
Untaught to bear the Roman chain,
Or the barbaric Syrts, with mad recoil
Where Mauritanian billows ceaseless boil;

May Tibur to my latest hours
Afford a kind and calm retreat;
Tibur, beneath whose lofty towers
The Grecians fix'd their blissful seat;
There may my labours end, my wanderings cease,
There all my toils of warfare rest in peace.

But should the partial Fates refuse
That purer air to let me breathe;
Galesus, gentle stream, I'll choose,
Where flocks of richest fleeces bathe:
Phalantus there his rural sceptre sway'd,
Uncertain offspring of a Spartan maid.

No spot so joyous smiles to me
Of this wide globe's extended shores;
Where nor the labours of the bee
Yield to Hymettus' golden stores,
Nor the green berry of Venafran soil
Swells with a riper flood of fragrant oil.

There Jove his kindest gifts bestows,
There joys to crown the fertile plains;
With genial warmth the winter glows,
And spring with lengthen'd honours reigns;
Nor Aulon, friendly to the clustered vine,
Envies the vintage of Falernian wine.

That happy place, that sweet retreat,
The charming hills that round it rise,
Your latest hours and mine await.
And when at length your Horace dies,
There the deep sigh thy poet friend shall mourn
And pious tears bedew his glowing urn.

Translated by PHILIP FRANCIS

TO MÆCENAS.

[*Ode* 20, *Book II.*]

We shall no feeble pinion bear
In ordinary flight
Sublimely soaring through the air
To realms of liquid light;
A Power divine exalts my far renown
High o'er the vulgar crowd and envious town.

What though of humble parents born,
To me no clients bend;

Thou dost not, oh, Mæcenas! scorn
To call the Bard thy friend;
Nor shall I moulder in oblivion's grave,
Nor linger captive by the Stygian wave.

Mortal no more! the wondrous change
Through every limb descends;
My arms embrace a wider range,
My feathered neck extends;
And round my loins and aching shoulders grow
The swan-like down and waving plumes of snow.

On Dædalean wings I soar,
And steer my tuneful flight
Where Hellespontic billows roar
'Mid straits and islands bright;
My song shall charm the world from Afric's coast
To farthest fields of Hyperborean frost.

To Colchis, and the Gelon's tribe the lay
Of triumph shall be known;
We shall Iberia learn, and they
Who drink the arrowy Rhone;
The Dacian flying in dissembled fear
Of Marsian chivalry my strain shall hear.

Be no funereal wailing heard,
Let no vain incense burn
Above the spot where lies interred
The Poet's vacant urn;
Compose all idle clamour, nor presume
To rear superfluous honours on my tomb.

Translated by LORD RAVENSWORTH.

SCENE WITH A PANTHER.

FROM EDGAR HUNTLY.

[CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN was the first American who adopted literature as a profession, and was born at Philadelphia, 1771. He published "*Wieland*" (1798), "*Ormond*" (1799), and "*Arthur Mervyn*" (1800). He founded in 1803 "*The Literary Magazine and American Register*," which he edited for five years. His mind was remarkable for originality and imagination. Prescott says in his "*Life of C. B. Brown*," in "*Sparks's American Biography*," "His peculiar merits appeal to a higher order of criticism than is to be found in ordinary and superficial readers."

We extract from his novel, "*Edgar Huntly*" (1807), the following:]

Clithero, the sleep-walker, has become insane and has fled into one of the wild mountain fastnesses of Norway. Edgar Huntly endeavours to discover his retreat.

I passed through the cave. . . . At that moment, torrents of rain poured from above, and stronger blasts thundered amidst these desolate recesses and profound chasms. Instead of lamenting the prevalence of the tempest, I now began to regard it with pleasure. It conferred new forms of sublimity and grandeur on the scene. As I crept with hands and feet along my imperfect bridge, a sudden gust had nearly whirled me into the frightful abyss. To preserve myself, I was obliged to loose my hold of my burden, and it fell into the gulf. This incident disconcerted and distressed me. As soon as I had effected my dangerous passage, I screened myself behind a cliff, and gave myself up to reflection. . . .

While thus occupied, my eyes were fixed upon the opposite steeps. The tops of the trees, waving to and fro, in the wildest commotion, and their trunks, occasionally bending to the blast, which, in these lofty regions, blew with a violence unknown in the tracts below, exhibited an awful spectacle. At length, my attention was attracted by the trunk which lay across the gulf, and which I had converted into a bridge. I perceived that it had already somewhat swerved from its original position, that every blast broke or loosened some of the fibres by which its roots were connected with the opposite bank, and that, if the storm did not speedily abate, there was imminent danger of its being torn from the rock and precipitated into the chasm. Thus my retreat would be cut off, and the evils, from which I was endeavouring to rescue another, would be experienced by myself. . . .

I believed my destiny to hang upon the expedition with which I should recross this gulf. The moments that were spent in these deliberations were critical, and I shuddered to observe that the trunk was held in its place by one or two fibres which were already stretched almost to breaking.

To pass along the trunk, rendered slippery by the wet and unsteadfast by the wind, was eminently dangerous. To maintain my hold in passing, in defiance of the whirlwind, required the most vigorous exertions. For this end it was necessary to discommode myself of my cloak and of the volume. . . .

Just as I had disposed of these encumbrances, and had risen from my seat, my attention was again called to the opposite steep, by the most unwelcome object that at this time could possibly present itself. Something was perceived moving among the bushes and rocks, which, for a time, I hoped

was no more than a raccoon or opossum, but which presently appeared to be a panther. His gray coat, extended claws, fiery eyes, and a cry which he at that moment uttered, and which, by its resemblance to the human voice, is peculiarly terrific, denoted him to be the most ferocious and untameable of that detested race. The industry of our hunters has nearly banished animals of prey from these precincts. The fastnesses of Norwalk, however, could not but afford refuge to some of them. Of late I had met them so rarely, that my fears were seldom alive, and I trod, without caution, the ruggedest and most solitary haunts. Still, however, I had seldom been unfurnished in my rambles with the means of defence. . . .

The unfrequency with which I had lately encountered this foe, and the encumbrance of provision made me neglect on this occasion to bring with me my usual arms. The beast that was now before me, when stimulated by hunger, was accustomed to assail whatever could provide him with a banquet of blood. He would set upon the man and the deer with equal and irresistible ferocity. His sagacity was equal to his strength, and he seemed able to discover when his antagonist was armed. . . .

My past experience enabled me to estimate the full extent of my danger. He sat on the brow of the steep, eyeing the bridge, and apparently deliberating whether he should cross it. It was probable that he had scented my footsteps thus far, and, should he pass over, his vigilance could scarcely fail of detecting my asylum. . . . .

Should he retain his present station, my danger was scarcely lessened. To pass over in the face of a famished tiger was only to rush upon my fate. The falling of the trunk, which had lately been so anxiously deprecated, was now, with no less solicitude, desired. Every new gust I hoped would tear asunder its remaining bands, and, by cutting off all communication between the opposite steeps, place me in security. My hopes, however, were destined to be frustrated. The fibres of the prostrate tree were obstinately tenacious of their hold, and presently the animal scrambled down the rock and proceeded to cross it.

Of all kinds of death, that which now menaced me was the most abhorred. To die by disease, or by the hand of a fellow-creature, was lenient in comparison with being rent to pieces by the fangs of this savage. To perish in this obscure retreat, by means so impervious to the anxious curiosity of my friends, to lose my portion of existence by so untoward and ignoble a destiny, was insupportable. I bitterly deplored my rashness in coming hither unprovided for an encounter like this.

The evil of my present circumstances consisted chiefly in suspense. My death was unavoidable, but my imagination had leisure to torment itself by anticipations. One foot of the savage was slowly and cautiously moved after the other. He struck his claws so deeply into the bark that they were with difficulty withdrawn. At length he leaped upon the ground. We were now separated by an interval of scarely eight feet. To leave the spot where I crouched was impossible. Behind and beside me the cliff rose perpendicularly, and before me was this grim and terrific visage. I shrunk still closer to the ground and closed my eyes.

From this pause of horror I was aroused by the noise occasioned by a second spring of the animal. He leaped into the pit in which I had so deeply regretted that I had not taken refuge, and disappeared. My rescue was so sudden, and so much beyond my belief or my hope, that I doubted for a moment whether my senses did not deceive me. This opportunity of escape was not to be neglected. I left my place and scrambled over the trunk with a precipitation which had liked to have proved fatal. The tree groaned and shook under me, the wind blew with unexampled violence, and I had scarcely reached the opposite steep when the roots were severed from the rock, and the whole fell thundering to the bottom of the chasm.

My trepidations were not speedily quieted. I looked back with wonder on my hair-breadth escape, and on that singular concurrence of events which had placed me in so short a period in absolute security. Had the trunk fallen a moment earlier, I should have been imprisoned on the hill or thrown headlong. Had its fall been delayed another moment I should have been pursued; for the beast now issued from his den, and testified his surprise and disappointment by tokens, the sight of which made my blood run cold.

He saw me and hastened to the verge of the chasm. He squatted on his hind-legs and assumed the attitude of one preparing to leap. My consternation was excited afresh

by these appearances. It seemed at first as if the rift was too wide for any power of muscles to carry him in safety over; but I knew the unparalleled agility of this animal, and that his experience had made him a better judge of the practicability of this exploit than I was.

Still there was hope that he would relinquish this design as desperate. This hope was quickly at an end. He sprung, and his fore-legs touched the verge of the rock on which I stood. In spite of vehement exertions, however, the surface was too smooth and too hard to allow him to make good his hold. He fell, and a piercing cry, uttered below, showed that nothing had obstructed his descent to the bottom.

THE POWER OF WORDS.

[EDWIN P. WHIPPLE, an American critic and lecturer, was born at Gloucester, Mass., in 1819. Educated at public schools, he became in early life a banker's clerk, and, while yet young, began writing copiously for periodical publications. Since 1860 Mr. Whipple's time has been wholly given up to literature, and he is the author of numerous essays and reviews, besides having made a great reputation as a public lecturer on social, historical and literary topics His style is clear, forcible and incisive, and he delights in climax and antithesis. Whipple's "*Essays and Reviews*" were published in two vols. (1848); "*Lectures*" (1849), and "*Literature of the Age of Elizabeth*" (1869) He died in 1886.]

Words are most effective when arranged in that order which is called style. The great secret of a good style, we are told, is to have proper words in proper places. To marshal one's verbal battalions in such order that they may bear at once upon all quarters of a subject, is certainly a great art. This is done in different ways. Swift, Temple, Addison, Hume, Gibbon, Johnson, Burke, are all great generals in the discipline of their verbal armies, and the conduct of their paper wars. Each has a system of tactics of his own, and excels in the use of some particular weapon. The tread of Johnson's style is heavy and sonorous, resembling that of an elephant or a mail-clad warrior. He is fond of levelling an obstacle by a polysyllabic battering-ram. Burke's words are continually practising the broad-sword exercise, and sweeping down adversaries with every stroke. Arbuthnot "plays his weapon like a tongue of flame." Addison draws up his light infantry in orderly array, and marches through sentence after sentence, without having his ranks disordered or his line broken. Luther is different. His words are "half battles;" "his smiting idiomatic phrases seem to cleave into the very secret of the matter." Gibbon's legions are heavily armed, and march with precision and dignity to the music of their own tramp. They are splendidly equipped, but a nice eye can discern a little rust beneath their fine apparel, and there are sutlers in his camp who lie, cog, and talk gross obscenity. Macaulay, brisk, lively, keen and energetic, runs his thoughts rapidly through his sentence, and kicks out of the way every word which obstructs his passage. He reins in his steed only when he has reached his goal, and then does it with such celerity that he is nearly thrown backwards by the suddenness of his stoppage. Gifford's words are moss-troopers, that waylay innocent travellers and murder them for hire. Jeffrey is a fine "lance," with a sort of Arab swiftness in his movement, and runs an iron-clad horseman through the eye before he has had time to close his helmet. John Wilson's camp is a disorganized mass, who might do effectual service under better discipline, but who under his lead are suffered to carry on a rambling and predatory warfare, and disgrace their general by flagitious excesses. Sometimes they steal, sometimes swear, sometimes drink, and sometimes pray. Swift's words are porcupine's quills, which he throws with unerring aim at whoever approaches his lair. All of Ebenezer Elliott's words are gifted with huge fists, to pummel and bruise. Chatham and Mirabeau throw hot shot into their opponents' magazines. Talfourd's forces are orderly and disciplined, and march to the music of the Dorian flute; those of Keats keep time to the tones of the pipe of Phœbus; and the hard, harsh-featured battalions of Maginn, are always preceded by a brass band. Hallam's word-infantry can do much execution, when they are not in each other's way. Pope's phrases are either daggers or rapiers. Willis's words are often tipsy with the champagne of the fancy, but even when they reel and stagger they keep the line of grace and beauty, and though scattered at first by a fierce onset from graver cohorts, soon reunite without wound or loss. John Neal's forces are multitudinous and fire briskly at every thing. They occupy all the provinces of letters, and are nearly useless from being spread over

too much ground. Everett's weapons are ever kept in good order, and shine well in the sun, but they are little calculated for warfare, and rarely kill when they strike. Webster's words are thunder-bolts, which sometimes miss the Titans at whom they are hurled, but always leave enduring marks when they strike. Hazlitt's verbal army is sometimes drunk and surly, sometimes foaming with passion, sometimes cool and malignant, but drunk or sober are ever dangerous to cope with. Some of Tom Moore's words are shining dirt, which he flings with excellent aim. This list might be indefinitely extended, and arranged with more regard to merit and chronology. My own words, in this connection, might be compared to ragged, undisciplined militia, which could be easily routed by a charge of horse, and which are apt to fire into each other's faces.

THE POETRY OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

To write good comic verse is a different thing from writing good comic poetry. A jest or a sharp saying may be easily made to rhyme; but to blend ludicrous ideas with fancy and imagination, and display in their conception and expression the same poetic qualities usually exercised in serious composition, is a rare distinction. Among American poets, we know of none who excels Holmes in this difficult branch of the art. Many of his pleasant lyrics seem not so much the offspring of wit, as of fancy and sentiment turned in a humorous direction. His manner of satirizing the foibles, follies, vanities, and affectations of conventional life is altogether peculiar and original. He looks at folly and pretension from the highest pinnacle of scorn. They never provoke his indignation, for to him they are too mean to justify anger, and hardly worthy of petulance. His light, glancing irony and fleering sarcasm are the more effective, from the impertinence of his benevolent sympathies. He wonders, hopes, wishes, titters, and cries with his victims. He practises on them the legerdemain of contempt. He kills with a sly stab, and proceeds on his way as if "nothing in particular" had happened. He picks his teeth with cool unconcern, while looking down on the captives of his wit, as if their destruction conferred no honour upon himself, and was unimportant to the rest of mankind. He makes them ridicule themselves, by giving a voice to their motions and manners. He translates the conceited smirk of the coxcomb into felicitous words. The vacant look and trite talk of the bore he links with subtle analogies. He justifies the egotist unto himself by a series of mocking sophisms. He expresses the voiceless folly and affectation of the ignorant and brainless by cunningly contrived phrases and apt imagery. He idealizes nonsense, pertness, and aspiring dullness. The movement of his wit is so swift, that its presence is known only when it strikes. He will sometimes, as it were, blind the eyes of his victims with diamond dust, and then pelt them pitilessly with scoffing compliments. He passes from the sharp, stinging gibe to the most grotesque exaggerations of drollery, with a bewildering rapidity.

Holmes is also a poet of sentiment and passion. "Old Ironsides," "The Steamboat," "Qui Vive," and numerous passages of "Poetry," display a lyrical fire and inspiration which should not be allowed to decay for want of care and fuel. In those poems of fancy and sentiment, where the exceeding richness and softness of his diction seem trembling on the verge of meretricious ornament, he is preserved from slipping into Della Cruscanism by the manly energy of his nature and his keen perception of the ridiculous. Those who know him only as a comic lyrist, as the libellous laureat of chirping folly and presumptuous egotism, would be surprised at the clear sweetness and skylark thrill of his serious and sentimental compositions.

NEED OF AN AMERICAN LITERATURE.

In order that America may take its due rank in the commonwealth of nations, a literature is needed which shall be the exponent of its higher life. We live in times of turbulence and change. There is a general dissatisfaction, manifesting itself often in rude contests and ruder speech, with the gulf which separates principles from actions. Men are struggling to realize dim ideals of right and truth, and each failure adds to the desperate earnestness of their efforts. Beneath all the shrewdness and selfishness of the American character, there is a smouldering enthusiasm which flames out at the first

touch of fire,—sometimes at the hot and hasty words of party, and sometimes at the bidding of great thoughts and unselfish principles. The heart of the nation is easily stirred to its depths; but those who rouse its fiery impulses into action are often men compounded of ignorance and wickedness, and wholly unfitted to guide the passions which they are able to excite. There is no country in the world which has nobler ideas imbodied in more worthless shapes. All our factions, fanaticisms, reforms, parties, creeds, ridiculous or dangerous though they often appear, are founded on some aspiration or reality which deserves a better form and expression. There is a mighty power in great speech. If the sources of what we call our fooleries and faults were rightly addressed, they would echo more majestic and kindling truths. We want a poetry which shall speak in clear, loud tones to the people; a poetry which shall make us more in love with our native land, by converting its ennobling scenery into the images of lofty thoughts; which shall give visible form and life to the abstract ideas of our written constitutions; which shall confer upon virtue all the strength of principle and all the energy of passion; which shall disentangle freedom from cant and senseless hyperbole, and render it a thing of such loveliness and grandeur as to justify all self-sacrifice; which shall make us love man by the new consecrations it sheds on his life and destiny; which shall force through the thin partitions of conventionalism and expediency; vindicate the majesty of reason; give new power to the voice of conscience, and new vitality to human affection; soften and elevate passion; guide enthusiasm in a right direction; and speak out in the high language of men to a nation of men.

E. P. Whipple.

AN IDYL OF THEOCRITUS.

[Theocritus, one of the sweetest poets of Greece, was born about B. C. 272, in Syracuse. He removed to Alexandria and was patronized by Ptolemy Philadelphus, in whose praise he wrote three of his Idyls. Theocritus was the actual creator of bucolic or rural poetry in Greek literature; and the Bucolics of Virgil are modelled upon, and even largely borrowed from his Idyls. Theocritus wrote in the Doric dialect, the soft graces of which are exquisitely adapted to express the tender passion and delicious simplicity of pastoral life. His poems depict the ordinary life of the peasants of Sicily, and are realistic, no less than poetical. About thirty poems of Theocritus have come down to us. In the following, translated by Fawkes from the first Idyl, the reader will find several parallelisms with passages in Milton's Lycidas, showing that that great Englian poet had drank deeply at the classic fount.]

THYRSIS AND THE GOATHERD.

Thyrsis, at the request of his friend the goatherd, sings the fate of Daphnis, who died for love; and is rewarded for his song with a milch goat and a pastoral cup of most excellent sculpture.

THYRSIS.

Sweet are the whispers of yon vocal pine,
Whose boughs, projecting o'er the springs, recline;
Sweet is thy warbled reed's melodious lay;
Thou, next to Pan, shalt bear the palm away:
If to the god a horned he-goat belong,
The gentle female shall reward thy song;
If he the female claim, the kid's thy share,
And, till you milk them, kids are dainty fare.

GOATHERD.

Sweeter thy song, O shepherd, than the rill
That rolls its music down the rocky hill:
If one white ewe content the tuneful Nine,
A stall-fed lamb, meet recompense, is thine;
And, if the Muses claim the lamb their due,
My gentle Thyrsis shall obtain the ewe.

THYRSIS.

Wilt thou on this declivity repose,
Where the rough tamarisk luxuriant grows,
And charm the nymphs with thy melodious lay?
I'll feed the goats, if thou consent to play.

GOATHERD.

I dare not, shepherd, dare not grant your boon,
Pan's rage, I fear, who always rests at noon:
But well you know love's pains, which Daphnis rues—
You, the great master of the rural muse.
Let us, at ease, beneath yon elm recline,
Where sculptured Naiads o'er their fountains shine,
Whilst gay Priapus guards the sweet retreat,
And oaks wide-branching, shade our pastoral seat:
There, Thyrsis, if thou sing as sweet a strain,
As erst contending with the Libyan swain,
This goat with twins I'll give, that never fails
Two kids to suckle, and to fill two pails:
To these I'll add, with scented wax o'erlaid,
Of curious workmanship, and newly-made,
A deep two-handled cup, whose brim is crown'd
With ivy and with helichryse around.
Within, a woman's well-wrought image shines;
A vest her limbs, her locks a caul confines;
And near two youths (bright ringlets grace their brows)

Breathe, in alternate strife, their amorous vows:
Smiling, by turns, she views the rival pair
Grief swells their eyes, their heavy hearts despair.
Hard by a fisherman, advanc'd in years,
On the rough margin of a rock appears;
Intent he stands to enclose the fish below,
Lifts a large net, and labours at the throw,
Such strong expression rises on the sight,
You'd swear the man exerted all his might;
For his round neck with turgid veins appears.—
In years he seems, but not impair'd with years.
A vineyard next with intersected lines,
And red-ripe clusters load the bending vines.
To guard the fruit a boy sits idly by;
In ambush near two skulking foxes lie;
This plots the branches of ripe grapes to strip,
But that, more daring, meditates the scrip;
Resolv'd, ere long, to seize the savoury prey,
And send the younger dinnerless away:
Meanwhile on rushes all his art he plies,
In framing traps for grasshoppers and flies;
And, earnest only on his own designs,
Forgets his satchel, and neglects his vines.
All round the soft acanthus spreads its train—
This cup, admir'd by each Æolian swain,
Brought by a Caledonian o'er the seas,
I purchased for a groat and new-made cheese.
No lip has touched it, still unused it stood;—
To you I give this master-piece of wood,
If you those Himerean strains rehearse
Of Daphnis' woes—I envy not your verse—
Dread fate, alas! may soon demand your breath,
And close your music in oblivious death.

THYRSIS.

Begin, sweet Muse, the soft bucolic strain,
'Tis Thyrsis sings, 'tis Thyrsis, Ætna's swain,
Where were ye, Nymphs, in what sequester'd grove?
Where were ye, Nymphs, when Daphnis pined with love?
Did ye on Pindus' steepy top reside,
Or where through Tempe, Peneus rolls his tide?
For neither were ye playing on the steeps
Of Ætna, nor by famed Anapus' deeps,
Nor yet, where Avis laves Sicilian plains.—
(Begin, ye Nine, your sweet bucolic strains.)
Him savage panthers in wild woods deplor'd,
For him fierce wolves and fiercer lions roared,
Bulls, steers, and heifers wail'd their shepherd swain—
(Begin, ye Nine, your sweet bucolic strain).
First from the mountain winged Hermes came;
"Ah! whence," he cried, "proceeds this fatal flame?
What Nymph, O Daphnis, steals thy heart away?"
(Begin, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic lay.)
The goatherds, hinds, and shepherds all inquir'd—
What sorrow ail'd him, and what fever fir'd?
Priapus came, soft pity in his eye,
"And why this grief," he said, "ah, Daphnis, why?"—
Silent he sate, consuming in his pain.
(Begin, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic strain.)
Next Venus' self the hapless youth addrest,
With faint forc'd smiles, but anger at her breast:
"Daphnis, you boasted you could Love subdue,
But, tell me, has not Love defeated you?
Alas! you sunk beneath his mighty sway."
(Begin, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic lay.)
"Ah, cruel Venus!" Daphnis thus began,
"Venus abhorr'd! Venus, thou curse to man!
Too true, alas! thou say'st that Love has won;
Too sure thy triumphs mark my setting sun.
Hence to thy swain, to Ida, queen away!"
(Begin, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic lay.)
"There bowering oaks will compass you around,
Here low cyperus scarcely shades the ground:
Here bees with hollow hums disturb the day."
(Begin, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic lay.)
"Adonis feeds his flocks, though passing fair;
With his keen darts he wounds the flying hare,
And hunts the beasts of prey through wood and plain.
(Begin, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic strain.)
"Say—if again arm'd Diomed thou see—
I've conquer'd Daphnis, and now challenge thee;
Dar'st thou, bold chief, with me renew the fray?"
(Begin, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic lay.)
"Farewell ye wolves and bears and lynxes dire,
My steps no more the tedious chase shall tire.
The herdsman Daphnis now no longer roves,
Through flowery shrubs, thick woods, or shady groves.
Fair Arethusa, and ye streams, that swell
In gentle tides near Thymbrian towers, farewell,
Your cooling waves slow winding o'er the plains."
(Begin, ye Nine, your sweet bucolic strains.)
"I—I am he, who lowing oxen fed,
Who to their well-known brook my heifers led:
But now with bulls and steers no more I stray,"
(Begin, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic lay.)
"Pan—whether now on Mænalus you rove,
Or loiter, careless, in Lycæus' grove,—
Leave yon aerial promontory's height
Of Helice, projecting to the sight,
Where famed Lycaon's stately tomb is rear'd,
Lost in the skies and by the gods rever'd;
Haste and revisit fair Sicilia's plains."
(Cease, Muses, cease the sweet bucolic strains.)
"Pan, take this pipe, to me for ever mute,
Sweet-toned, and bent your rosy lip to suit,
Compacted close with wax, and join'd with art;
For Love alas! commands me to depart;
Dread Love and Death have summon'd me away—
(Cease, Muses, cease the sweet bucolic lay.)
"Let violets deck the bramble bush and thorn,
And fair narcissus junipers adorn.
Let all things Nature's contradiction wear,
And lofty pines produce the luscious pear;
Since Daphnis dies, let all things change around,
Let timorous deer pursue the flying hound,
Let screech-owls soft as nightingales complain."—
(Cease, cease, ye Nine, the sweet bucolic strain.)
He died—and Venus strove to raise his head,
But Fate had cut its last remaining thread—
The lake he past, the whelming wave he prov'd,
Friend to the Muses, by the Nymphs belov'd

(Cease, Muses, cease the sad bucolic strain.)
Now give me cup and goat that I may drain
Her milk, a sweet libation to the Nine—
Another day a loftier song be mine!

GOATHERD.

O be thy mouth with figs Ægilean fill'd
And drops of honey on thy lips distill'd!
Thine is the cup, for sweeter far thy voice,
Than when in spring the grasshoppers rejoice.
Sweet is its smell, as though the blissful Hours
Had newly dipp'd it in their fragrant showers.

THEOCRITUS.

MY HOUSE.

FROM WALDEN.

[HENRY D. THOREAU was born in Concord, Mass., July 12, 1817. He graduated at Harvard in 1837. He taught school, and tried his hand at trade, but seems not to have been happy or successful at either. He contributed a number of papers to the *Dial*. He was rather of a moody, philosophical speculative, bent of mind, disliked the forms and customs of society, and perhaps had a somewhat indolent turn of character.

His works have been published in seven uniform volumes, viz.: "*A Week on the Concord and Merrimac Rivers*;" "*Walden, or Life in the Woods*;" "*Excursions in Field and Forest*;" "*The Maine Woods*;" "*Cape Cod*;" "*Letters to Various Persons*;" and, "*A Yankee in Canada*."

Thoreau was bred to no profession; he never married; he lived alone; he never went to church; he never voted; he refused to pay a tax to the State; he ate no flesh, drank no wine, and never knew the use of tobacco; and though a naturalist, he used neither trap nor gun. He chose to be the bachelor of thought and Nature; to be rich, by making his wants few, and supplying them himself. There was a sturdiness in his nature not to be subdued, always manly and able, but rarely tender, as if he did not feel himself, except in opposition.

He died at Concord, in 1862.]

Near the end of March, 1845, I borrowed an axe and went down to the woods by Walden Pond, nearest to where I intended to build my house, and began to cut down some tall arrowy white pines, still in their youth, for timber. It is difficult to begin without borrowing, but perhaps it is the most generous course thus to permit your fellow-men to have an interest in your enterprise. The owner of the axe, as he released his hold on it, said that it was the apple of his eye; but I returned it sharper than I received it. It was a pleasant hillside where I worked, covered with pine woods, through which I looked out on the pond, and a small open field in the woods where pines and hickories were springing up. The ice in the pond was not yet dissolved, though there were some open spaces, and it was all dark colored and saturated with water. There were some slight flurries of snow during the days that I worked there; but for the most part when I came out on to the railroad, on my way home, its yellow sand heap stretched away gleaming in the hazy atmosphere, and the rails shone in the spring sun, and I heard the lark and pewee and other birds already come to commence another year with us. They were pleasant spring days, in which the winter of man's discontent was thawing as well as the earth, and the life that had lain torpid began to stretch itself. One day, when my axe had come off and I had cut a green hickory for a wedge, driving it with a stone, and had placed the whole to soak in a pond hole in order to swell the wood, I saw a striped snake run into the water, and he lay on the bottom, apparently without inconvenience, as long as I staid there, or more than a quarter of an hour; perhaps because he had not yet fairly come out of the torpid state.

It appeared to me that for a like reason men remain in their present low and primitive condition; but if they should feel the influence of the spring of springs arousing them, they would of necessity rise to a higher and more ethereal life. I had previously seen the snakes in frosty mornings in my path with portions of their bodies still numb and inflexible, waiting for the sun to thaw them. On the first of April it rained and melted the ice, and in the early part of the day, which was very foggy, I heard a stray goose groping about over the pond and cackling as if lost, or like the spirit of the fog.

So I went on for some days cutting and hewing timber, and also studs and rafters, all with my narrow axe, not having many communicable or scholar-like thoughts, singing to myself,—

> Men say they know many things
> But lo! they have taken wings,—
> The arts and sciences,
> And a thousand appliances;
> The wind that blows
> Is all that anybody knows.

I hewed the main timbers six inches square, most of the studs on two sides only, and the rafters and floor timbers on one side, leaving the rest of the bark on, so that they

were just as straight and much stronger than sawed ones. Each stick was carefully mortised or tenoned by its stump, for I had borrowed other tools by this time. My days in the woods were not very long ones; yet I usually carried my dinner of bread and butter, and read the newspaper in which it was wrapped, at noon, sitting amid the green pine boughs which I had cut off, and to my bread was imparted some of their fragrance, for my hands were covered with a thick coat of pitch. Before I had done I was more the friend than the foe of the pine tree, though I had cut down some of them, having become better acquainted with it. Sometimes a rambler in the wood was attracted by the sound of my axe, and we chatted pleasantly over the chips which I had made.

By the middle of April, for I made no haste in my work, but rather made the most of it, my house was framed and ready for the raising. I had already bought the shanty of James Collins, an Irishman who worked on the Fitchburg Railroad, for boards. James Collins' shanty was considered an uncommonly fine one. When I called to see it he was not at home. I walked about the outside, at first unobserved from within, the window was so deep and high. It was of small dimensions, with a peaked cottage roof, and not much else to be seen, the dirt being raised five feet all around it as if it were a compost heap. The roof was the soundest part, though a good deal warped and made brittle by the sun. Door-sill there was none, but a perennial passage for the hens under the door board. Mrs. C. came to the door and asked me to view it from the inside. The hens were driven in by my approach. It was dark, and had a dirt floor for the most part, dank, clammy, and aguish, only here a board and there a board which would not bear removal. She lighted a lamp to show me the inside of the roof and the walls, and also that the board floor extended under the bed, warning me not to step into the cellar, a sort of dust hole two feet deep.

In her own words, they were "good boards overhead, good boards all around, and a good window,"—of two whole squares originally, only the cat had passed out that way lately. There was a stove, a bed, and a place to sit, an infant in the house where it was born, a silk parasol, gilt-framed looking-glass, and a patent new coffee-mill nailed to an oak sapling, all told. The bargain was soon concluded, for James had in the meanwhile returned. I had to pay four dollars and twenty-five cents to-night, he to vacate at five to-morrow morning, selling to nobody else meanwhile: I to take possession at six. It were well, he said, to be there early, and anticipate certain indistinct but wholly unjust claims on the score of ground rent and fuel. This he assured me was the only encumbrance. At six I passed him and his family on the road. One large bundle held their all,—bed. coffee-mill, looking-glass, hens,—all but the cat, she took to the woods and became a wild-cat, and, as I learned afterward, trod in a trap set for woodchucks, and so became a dead cat at last.

I took down this dwelling the same morning, drawing the nails, and removed it to the pond side by small cartloads, spreading the boards on the grass there to bleach and warp back again in the sun. One early thrush gave me a note or two as I drove along the woodland path. I was informed treacherously by a young Patrick that neighbor Seeley, an Irishman, in the intervals of the carting, transferred the still tolerably straight, and drivable nails, staples, and spikes to his pocket, and then stood when I came back to pass the time of day, and looked freshly up, unconcerned, with spring thoughts, at the devastation; there being a dearth of work, as he said. He was there to represent spectatordom, and help make this seemingly insignificant event one with the removal of the gods of Troy.

I dug my cellar in the side of a hill sloping to the south, where a woodchuck had formerly dug his burrow, down through sumach and blackberry roots, and the lowest stain of vegetation, six feet square by seven feet deep, to a fine sand where potatoes would not freeze in any winter. The sides were left shelving, and not stoned; but the sun having never shone on them, the sand still keeps its place. It was but two hours work. I took particular pleasure in this breaking of ground, for in almost all latitudes men dig into the earth for an equable temperature. Under the most splendid house in the city is still to be found the cellar where they store their roots as of old, and long after the superstructure has disappeared posterity remarks its dent in the earth. The house is still but a sort of porch at the entrance of a burrow.

At length, in the beginning of May, with the help of some of my acquaintances, rather to improve so good an occasion for

neighborliness than from any necessity, I set up the frame of my house. No man was ever more honored in the character of his raisers than I. They are destined, I trust, to assist at the raising of loftier structures one day.

I began to occupy my house on the 4th of July, as soon as it was boarded and roofed, for the boards were carefully feather-edged and lapped, so that it was perfectly impervious to rain; but before boarding I laid the foundation of a chimney at one end, bringing two cartloads of stones up the hill from the pond in my arms. I built the chimney after my hoeing in the fall, before a fire became necessary for warmth, doing my cooking in the mean while out of doors on the ground, early in the morning: which mode I still think is in some respects more convenient and agreeable than the usual one. When it stormed before my bread was baked, I fixed a few boards over the fire, and sat under them to watch my loaf, and passed some pleasant hours in that way. In those days, when my hands were much employed, I read but little, but the least scraps of paper which lay on the ground, my holder, or tablecloth, afforded me as much entertainment, in fact answered the same purpose as the Iliad.

It would be worth the while to build still more deliberately than I did, considering, for instance, what foundation a door, a window, a cellar, a garret, have in the nature of man, and perchance never raising any superstructure until we found a better reason for it than our temporal necessities even. There is some of the same fitness in a man's building his own house that there is in a bird's building its own nest. Who knows but if men constructed their dwellings with their own hands, and provided food for themselves and families simply and honestly enough, the poetic faculty would be universally developed, as birds universally sing when they are so engaged? But alas! we do like cowbirds and cuckoos, which lay their eggs in nests which other birds have built, and cheer no traveller with their chattering and unmusical notes. Shall we forever resign the pleasure of construction to the carpenter? What does architecture amount to in the experience of the mass of men? I never in all my walks came across a man engaged in so simple and natural an occupation as building his house. We belong to the community. It is not the tailor alone who is the ninth part of a man; it is as much the preacher, and the merchant, and the farmer. Where is this division of labor to end? and what object does it finally serve? No doubt another *may* also think for me; but it is not therefore desirable that he should do so to the exclusion of my thinking for myself.

Before winter I built a chimney, and shingled the sides of my house, which were already impervious to rain, with imperfect and sappy shingles made of the first slice of the log, whose edges I was obliged to straighten with a plane.

I have thus a tight shingled and plastered house, ten feet wide by fifteen long, and eight feet posts, with a garret and a closet, a large window on each side, two trap doors, one door at the end, and a brick fireplace opposite. The exact cost of my house, paying the usual price for such materials as I used, but not counting the work, all of which was done by myself, was as follows; and I give the details because very few are able to tell exactly what their houses cost, and fewer still, if any, the separate cost of the various materials which compose them :—

Boards,	$8.03½,	mostly shanty boards.
Refuse shingles for roof and sides,	4.00	
Laths,	1.25	
Two second-hand windows with glass,	2.43	
One thousand old brick	4.00	
Two casks of lime,	2.40	That was high.
Hair,	0.31	More than I needed.
Mantle-tree iron,	0.15	
Nails,	3.90	
Hinges and screws,	0.14	
Latch,	0.10	
Chalk,	0.01	
Transportation	1.40	I carried a good part on my back.
In all,	$28.12½	

These are all the materials excepting the timber, stones and sand, which I claimed by squatter's right. I have also a small wood-shed adjoining, made chiefly of the stuff which was left after building the house.

H. D. Thoreau.

HAPPY AT LAST.

FROM REVERIES OF A BACHELOR.

[Donald Grant Mitchell, "Ik Marvel," born at Norwich, Conn., April 1822, graduated at Yale in 1841; passed three years on a farm; travelled in Europe: began to study law in 1846 in New York; published

Fresh Gleanings (1847), *The Battle Summer* (1849), a record of his observations in 1848 in Paris; *The Lorgnette* (1850), *Reveries of a Bachelor* (1850), *Dream Life* (1851); was U. S. Consul at Venice 1853–55; *Fudge Doings* was published in 1854; in 1855 he settled upon his farm near New Haven, Conn. Published (1863) *My Farm of Edgewood; Wet Days at Edgewood* (1864), *Seven Stories* (1865), *Doctor Johns* (1867), *Rural Studies* (1867). He is one of the most graceful and pleasing of American authors.]

She does not mistake my feelings, surely:—ah, no,—trust a woman for that! But what have I, or what am I, to ask a return? She is pure, and gentle as an angel; and I—alas—only a poor soldier in our world-fight against the Devil! Sometimes in moods of vanity, I call up what I fondly reckon my excellencies or deserts—a sorry, pitiful array, that makes me shameful when I meet her. And in an instant, I banish them all. And, I think, that if I were called upon in some court of justice, to say why I should claim her indulgence, or her love—I would say nothing of my sturdy effort to beat down the roughnesses of toil—nothing of such manliness as wears a calm front amid the frowns of the world—nothing of little triumphs, in the every-day fight of life; but only, I would enter the simple plea—this heart is hers!

She leaves; and I have said nothing of what was seething within me;—how I curse my folly! She is gone, and never perhaps will return. I recal in despair her last kind glance. The world seems blank to me. She does not know; perhaps she does not care, if I love her. Well, I will bear it,—I say. But I cannot bear it. Business is broken; books are blurred; something remains undone, that fate declares must be done. Not a place can I find, but her sweet smile gives to it, either a tinge of gladness, or a black shade of desolation.

I sit down at my table with pleasant looks; the fire is burning cheerfully; my dog looks up earnestly when I speak to him; but it will never do!

Her image sweeps away all these comforts in a flood. I fling down my book; I turn my back upon my dog; the fire hisses and sparkles in mockery of me.

Suddenly a thought flashes on my brain;—I will write to her—I say. And a smile floats over my face,—a smile of hope, ending in doubt. I catch up my pen—my trusty pen; and the clean sheet lies before me. The paper could not be better, nor the pen. I have written hundreds of letters; it is easy to write letters. But now, it is not easy.

I begin, and cross it out. I begin again, and get on a little farther;—then cross it out. I try again, but can write nothing. I fling down my pen in despair, and burn the sheet, and go to my library for some old sour treatise of Shaftesbury, or Lyttleton; and say, talking to myself all the while; let her go!—She is beautiful, but I am strong; the world is short; we—I and my dog, and my books, and my pen, will battle it through bravely, and leave enough for a tomb-stone.

But even as I say it, the tears start;—it is all false saying! And I throw Shaftesbury across the room and take up my pen again. It glides on and on, as my hope glows, and I tell her of our first meeting, and of our hours in the ocean twilight, and of our unsteady stepping on the heaving deck, and of that parting in the noise of London, and of my joy at seeing her in the pleasant country, and of my grief afterward. And then I mention Bella,—her friend and mine—and the tears flow; and then I speak of our last meeting, and of my doubts, and of this very evening,—and how I could not write, and abandoned it,—and then felt something within me that made me write, and tell her———all!———"That my heart was not my own, but was wholly hers; and that if she would be mine,———I would cherish her, and love her always."

Then, I feel a kind of happiness,—a strange, tumultuous happiness, into which doubt is creeping from time to time, bringing with it a cold shudder. I seal the letter, and carry it—a great weight—for the mail. It seems as if there could be no other letter that day; and as if all the coaches and horses, and cars, and boats were specially detailed to bear that single sheet. It is a great letter for me; my destiny lies in it.

I do not sleep well that night;—it is a tossing sleep; one time joy—sweet and holy joy comes to my dreams, and an angel is by me;—another time, the angel fades—the brightness fades, and I wake, struggling with fear. For many nights it is so, until the day comes, on which I am looking for a reply.

The postman has little suspicion that the letter which he gives me—although it contains no promissory notes, nor moneys, nor

deeds, nor articles of trade—is yet to have a greater influence upon my life and upon my future, than all the letters he has ever brought to me before. But I do not show him this; nor do I let him see the clutch with which I grasp it. I bear it, as if it were a great and fearful burden, to my room. I lock the door, and having broken the seal with a quivering hand,—read:—

"Paul—for I think I may call you so now—I know not how to answer you. Your letter gave me great joy; but it gave me pain too. I cannot—will not doubt what you say: I believe that you love me better than I deserve to be loved; and I know that I am not worthy of all your kind praises. But it is not this that pains me; for I know that you have a generous heart, and would forgive, as you always have forgiven, any weakness of mine. I am proud too, very proud, to have won your love; but it pains me—more perhaps than you will believe—to think that I cannot write back to you, as I would wish to write;—alas, never!"

Here I dash the letter upon the floor, and with my hand upon my forehead, sit gazing upon the glowing coals, and breathing quick and loud. The dream then is broken!

Presently I read again:

——"You know that my father died, before we had ever met. He had an old friend, who had come from England; and who in early life had done him some great service, which made him seem like a brother. This old gentleman was my godfather, and called me daughter. When my father died, he drew me to his side, and said, 'Carry, I shall leave you, but my old friend will be your father;' and he put my hand in his, and said—'I give you my daughter.'

"This old gentleman had a son, older than myself; but we were much together, and grew up as brother and sister. I was proud of him; for he was tall and strong, and every one called him handsome. He was as kind too, as a brother could be; and his father was like my own father. Every one said, and believed, that we would one day be married; and my mother, and my new father spoke of it openly. So did Laurence, for that is my friend's name.

"I do not need to tell you any more, Paul; for when I was still a girl, we had promised, that we would one day be man and wife. Laurence has been much in England; and I believe he is there now. The old gentleman treats me still as a daughter, and talks of the time, when I shall come and live with him. The letters of Laurence are very kind; and though he does not talk so much of our marriage as he did, it is only, I think, because he regards it as so certain.

"I have wished to tell you all this before; but I have feared to tell you; I am afraid I have been too selfish to tell you. And now what can I say? Laurence seems most to me like a brother;—and you, Paul ——but I must not go on. For if I marry Laurence, as fate seems to have decided, I will try and love him, better than all the world.

"But will you not be a brother, and love me, as you once loved Bella;—you say my eyes are like hers, and that my forehead is like hers;—will you not believe that my heart is like hers too?

"Paul, if you shed tears over this letter I have shed them as well as you. I can write no more now.

"Adieu."

I sit long looking upon the blaze; and when I rouse myself, it is to say wicked things against destiny. Again, all the future seems very blank. I cannot love Carry, as I loved Bella; she cannot be a sister to me; she must be more, or nothing! Again, I seem to float singly on the tide of life, and see all around me in cheerful groups. Everywhere the sun shines, except upon my own cold forehead. There seems no mercy in Heaven, and no goodness for me upon Earth.

I write after some days, an answer to the letter. But it is a bitter answer, in which I forget myself, in the whirl of my misfortune—to the utterance of reproaches.

Her reply, which comes speedily, is sweet, and gentle. She is hurt by my reproaches, deeply hurt. But with a touching kindness, of which I am not worthy, she credits all my petulance to my wounded feeling; she soothes me; but in soothing, only wounds the more. I try to believe her, when she speaks of her unworthiness;—but I cannot.

Business, and the pursuits of ambition or of interest, pass on like dull, grating machinery. Tasks are met, and performed

with strength indeed, but with no cheer. Courage is high, as I meet the shocks, and trials of the world; but it is a brute, careless courage, that glories in opposition. I laugh at any dangers, or any insidious pitfalls;—what are they to me? What do I possess, which it will be hard to lose? My dog keeps by me; my toils are present; my food is ready; my limbs are strong;——— what need for more?

The months slip by; and the cloud that floated over my evening sun, passes.

Laurence wandering abroad, and writing to Caroline, as to a sister,—writes more than his father could have wished. He has met new faces, very sweet faces; and one which shows through the ink of his later letters, very gorgeously. The old gentleman does not like to lose thus his little Carry; and he writes back rebuke. But Laurence, with the letters of Caroline before him for data, throws himself upon his sister's kindness, and charity. It astonishes not a little the old gentleman, to find his daughter pleading in such strange way, for the son. "And what will you do then, my Carry?" —the old man says.

———"Wear weeds, if you wish, sir; and love you and Laurence more than ever."

And he takes her to his bosom, and says —"Carry—Carry, you are too good for that wild fellow Laurence!"

Now, the letters are different! Now they are full of hope—dawning all over the future sky. Business, and care, and toil, glide, as if a spirit animated them all; it is no longer cold machine work, but intelligent, and hopeful activity. The sky hangs upon you lovingly, and the birds make music, that startles you with its fineness. Men wear cheerful faces; the storms have a kind pity, gleaming through all their wrath.

The days approach, when you can call her yours. For she has said it, and her mother has said it; and the kind old gentleman, who says he will still be her father, has said it too; and they have all welcomed you—won by her story—with a cordiality, that has made your cup full, to running over. Only one thought comes up to obscure your joy;—is it real? or if real, are you worthy to enjoy? Will you cherish and love always, as you have promised, that angel who accepts your word, and rests her happiness on your faith? Are there not harsh qualities in your nature, which you fear may sometime make her regret that she gave herself to your love and charity? And those friends who watch over her, as the apple of their eye, can you always meet their tenderness and approval, for your guardianship of their treasure? Is it not a treasure that makes you fearful, as well as joyful?

But you forget this in her smile: her kindness, her goodness, her modesty, will not let you remember it. She *forbids* such thoughts; and you yield such obedience, as you never yielded even to the commands of a mother. And if your business, and your labor slip by, partially neglected — what matters it? What is interest, or what is reputation, compared with that fullness of your heart, which is now ripe with joy?

The day for your marriage comes; and you live as if you were in a dream. You think well, and hope well for all the world. A flood of charity seems to radiate from all around you. And as you sit beside her in the twilight, on the evening before the day, when you will call her yours, and talk of the coming hopes, and of the soft shadows of the past; and whisper of Bella's love, and of that sweet sister's death, and of Laurence, a new brother, coming home joyful with his bride,—and lay your cheek to hers—life seems as if it were all day, and as if there could be no night!

The marriage passes; and she is yours—yours forever.

DONALD GRANT MITCHELL.

LIGHTED WITH A COAL.

FROM THE SAME.

That first taste of the new smoke, and of the fragrant leaf is very grateful; it has a bloom about it, that you wish might last. It is like your first love,—fresh, genial, and rapturous. Like that, it fills up all the craving of your soul; and the light, blue wreaths of smoke, like the roseate clouds that hang around the morning of your heart life, cut you off from the chill atmosphere of mere worldly companionship, and make a gorgeous firmament for your fancy to riot in.

I do not speak now of those later, and manlier passions, into which judgment must be thrusting its cold tones, and when all the sweet tumult of your heart has mel-

lowed into the sober ripeness of affection. But I mean that boyish burning, which belongs to every poor mortal's lifetime, and which bewilders him with the thought that he has reached the highest point of human joy, before he has tasted any of that bitterness, from which alone our highest human joys have sprung. I mean the time, when you cut initials with your jack-knife on the smooth bark of beech trees; and went moping under the long shadows at sunset; and thought Louise the prettiest name in the wide world; and picked flowers to leave at her door; and stole out at night to watch the light in her window; and read such novels as those about Helen Mar, or Charlotte, to give some adequate expression to your agonized feelings.

At such a stage, you are quite certain that you are deeply, and madly in love; you persist in the face of heaven, and earth. You would like to meet the individual who dared to doubt it.

You think she has got the tidiest, and jauntiest little figure that ever was seen. You think back upon some time when in your games of forfeit, you gained a kiss from those lips; and it seems as if the kiss was hanging on you yet, and warming you all over. And then again, it seems so strange that your lips did really touch hers! You half question if it could have been actually so, — and how could you have dared;—and you wonder if you would have courage to do the same thing again?— and upon second thought, are quite sure you would,—and snap your fingers at the thought of it.

What sweet little hats she does wear; and in the school room, when the hat is hung up—what curls—golden curls, worth a hundred Golcondas! How bravely you study the top lines of the spelling book—that your eyes may run over the edge of the cover, without the schoolmaster's notice, and feast upon her!

You half wish that somebody would run away with her, as they did with Amanda, in the Children of the Abbey;—and then you might ride up on a splendid black horse, and draw a pistol, or blunderbuss, and shake the villains, and carry her back, all in tears, fainting, and languishing upon your shoulder;—and have her father (who is Judge of the County Court) take your hand in both of his, and make some eloquent remarks. A great many such recaptures you run over in your mind, and think how delightful it would be to peril your life, either by flood, or fire—to cut off your arm, or your head, or any such trifle, —for your dear Louise.

You can hardly think of anything more joyous in life, than to live with her in some old castle, very far away from steamboats, and post-offices, and pick wild geraniums for her hair, and read poetry with her, under the shade of very dark ivy vines. And you would have such a charming boudoir in some corner of the old ruin, with a harp in it, and books bound in gilt, with cupids on the cover, and such a fairy couch, with the curtains hung—as you have seen them hung in some illustrated Arabian stories—upon a pair of carved doves!

DONALD G. MITCHELL.

CIVILIZATION OF THE ASSYRIANS.

[GEORGE RAWLINSON, one of the most eminent of Oriental scholars, was born in Oxfordshire, England, in 1815, and studied for the church at Trinity College, Oxford. In 1861 he was elected Professor of Ancient History at Oxford, and in 1841 he became Canon of Canterbury Cathedral. His translation of Herodotus (4 vols., 1858-60), annotated also by his brother, Sir Henry Rawlinson, and Sir G. Wilkinson, is valuable, if not always accurate. Canon Rawlinson contributed to the "*Speaker's Commentary*," wrote "*Historical Evidences of the Truth of the Scripture Records*" (1860), "*Contrasts of Christianity with the Heathen and Jewish Systems*" (1861), "*A Manual of Ancient History*" (1869), and "*Historical Illustrations of the Old Testament*" (1871.) His most important work is "*The Five Great Monarchies of the Ancient Eastern World*," 4 vols., (1862-67,) to which he has since added "*The Sixth Great Oriental Monarchy, Parthia*" (1873), and "*The Seventh Great Oriental Monarchy, the Sassanian or New Persian Empire*" (1876.) His latest work is a new "*History of Egypt*" in 2 vols., (1881.)]

The civilization of the Assyrians is a large subject, upon which only a very few remarks will be here offered by way of recapitulation. Deriving originally letters and the elements of learning from Babylonia, the Assyrians appear to have been content with the knowledge thus obtained, and neither in literature nor in science to have progressed much beyond their instructors. The heavy incubus of a dead language lay upon all those who desired to devote themselves to scientific pursuits, and owing to this, knowledge tended to become the exclusive possession of a learned, or perhaps a priest class, which did not aim at

progress, but was satisfied to hand on the traditions of former ages. To understand the genius of the Assyrian people we must look at their art and their manufactures. These are in the main probably of native growth, and from them we may best gather an impression of the national character. They show us a patient, laborious, painstaking people, with more appreciation of the useful than the ornamental, and of the actual than the ideal. Architecture, the only one of the fine arts which is essentially useful, forms their chief glory; sculpture, and still more, painting, are subsidiary to it. Again, it is the most useful edifice—the palace or house—whereon attention is concentrated—the temple and the tomb, the interest attaching to which is ideal and spiritual, are secondary, and appear (so far as they appear at all) simply as appendages of the palace. In the sculpture it is the actual—the historically true—which the artist strives to represent. Unless in the case of a few mythic figures connected with the religion of the country, there is nothing in the Assyrian bas-reliefs which is not imitated from nature. The imitation is always laborious and often most accurate and exact. The laws of representation, as we understand them, are sometimes departed from, but it is always to impress the spectator with ideas in accordance with truth. Thus the colossal bulls and lions have five legs, but in order that they may be seen from every point of view with four—the ladders are placed *edgeways* against the walls of besieged towns, but it is to show that they are ladders and not mere poles—walls of cities are made disproportionately small, but it is done, like Raphael's boat, to bring them within the picture, which would otherwise be a less complete representation of the actual fact. The careful finish, the minute detail, the elaboration of every hair in a beard, and every stitch in the embroidery of a dress, remind us of the Dutch school of painting, and illustrate strongly the spirit of faithfulness and honesty which pervades the sculptures, and gives them so great a portion of their value. In conception, in grace, in freedom and correctness of outline, they fall undoubtedly far behind the inimitable productions of the Greeks; but they have a grandeur and a dignity, a boldness, a strength, and an appearance of life, which render them even intrinsically valuable as works of art, and, considering the time at which they were produced, must excite our surprise and admiration. Art, so far as we know, had existed previously, only in the stiff and lifeless conventionalism of the Egyptians. It belonged to Assyria to confine the conventional to religion, and to apply art to the vivid representation of the highest scenes of human life. War in all its forms—the march, the battle, the pursuit, the siege of towns, the passage of rivers and marshes, the submission and treatment of captives—and the "mimic war" of hunting, the chase of the lion, the stag, the antelope, the wild bull, and the wild ass—are the chief subjects treated by the Assyrian sculptors; and in these the conventional is discarded; fresh scenes, new groupings, bold and strange attitudes continually appear, and in the animal representations especially there is a continual advance—the latest being the most spirited, the most varied, and the most true to nature, though perhaps lacking somewhat of the majesty and grandeur of the earlier. With no attempt to idealize or go beyond nature, there is a growing power of depicting things as they are—an increased grace and delicacy of execution; showing that Assyrian art was progressive, not stationary, and giving a promise of still higher excellence, had circumstances permitted its development.

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PERSIAN RACE.

But the most celebrated of all the products of Persia were its men. The scant and rugged country gave birth, as Cyrus the Great is said to have observed, to a race brave, hardy, and enduring, calculated not only to hold its own against aggressors, but to extend its sway and exercise dominion over the Western Asiatics generally. The Aryan family, is the one which, of all the races of mankind, is the most self-asserting, and has the greatest strength physical, moral, and intellectual. The Iranian branch of it, whereto the Persians belonged, is not perhaps so gifted as some others; but it has qualities which place it above most of those by which Western Asia was anciently peopled. In the primitive times, from Cyrus the Great to Darius Hystaspis, the Persians seem to have been rude mountaineers, probably not very unlike the modern Kurds and Lurs, who inhabit portions of the same chain which forms the heart of the Persian country.

Their physiognomy was handsome. A high straight forehead, a long slightly aquiline nose, a short and curved upper lip, a well-rounded chin, characterized the Persian. The expression of his face was grave and noble. He had abundant hair, which he wore very artificially arranged. Above and round the brow it was made to stand away from the face in short crisp curls; on the top of the head it was worn smooth; at the back of the head it was again trained into curls, which followed each other in several rows, from the level of the forehead to the nape of the neck. The moustache was always cultivated, and curved in a gentle sweep. A beard and whiskers were worn, the former sometimes long and pendent, like the Assyrian, but more often clustering around the chin in short close curls. The figure was well-formed, but somewhat stout; the carriage was dignified and simple.

Simplicity of manners prevailed during this period. At the court there was some luxury; but the bulk of the nation, living in their mountain territory, and attached to agriculture and hunting, maintained the habits of their ancestors, and were a somewhat rude though not a coarse people. The dress commonly worn was a close-fitting shirt or tunic of leather, descending to the knee, and with sleeves that reached down to the wrist. Round the tunic was worn a belt or sash, which was tied in front. The head was protected by a loose felt cap, and the feet by a sort of high shoe or low boot. The ordinary diet was bread and cress-seed, while the sole beverage was water. In the higher ranks, of course, a different style of living prevailed; the elegant and flowing 'Median robe' was worn; flesh of various kinds was eaten; much wine was consumed; and meals were extended to a great length. The Persians, however, maintained during this period a general hardihood and bravery which made them the most dreaded adversaries of the Greeks, and enabled them to maintain an unquestioned dominion over the other native races of Western Asia.

RELIGION OF THE PERSIANS.

An access of religious fervour gave the Persians of the third century after Christ the strength which enabled them to throw off the yoke of their Parthian lords and recover the sceptre of Western Asia. A strong—almost fanatical—religious spirit animated the great number of the Sassanian monarchs. When the end of the kingdom came, the old faith was still flourishing; and, though its star paled before that of Mohammedanism, the faith itself survived, and still survives at the present day.

It has been observed that Dualism constituted the most noticeable feature of the religion. It may now be added that the Dualism professed was of the most extreme and pronounced kind. Ormazd and Ahriman, the principles of Good and Evil, were expressly declared to be "twins." They had "in the beginning come together to create Life and Death," and to settle "how the world was to be." There was no priority of existence of the one over the other, and no decided superiority. The two, being coeval had contended from all eternity, and would, it was almost certain, continue to contend to all eternity, neither being able to vanquish the other. Thus an eternal struggle was postulated between good and evil; and the issue was doubtful, neither side possessing any clear and manifest advantage.

The two principles were Persons. Ormazd was "the creator of life, the earthly and the spiritual," he who "made the celestial bodies, earth, water, and trees." He was "good," "holy," "pure," "true," "the Holy God," "the Holiest," "the Essence of Truth," "the father of all truth," "the best being of all," "the master of purity." He was supremely "happy," being possessed of every blessing, "health, wealth, virtue, wisdom, immortality." From him came every good gift enjoyed by man; on the pious and the righteous he bestowed, not only earthly advantages, but precious spiritual gifts, truth, devotion, "the good mind," and everlasting happiness; and, as he rewarded the good, so he also punished the bad, though this was an aspect in which he was but seldom represented.

While Ormazd, thus far, would seem to be a presentation of the Supreme Being in a form not greatly different from that wherein it has pleased Him to reveal Himself to mankind through the Jewish and Christian scriptures, there are certain points of deficiency in the representation, which are rightly viewed as placing the Persian very considerably below the Jewish and Christian idea. Besides the limitation on the power and freedom of Ormazd implied in the eternal co-existence with him

of another and a hostile principle, he is limited by the independent existence of space, time, and light, which appear in the Zendavesta as "self-created," or "without beginning," and must therefore be regarded as "conditioning" the Supreme Being, who has to work, as best he may, under circumstances not caused by himself. Again, Ormazd is not a purely spiritual being. He is conceived of as possessing a sort of physical nature. The "light," which is one of his properties, seems to be a material radiance. He can be spoken of as possessing health. The whole conception of him, though not grossly material, is far from being wholly immaterial. His nature is complex, not simple. He may not have a body, in the ordinary sense of the word; but he is entangled with material accidents, and is far from answering to the pure spirit, "without body, parts, or passions," which forms the Christian conception of the Deity.

Ahriman, the Evil Principle, is of course far more powerful and terrible than the Christian and Jewish Satan. He is uncaused, co-eternal with Ormazd, engaged in a perpetual warfare with him. Whatever good thing Ormazd creates, Ahriman corrupts and ruins it. Moral and physical evils are alike at his disposal. He blasts the earth with barrenness, or makes it produce thorns, thistles, and poisonous plants; his are the earthquake, the storm, the plague of hail, the thunderbolt; he causes disease and death, sweeps off a nation's flocks and herds by murrain, or depopulates a continent by pestilence; ferocious wild beasts, serpents, toads, mice, hornets, mosquitoes, are his creation; he invented and introduced into the world the sins of witchcraft, murder, unbelief, cannibalism, sodomy; he excites wars and tumults, stirs up the bad against the good, and labours by every possible expedient to make vice triumph over virtue. Ormazd can exercise no control over him; the utmost that he can do is to keep a perpetual watch on his rival, and seek to baffle and defeat him. This he is not always able to do. Despite his best endeavours, Ahriman is not unfrequently victorious.

Ormazd seems to have been regarded by the kings as their special guardian and protector. No other deity (unless in one instance) is brought into close proximity with them; no other obtains mention in their inscriptions; from no other do they allow that they receive the blessing of offspring. Whatever the religion of the common people, that of the kings would seem to have been, in the main, the worship of this god, whom they perhaps sometimes confused with Mithra, or associated with Anaïtis, but whom they never neglected, or failed openly to acknowledge.

Under the great Ormazd were a number of subordinate deities, the principal of whom were Mithra and Serosh. Mithra, the Sun-god, had been from a very early date an object of adoration in Persia, only second to Ormazd. The Achæmenian kings joined him occasionally with Ormazd in their invocations. In processions, his chariot, drawn by milk-white horses, followed closely on that of Ormazd. He was often associated with Ormazd, as if an equal, though a real equality was probably not intended. He was "great," "pure," "imperishable," "the beneficent protector of all creatures," and "the beneficent preserver of all creatures." He had a thousand ears and ten thousand eyes. His worship was probably more widely extended than that of Ormazd himself, and was connected in general with a material representation. In the early times this was a simple disk, or circle; but from the reign of Artaxerxes Mnenon, a human image seems to have been substituted. Prayer was offered to Mithra three times a day, at dawn, at noon, and at sunset; and it was usual to worship him with sacrifice. The horse appears to have been the victim which he was supposed to have preferred.

GEORGE RAWLINSON.

PYRRHUS AND ANDROMACHE.

[JEAN BAPTISTE RACINE, a great French dramatist, born in Picardy in 1639, died at Paris 1699. Losing his parents at the age of four, Racine was educated in a monastery at Port Royal. He turned from the study of theology to literature, and becoming intimate with Molière and Boileau, he produced his first drama, *La Thébaide*, at the age of twenty-five, followed rapidly by *Alexandre*, (1665), *Les Plaideurs* (1668), and the three great tragedies of *Andromaque*, *Britannicus* and *Iphigénie* in 1669. When he produced his *Phèdre*, he was publicly hailed as the first tragic poet of France. Later in life, Racine abandoned dramatic writing, married a devout lady, and received a pension as royal historiographer. He lost the favor of the king, Louis XIV. by writing a memoir on the state of France, at the request of Mme. de Maintenon, and under this displeasure Racine pined away and died at sixty.

The style of Racine is distinguished for purity, and his matter is full of lofty sentiment, depicting the joys and sorrows of humanity with great power. The following extract from his Andromache, which was regarded as a masterpiece of tragedy two centuries ago, exhibits Racine's literary quality and style. The love of Pyrrhus for Andromache, the widow of Hector, whom the father of Pyrrhus had slain, and dragged his dead body at his chariot wheels, ends in a marriage and a tragedy].

PYRRHUS, ORESTES, PHŒNIX, *and Attendants.*

Orestes to Pyrrhus. Before I speak the message of the Greeks
Permit me, sir, to glory in the title
Of their ambassador; since I behold
Troy's vanquisher, and great Achilles' son.
Nor does the son rise short of such a father:
If Hector fell by him, Troy fell by you.
But what your father never would have done,
You do. You cherish the remains of Troy;
And by an ill-tim'd pity keep alive
The dying embers of a ten years war.
Have you so soon forgot the mighty Hector?
The Greeks remember his high brandish'd sword,
That fill'd their states with widows and with orphans,
For which they call for vengeance on his son.
Who knows what he may one day prove? Who knows
But he may brave us in our ports; and fill'd
With Hector's fury, set our fleets on blaze?
You may, yourself, live to repent your mercy,
Comply then with the Grecians' just demands:
Satiate their vengeance, and preserve yourself.

Pyrrhus. The Greeks are for my safety more concern'd
Than I desire. I thought your kings were met
On more important counsel. When I heard
The name of their ambassador, I hop'd
Some glorious enterprise was taking birth.
Is Agamemnon's son dispatch'd for this?
And do the Grecian chiefs, renown'd in war,
A race of heroes, join in close debate,
To plot an infant's death! What right has Greece
To ask his life? Must I, must I alone,
Of all the scepter'd warriors, be deny'd
To treat my captive as I please? Know, prince,
When Troy lay smoking on the ground, and each
Proud victor shar'd the harvest of the war,
Andromache and this her son were mine;
Were mine by lot; and who shall wrest them from me?
Ulysses bore away old Priam's queen;
Cassandra was your own great father's prize;
Did I concern myself in what they won?
Did I send embassies to claim their captives?

Orest. But, sir, we fear for you, and for ourselves.
Troy may again revive, and a new Hector
Rise in Astyanax. Then think betimes.

Pyrrhus. Let dastard souls be timorously wise:
But tell them, Pyrrhus knows not how to form
Far-fancy'd ills, and dangers out of sight.

Orest. Sir, call to mind the unrival'd strength of Troy;
Her walls, her bulwarks, and her gates of brass;
Her kings, her heroes, and embattled armies!

Pyr. I call them all to mind; and see them all
Confus'd in dust, all mixt in one wide ruin;
All but a child, and he in bondage held.
What vengeance can we fear from such a Troy?
If they have sworn to extinguish Hector's race,
Why was their vow for twelve long months deferr'd?
Why was he not in Priam's bosom slain?
He should have fall'n among the slaughter'd heaps,
Whelm'd under Troy. His death had then been just.
When age and infancy, alike in vain
Pleaded their weakness; when the heat of conquest
And horrors of the sight, rous'd all our rage,
And blindly hurry'd us thro' scenes of death,
My fury then was without bounds; but now,
My wrath appeas'd, must I be cruel still?
And deaf to all the tender calls of pity,
Like a cool murderer, bathe my hands in blood;
An infant's blood?—No, prince—go, bid the Greeks
Mark out some other victim; my revenge
Has had its fill. What has escap'd from Troy
Shall not be sav'd to perish in Epirus.

Orest. I need not tell you sir, Astyanax
Was doom'd to death in Troy; nor mention how
The crafty mother sav'd her darling son;
The Greeks do now but urge their former sentence;
Nor is't the boy, but Hector they pursue;
The father draws their vengeance on the son;
The father, who so oft in Grecian blood
Has drench'd his sword; the father, whom the Greeks
May seek even here.—Prevent them, sir, in time.

Pyr. No! let them come; since I was born to wage
Eternal wars. Let them now turn their arms
On him who conquer'd for them; let them come,
And in Epirus seek another Troy.
'Twas thus they recompens'd my godlike sire;
Thus was Achilles thank'd. But, prince, remember,
Their black ingratitude then cost them dear.

Orest. Shall Greece then find a rebel son in Pyrrhus?

Pyr. Have I then conquer'd to depend on Greece?

Orest. Hermione will sway your soul to peace,
And mediate 'twixt her father and yourself;
Her beauty will enforce my embassy.

Pyr. Hermione may have her charms; and I
May love her still, tho' not her father's slave.
I may in time give proofs, that I'm a lover;
But never must forget that I'm a king.
Meanwhile, sir, you may see fair Helen's daughter;
I know how near in blood you stand ally'd.
That done, you have my answer, prince. The Greeks
No doubt, expect your quick return.

[*Ex. Orestes, &c.*

Phœn. Sir, do you send your rival to the princess?

Pyr. I am told that he has lov'd her long.

Phœn. If so,
Have you not cause to fear the smother'd flame
May kindle at her sight, and blaze anew?
And she be brought to listen to his passion.

Pyr. Ay, let them, Phœnix, let them love their fill!
Let them go hence; let them depart together;

Together let them sail for Sparta; all my ports
Are open to them both. From what constraint,
What irksome thoughts, should I be then reliev'd!
Phœn. But, sir,—
Pyr. I shall another time, good Phœnix,
Unbosom to thee all my thoughts—for, see,
Andromache appears.

Enter ANDROMACHE *and* CEPHISA.

Pyr. May I, madame,
Flatter my hopes so far as to believe
You come to seek me here?
Andr. And this way, sir, leads
To those apartments where you guard my son.
Since you permit me, once a day, to visit
All I have left of Hector and of Troy,
I go to weep a few sad moments with him.
I have not yet, to-day, embrac'd my child;
I have not held him in my widow'd arms.
Pyr. Ah, madame, should the threats of Greece prevail,
You'll have occasion for your tears, indeed.
Andr. Alas, what threats! What can alarm the Greeks?
There are no Trojans left!
Pyr. Their hate to Hector
Can never die; the terror of his name
Still shakes their souls; and makes them dread his son.
Andr. A mighty honour for victorious Greece,
To fear an infant, a poor friendless child!
Who smiles in bondage; nor yet knows himself
The son of Hector, and the slave of Pyrrhus.
Pyr. Weak as he is, the Greeks demand his life;
And send no less than Agamemnon's son,
To fetch him hence.
Andr. And, sir, do you comply
With such demands? This blow is aim'd at me;
How should the child avenge his slaughter'd sire?
But, cruel men! they will not have him live
To cheer my heavy heart, and ease my bonds.
I promis'd to myself in him a son,
In him a friend, a husband and a father.
But I must suffer sorrow heap'd on sorrow;
And still the fatal stroke must come from you.
Pyr. Dry up those tears, I must not see you weep,
And know, I have rejected their demands.
The Greeks already threaten me with war;
But, should they arm, as once they did for Helen,
And hide the Adriatic with their fleets;
Should they prepare a second ten years siege,
And lay my towers and palaces in dust;
I am determin'd to defend your son;
And rather die myself than give him up.
But madame, in the midst of all these dangers,
Will you refuse me a propitious smile?
Hated of Greece, and prest on every side,
Let me not, madame, while I fight your cause,
Let me not combat with your cruelties,
And count Andromache among my foes.
Andr. Consider, sir, how this will sound in Greece!
How can so great a soul betray such weakness?
Let not men say, so generous a design
Was but the transport of a heart in love.
Pyr. Your charms will justify me to the world.
Andr. How can Andromache, a captive queen,
O'erwhelm'd with grief, a burthen to herself,
Harbour a thought of love? Alas! what charm
Have these unhappy eyes, by you condemn'd
To weep for ever? Talk of it no more.
To reverence the misfortunes of a foe;
To succour the distrest; to give the son
To an afflicted mother; to repel
Confederate nations, leagu'd against his life
Unbrib'd by love, unterrify'd by threats,
To pity, to protect him; these are cares,
These are exploits worthy Achilles' son.
Pyr. Will your resentments, then, endure for aye
Must Pyrrhus never be forgiven? 'Tis true,
My sword has often reek'd in Phrygian blood,
And carried havoc through your royal kindred;
But you, fair princess, amply have aveng'd
Old Priam's vanquish'd house; and all the woes
I brought on them, fall short of what I suffer.
We both have suffer'd in our turns; and now
Our common foe should teach us to unite.
Andr. Where does the captive not behold a foe?
Pyr. Forget the term of hatred: and behold
A friend in Pyrrhus! Give me but to hope,
I'll free your son; I'll be a father to him:
Myself will teach him to avenge the Trojans.
I'll go in person to chastise the Greeks,
Both for your wrongs and mine. Inspir'd by you,
What would I not achieve? Again shall Troy
Rise from its ashes: this right arm shall fix
Her seat of empire; and your son shall reign.
Andr. Such dreams of greatness suit not my condition:
His hopes of empire perish'd with his father
No; thou imperial city, ancient Troy,
Thou pride of Asia, founded by the gods!
Never, Oh, never, must we hope to see
Those bulwarks rise, which Hector could not guard!
Sir, all I wish for, is some quiet exile,
Where, far from Greece removed, and far from you,
I may conceal my son, and mourn my husband.
Your love creates me envy. Oh, return!
Return to your betroth'd Hermione.
Pyr. Why do you mock me thus? You know, I cannot.
You know my heart is yours: my soul hangs on you;
You take up every wish; my waking thoughts,
And nightly dreams are all employ'd on you.
'Tis true, Hermione was sent to share
My throne and bed; and would with transport hear
The vows which you neglect.
Andr. She has no Troy,
No Hector to lament: she has not lost
A husband by your conquests. Such a husband!
(Tormenting thought!) whose death alone has made
Your sire immortal: Pyrrhus and Achilles
Are both grown great by my calamities.
Pyr. Madame, 'tis well! 'Tis very well! I find,

Your will must be obey'd. Impetious captive,
It shall. Henceforth I blot you from my mind:
You teach me to forget your charms; to hate you
For know, inhuman beauty, I have lov'd
Too well to treat you with indifference.
Think well upon it, my disorder'd soul
Wavers between th' extremes of love and rage;
I've been too tame; I will awake to vengeance!
The son shall answer for the mother's scorn.
The Greeks demand him: nor will I endanger
My realms, to pleasure an ungrateful woman.

Andr. Then he must die! Alas, my son must die!
He has no friend, no succour left, beside
His mother's tears, and his own innocence.

Pyr. Go, madam; visit this unhappy son.
The sight of him may bend your stubborn heart;
And turn to softness your unjust disdain.
I shall once more expect your answer. Go,
And think, while you embrace the captive boy,
Think that his life depends on your resolves.

[*Exit* PYRRHUS, *&c.*

Andr. I'll go; and in the anguish of my heart,
Weep o'er my child—If he must die, my life
Is wrapt in his; I shall not long survive.
'Tis for his sake that I have suffer'd life,
Groan'd in captivity, and out-liv'd Hector.
Yes my Astyanax, we'll go together!
Together to the realms of night we'll go!
There to thy ravish'd eyes thy sire I'll shew,
And point him out among the shades below.

ANDROMACHE, HERMIONE *and* CEPHISA.

Andr. to Hermione. Ah, madame, whither, whither do you fly?
Where can your eyes behold a sight more pleasing
Than Hector's widow suppliant and in tears?
I come not an alarm'd, a jealous foe,
To envy you the heart your charms have won:
The only man I sought to please is gone;
Kill'd in my sight, by an inhuman hand.
Hector first taught me love; which my fond heart
Shall ever cherish, till we meet in death.
But, Oh, I have a son!—And you, one day,
Will be no stranger to a mother's fondness:
But Heav'n forbid that you should ever know
A mother's sorrow for an only son.
Her joy, her bliss, her last surviving comfort!
When every hour she trembles for his life!
Your power o'er Pyrrhus may relieve my fears
Alas, what danger is there in a child,
Sav'd from the wreck of a whole ruin'd empire!
Let me go hide him in some desert isle:
You may rely upon my tender care
To keep him far from perils of ambition;
All he can learn of me will be, to weep.

Her. Madame, 'tis easy to conceive your grief;
But, it would ill become me, to solicit
In contradiction to my father's will;
'Tis he who urges to destroy your son.
Madame, if Pyrrhus must be wrought to pity,
No woman does it better than yourself;
If you gain him, I shall comply of course.

[*Exit* HER.

Andr. Did'st thou not mind with what disdain she spoke?
Youth and prosperity have made her vain;
She has not seen the fickle turns of life.

Ceph. Madame, were I as you, I'd take her counsel!
I'd speak my own distress: one look from you
Will vanquish Pyrrhus and confound the Greeks—
See, where he comes—Lay hold on this occasion.

Enter PYRRHUS *and* PHŒNIX.

Pyr. Where is the princess? Did you not inform me
Hermione was here? [*To* PHŒNIX.

Phœnix. I thought so, sir.

Andr. Thou seest what mighty power my eyes have on him? [*To* CEPH.

Pyr. What says she, Phœnix?

Andr. I have no hope left!

Phœn. Let us begone:—Hermione expects you.

Ceph. For Heaven's sake, madam, break this sullen silence.

Andr. My child's already promis'd—

Ceph. But not given.

Andr. No, No! my tears are vain! his doom is fixt.

Pyr. See, if she deigns to cast one look upon us!
Proud woman!

Andr. I provoke him by my presence.
Let us retire.

Pyr. Come, let us satisfy.
The Greeks; and give them up this Phrygian boy.

Andr. Ah, sir! recall those words—What have you said!
If you give up my son, Oh give up me!—
You, who so many times have sworn me friendship:
Oh, Heav'ns!—will you not look with pity on me?
Is there no hope? Is there no room for pardon?

Pyr. Phœnix will answer you: my word is past.

Andr. You, who would brave so many dangers for me,

Pyr. I was your lover then: I now am free.
To favour you, I might have spar'd his life:
But you would ne'er vouchsafe to ask it of me.
Now, 'tis too late.

Andr. Ah, sir, you understood
My tears, my wishes, which I durst not utter,
Afraid of a repulse. Oh, sir, excuse
The pride of royal blood, that checks my soul.
You know, alas! I was not born to kneel,
To sue for pity, and to own a master.

Pyr. No! in your heart you curse me! you disdain
My generous flame, and scorn to be oblig'd!
This very son, this darling of your soul,
Would be less dear, did I preserve him for you.
Your anger, your aversion fall on me!
You hate me more than the whole league of Greece;
But I shall leave you to your great resentments.
Let us go, Phœnix, and appease the Greeks.

Andr. Then let me die! and let me go to Hector.

Ceph. But, madame—

Andr. What can I do more? The tyrant
Sees my distraction and insults my tears.
[*To* CEPH.
—Behold how low you have reduc'd a queen!
These eyes have seen my country laid in ashes;
My kindred fall in war; my father slain;
My husband dragg'd in his own blood; my son
Condemn'd to bondage, and myself a slave;
Yet, in the midst of these unheard-of woes,
'Twas some relief to find myself your captive;
And that my son, deriv'd from ancient kings,
Since he must serve, had Pyrrhus for his master.
When Priam kneel'd, the great Achilles wept:
I hop'd I should not find his son less noble.
I thought the brave were still the compassionate,
Oh, do not, sir, divide me from my child!
If he must die—

Pyr. Phœnix, withdraw a while.

[*Exit* PHŒNIX.

Rise, madame—Yet you may preserve your son.
I find whenever I provoke your tears,
I furnish you with arms against myself;
I thought my hatred fixt before I saw you.
Oh, turn your eyes upon me, while I speak!
And see, if you discover in my looks
An angry judge, or an obdurate foe.
Why will you force me to desert your cause?
In your son's name I beg we may be friends;
Let me entreat you to secure his life!
Must I turn suppliant for him? Think, oh think,
'Tis the last time, you both may yet be happy!
I know the ties I break; the foes I arm:
I wrong Hermione; I sent her hence;
And with her diadem I bind your brows.
Consider well; for 'tis of moment to you!
Choose to be wretched, madame, or a queen.
My soul, consum'd with a whole year's despair
Can bear no longer these perplexing doubts;
Enough of sighs, and tears, and threats I've try'd;
I know, if I'm depriv'd of you, I die:
But oh, I die, if I wait longer for you!
I leave you to your thoughts. When I return,
We'll to the temple; there you'll find your son;
And there be crown'd, or give him up for ever.

[*Exit* PYRRHUS.

Ceph. I told you, madame, that in spite of Greece,
You would o'er-rule the malice of your fortune.

Andr. Alas! Cephisa, what have I obtain'd!
Only a poor short respite for my son.

Ceph. You have enough approv'd your faith to Hector;
To be reluctant still would be a crime,
He would himself persuade you to comply.

Andr. How—wouldst thou give me Pyrrhus for a husband?

Ceph. Think you 'twill please the ghost of your dead husband,
That you should sacrifice his son? Consider,
Pyrrhus once more invites you to a throne;
Turns all his power against the foes of Troy;
Remembers not Achilles was his father;
Retracts his conquest, and forgets his hatred.

Andr. But how can I forget it? How can I
Forget my Hector treated with dishonour;
Depriv'd of funeral rites; and vilely dragg'd,
A bloody corse, about the walls of Troy?
Can I forget the good old king his father,
Slain in my presence; at the altar slain!
Which vainly, for protection, he embrac'd?
Hast thou forgot that dreadful night, Cephisa,
When a whole people fell? Methinks I see
Pyrrhus enrag'd, and breathing vengeance, enter
Amidst the glare of burning palaces:
I see him hew his passage through my brothers;
And, bath'd in blood, lay all my kindred waste.
Think in this scene of horror, what I suffer'd!
This is the courtship I receiv'd from Pyrrhus;
And this the husband thou wouldst give me! No,
We both will perish first! I'll ne'er consent.

Ceph. Since you resolve Astyanax shall die,
Haste to the temple, bid your son farewell.
Why do you tremble, madame?

Andr. O Cephisa!
Thou hast awaken'd all the mother in me.
How can I bid farewell to the dear child,
The pledge, the image of my much-lov'd lord!
Alas, I call to mind the fatal day,
When his too forward courage led him forth
To seek Achilles.

Ceph. Oh, the unhappy hour!
'Twas then Troy fell, and all her gods forsook her.

Andr. That morn, Cephisa, that ill-fated morn,
My husband bade thee bring Astyanax;
He took him in his arms; and as I wept,
"My wife, my dear Andromache," said he,
(Heaving with stifled sighs to see me weep,)
"What fortune may attend my arms, the gods
Alone can tell. To thee I give the boy;
Preserve him as the token of our loves;
If I should fall, let him not miss his sire.
While thou surviv'st; but by thy tender care
Let the son see that thou didst love his father."

Ceph. And will you throw away a life so precious?
At once extirpate all the Trojan line?

Andr. Inhuman king! What has he done to suffer?
If I neglect your vows, is he to blame?
Has he reproach'd you with his slaughter'd kindred?
Can he resent those ills he does not know?
But, oh! while I deliberate he dies.
No, no, thou must not die, while I can save thee;
Oh! let me find out Pyrrhus—Oh, Cephisa!
Do thou go find him.

Ceph. What must I say to him?

Andr. Tell him I love my son to such excess—
But dost thou think he means the child shall die?
Can love rejected turn to so much rage?

Ceph. Madame, he 'll soon be here—Resolve on something.

Andr. Well then, assure him—

Ceph. Madame, of your love?

Andr. Alas, thou know'st it is not in my power.

Oh, my dead lord! Oh, Priam's royal house!
Oh, my Astyanax! At what a price
Thy mother buys thee!—Let us go.
Ceph. But whither?
And what does your unsettled heart resolve?
Andr. Come, my Cephisa, let us go together,
To the sad monument which I have rais'd
To Hector's shade; where in their sacred urn
The ashes of my hero lie inclos'd;
The dear remains, which I have sav'd from Troy;
There let me weep, there summon to my aid,
With pious rites, my Hector's awful shade;
Let him be witness to my doubts, my fears;
My agonizing heart, my flowing tears;
Oh! may he rise in pity from his tomb,
And fix his wretched son's uncertain doom.

ANDROMACHE AND CEPHISA.

Ceph. Madame, once more you look and move a queen!
Your sorrows are dispers'd, your charms revive,
And every faded beauty blooms anew.
Andr. Yet all is not as I could wish, Cephisa.
Ceph. You see the king is watchful o'er your son
Decks him with princely robes, with guards surrounds him.
Astyanax begins to reign already.
Andr. Pyrrhus is nobly minded: and I fain
Would live to thank him for Astyanax:
'Tis a vain thought—However, since my child
Has such a friend, I ought not to repine.
Ceph. These dark unfoldings of your soul perplex me.
What meant those floods of tears, those warm embraces,
As if you bid your son adieu for ever?
For Heav'n's sake, madame, let me know your griefs!
If you mistrust my faith———
Andr. That were to wrong thee.
Oh, my Cephisa! this gay, borrow'd air,
This blaze of jewels, and this bridal dress,
Are but mock trappings to conceal my woe:
My heart still mourns; I still am Hector's widow.
Ceph. Will you then break the promise giv'n to Pyrrhus;
Blow up his rage afresh, and blast your hopes?
Andr. I thought, Cephisa, thou hadst known thy mistress
Could'st thou believe I would be false to Hector?
Fall off from such a husband! break his rest,
And call him to this hated light again,
To see Andromache in Pyrrhus' arms?
Would Hector, were he living, and I dead,
Forget Andromache, and wed her foe?
Ceph. I cannot guess what drift your thoughts pursue;
But, oh, I fear there's something dreadful in it!
Must then Astyanax be doom'd to die;
And you to linger out a life in bondage?
Andr. Nor this, nor that, Cephisa, will I bear;
My word is past to Pyrrhus, his to me;
And I rely upon his promis'd faith.
Unequal as he is, I know him well:
Pyrrhus is violent, but he's sincere,
And will perform beyond what he has sworn.
The Greeks will but incense him more; their rage
Will make him cherish Hector's son.
Ceph. Ah, madam,
Explain these riddles to my boding heart!
Andr. Thou may'st remember, for thou oft hast heard me
Relate the dreadful vision, which I saw,
When first I landed captive in Epirus.
That very night, as in a dream I lay,
A ghastly figure, full of gaping wounds,
His eyes aglare, his hair all stiff with blood,
Full in my sight thrice shook his head, and groan'd;
I soon discern'd my slaughter'd Hector's shade;
But, oh, how chang'd! Ye gods, how much unlike
The living Hector!—Loud he bid me fly!
Fly from Achilles' son! then sternly frown'd,
And disappear'd. Struck with the dreadful sound,
I started, and awak'd.
Ceph. But did he bid you
Destroy Astyanax?
Andr. Cephisa, I'll preserve him;
With my own life, Cephisa, I'll preserve him.
Ceph. What may these words, so full of horror, mean?
Andr. Know then the secret purpose of my soul
Andromache will not be false to Pyrrhus,
Nor violate her sacred love to Hector.
This hour I'll meet the king; the holy priest
Shall join us, and confirm our mutual vows:
This will secure a father to my child:
That done, I have no further use for life:
This pointed dagger, this determin'd hand,
Shall save my virtue, and conclude my woes.
Ceph. Ah, madam! recollect your scatter'd reason;
This fell despair ill suits your present fortunes.
Andr. No other stratagem can serve my purpose:
This is the sole expedient to be just
To Hector, to Astyanax, to Pyrrhus.
I shall soon visit Hector, and the shades
Of my great ancestors:—Cephisa, thou
Wilt lend a hand to close thy mistress' eyes.
Ceph. Oh, never think that I will stay behind you!
Andr. No, my Cephisa, I must have thee live.
Remember thou didst promise to obey,
And to be secret: wilt thou now betray me?
After thy long, thy faithful service, wilt thou
Refuse my last commands, my dying wish?
Once more I do conjure thee *live* for me.
Ceph. Life is not worth my care when you are gone
Andr. I must commit into thy faithful hands
All that is dear and precious to my soul:
Live, and supply my absence to my child;
All that remains of Troy; a future progeny
Of heroes, and a distant line of kings,
In him is all intrusted to thy care.
Ceph. But, madame, what will be the rage of Pyrrhus,
Defrauded of his promis'd happiness?

Andr. That will require thy utmost skill: Observe
The first impetuous onset of his grief;
Use ev'ry artifice to keep him steadfast.
Sometimes with tears thou mayst discourse of me;
Speak of our marriage; let him think I lov'd him;
Tell him my soul repos'd itself on him,
When I resign'd my son to his protection.

Ceph. Oh, for a spirit to support my grief!
Is there aught more before you go for ever?

Andr. Oh, my Cephisa! my swol'n heart is full!
I have a thousand farewells to my son:
But tears break in!—Grief interrupts my speech—
My soul o'erflows in fondness—Let him know
I died to save him:—And would die again:—
Season his mind with early hints of glory;
Make him acquainted with his ancestors;
Trace out their shining story in his thoughts;
Dwell on th' exploits of his immortal father,
And sometimes let him hear his mother's name.
Let him reflect upon his royal birth
With modest pride; Pyrrhus will prove a friend:
But let him know he has a conqueror's right.
He must be taught to stifle his resentments,
And sacrifice his vengeance to his safety.
Should he prove headstrong, rash, or unadvis'd,
He then will frustrate all his mother's virtue.
Provoke his fate, and I shall die in vain.

Ceph. Alas! I fear I never shall outlive you.

Andr. No more; thy tears, Cephisa, will betray me;
Assume a cheerful look: but still remember—

[*Flourish within.*

Hark how the trumpet, with its sprightly notes,
Proclaims the appointed hour, and calls us hence,
Hector, I come, once more a queen, to join thee!
Thus the gay victim, with fresh garlands crown'd,
Pleas'd with the sacred fife's enliv'ning sound,
Through gazing crowds in solemn state proceeds,
And drest in fatal pomp magnificently bleeds.

* * * * * *

ANDROMACHE AND CEPHISA.

Andr. Yes, ye inhuman Greeks! the time will come
When you shall dearly pay your bloody deeds.
How should the Trojans hope for mercy from you,
When thus you turn your impious rage on Pyrrhus;
Pyrrhus, the bravest man in all your league;
The man whose single valour made you triumph.

[*A dead March behind.*

Is my child there?———

Ceph. It is the corpse of Pyrrhus.
The weeping soldiers bear him on their shields.

Andr. Ill-fated prince! too negligent of life:
And too unwary of the faithless Greeks!
Cut off in the fresh rip'ning prime of manhood,
Even in the pride of life: thy triumphs new,
And all thy glories in full blossom round thee!
The very Trojans would bewail thy fate.

Ceph. Alas, then, will your sorrows never end!

Andr. Oh, never, never!—While I live, my tears
Will never cease; for I was born to grieve.—
Give present orders for the fun'ral pomp:

[*To* PHOEN.

Let him be rob'd in all his regal state,
Place round him ev'ry shining mark of honour:
And let the pile, that consecrates his ashes,
Rise like his fame, and blaze above the clouds.

[*A Flourish of Trumpets.*

Ceph. That sound proclaims th' arrival of the prince
The guards conduct him from the citadel.

Andr. With open arms I'll meet him!—Oh, Cephisa!
A springing joy, mixed with a soft concern,
A pleasure which no language can express,
An ecstacy that mothers only feel,
Plays round my heart, and brightens up my sorrow,
Like gleams of sunshine in a low'ring sky.
Though plunged in ills, and exercis'd in care,
Yet never let the noble mind despair:
When prest by dangers and beset with foes,
The gods their timely succour interpose;
And when our virtue sinks, o'erwhelmed with grief,
By unforeseen expedients brings relief.

RACINE—*Andromaque.*

OUTLINES OF ROMAN HISTORY.

[ANNAEUS FLORUS, a Roman historian who wrote in the second century. His "*Epitome of Roman History*," in four books, extends from the founding of the city to the age of Augustus Little is known of the author, and his work is of small authority and no originality, though a convenient summary.]

The Roman people, during seven hundred years, from the time of King Romulus to that of Cæsar Augustus, performed such mighty acts both in peace and war, that if any one compares the greatness of their empire with its years, he will think it out of proportion to its age. So far throughout the world have they extended their arms, that those who read their exploits, learn the fate, not of one people only, but of all mankind. So numerous are the toils and dangers in which they have been exercised, that ability and fortune seem to have concurred in establishing their sway.

As it is of the highest importance, therefore, to learn this history as well as others, but as the vastness of the subject is a hindrance to the knowledge of it, and the variety of topics distracts the faculty of attention, I shall follow the example of those who describe the face of the earth, and shall comprise the whole representation of the matter, as it were, in a small tablet, adding something, as I hope, to the admiration with which this eminent people are regarded, by showing their whole grandeur

together and at one view. If any one, then, contemplates the Roman people as he would contemplate a man, and considers its whole age, how it had its origin, how it grew up, how it arrived at a certain vigour of manhood, and how it has since, as it were, grown old, he will observe four degrees and stages of its existence. Its first period was under its kings, lasting nearly two hundred and fifty years, during which it struggled round its mother against its neighbours; this was its infancy. Its next period extended from the consulship of Brutus and Collatinus to that of Appius Claudius and Quintus Fulvius, a space of two hundred and fifty years, during which it subdued Italy; this was a time of action for men and arms, and we may therefore call it its youth. The next period was one of two hundred years to the time of Cæsar Augustus, in which it subdued the whole world; this may accordingly be called the manhood and robust maturity of the empire. From the reign of Cæsar Augustus to our own time is a period of little less than two hundred years, in which from the inactivity of the Cæsars, it has grown old and lost its strength, except that it now raises its arms under the Emperor Trajan, and, contrary to the expectation of all, the old age of the empire, as if youth were restored to it, renews its vigour.

The founder of the city and empire was Romulus, the son of Mars and Rhea Sylvia. The priestess, when pregnant, confessed this fact of herself, nor did report, soon afterwards, testify a doubt of it, as, being thrown with his brother Remus, into the river by order of Amulius, he could not be destroyed; for not only did the Tiber repress its stream, but a she-wolf, leaving her young, and following the children's cries, offered her teats to the infants, and acted towards them the part of a mother. Being found, in these circumstances, under a tree, the king's shepherd carried them into a cottage, and brought them up.

The metropolis of Latium at that time, was Alba, built by Iulus; for he had disdained Lavinium, the city of his father Æneas. Amulius, the fourteenth descendant from them, was now reigning there, having dethroned his brother Numitor, of whose daughter Romulus was the son. Romulus, in the first ardour of youth, drove Amulius from the citadel, and restored his grandfather. Being fond, however, of the river, and of the mountains where he had been brought up, he thought of founding among them the walls of a new city. But as he and his brother were twins, it was resolved to consult the gods which of the two should commence the work, and enjoy the sovereignty. Romulus, accordingly, took his station on Mount Aventine, and Remus on Mount Palatine. Romulus first saw six vultures; Remus was behind in time, but saw twelve. Being thus superior in point of augury, Romulus proceeded to build the city, with full expectation that it would prove a warlike one, for so the birds, accustomed to blood and prey, seemed to promise.

For the defence of the new city a rampart appeared sufficient. While Remus was deriding its diminutiveness, and showing his contempt for it by leaping over it, he was, whether by his brother's order is uncertain, put to death. He was certainly the first victim, and consecrated the fortification of the new city with his blood.

But Romulus had formed the idea of a city, rather than a real city; for inhabitants were wanting. In the neighbourhood there was a grove which he made a place of refuge; and immediately an extraordinary number of men, some Latin and Tuscan shepherds, others from beyond the seas, Phrygians who had come into the country under Æneas, and Arcadians under Evander, took up their residence in it. Thus of various elements, as it were, he formed one body, and was himself the founder of the Roman people. But a people consisting only of men could last but one age; wives were therefore sought from the neighbouring nations, and, as they were not obtained, were seized by force. For a pretence being made of celebrating some equestrian games, the young women who came to see them, became a prey; and this immediately gave rise to wars. The Vejentes were scouted and put to flight. The city of Cæninenses was taken and demolished; and Romulus also, with his own hands, offered the *spolia opima* taken from their king, to Jupiter Feretrius. To the Sabines, the gates of Rome were given up by a young woman, though not treacherously; she had asked as a reward what they wore on their left arms, but whether she meant their shields, or their bracelets, is doubtful. They, to keep their word and be avenged on her, buried her under their bucklers. The enemy having thus gained admission within the walls, there ensued, in the very forum, so despe-

rate an engagement that Romulus entreated Jupiter *to stop the shameful flight of his men;* and hence a temple was afterwards erected, and Jupiter surnamed Stator. At last the women who had been carried off, rushed, with their hair dishevelled, between the contending parties, and separated them. Thus peace was made, and a league established with Tatius; and a wonderful event followed, namely, that the enemy, leaving their habitations, removed into the new city, and shared their hereditary property with their sons-in-law, as a portion for their daughters.

The strength of their city being soon increased, this most wise monarch made the following arrangement in the state; that the young men, divided into tribes, should be ready, with horses and arms, for any sudden demands of war; and the administration of affairs should be in the hands of the older men, who, from their authority, were called Fathers, and from their age, the Senate. When he had thus regulated matters and was holding an assembly of the people at the lake of Caprea, near the city, he was suddenly snatched out of their sight. Some think that he was cut to pieces by the Senate, on account of his excessive severity; but a tempest which then arose, and an eclipse of the sun, were apparent proofs of his deification. This opinion Junius Proculus soon after confirmed, asserting that he had seen Romulus in a more majestic shape than he had when alive; that he also commanded them to acknowledge him as a deity, as it pleased the gods that he should be called Quirinus in heaven; and that thus Rome should have the sovereignty of the world.

The successor of Romulus was Numa Pompilius, whom, when he was living at Cures, a town of the Sabines, the Romans of their own accord solicited, on account of his celebrated piety, to become their king. It was he who taught them sacred rites and ceremonies, and the whole worship of the immortal gods, and who instituted the pontiffs, augurs, Salii, and other sacerdotal offices among the Roman people. He also divided the year into twelve months, and the days into those for legal business and for vacation. He appointed the sacred shields and the image of Pallas, as certain secret pledges of empire; and ordered the temple of double-faced Janus to be the symbol of peace and war. He assigned the fire of Vesta to the care of Virgins, that its flame might constantly burn, in imitation of the stars of heaven, as a guardian of the empire. All these arrangements he pretended to make by the advice of the goddess Egeria, that his barbarous subjects might more willingly submit to them. In process of time, he brought that uncivilized people to such a condition, that they managed, with piety and justice, a government which they had acquired by violence and oppression.

A RECAPITULATION OF THE ACTS OF THE SEVEN KINGS.

This is the first age, and, as it were, infancy, of the Roman people, which it had under seven kings, who, by a certain contrivance of the fates, were as various in their dispositions as the nature and advantage of the commonwealth required. Who was more daring than Romulus? Such a man was necessary to hold the government. Who was more religious than Numa? Circumstances required that he should be so, in order that a barbarous people might be softened by fear of the gods. What sort of man was Tullus, that author of military discipline? How necessary to warlike spirits, that he might improve their valour by discipline! What kind of king was the architect Ancus? How fitted to extend the city by means of a colony, to unite it by a bridge, and secure it by a wall! The decorations and insignia of Tarquinius, too, how much dignity did they add to this great people from the very dress! What did the census instituted by Servius effect, but that the state should know its own strength? Lastly, the tyrannic government of the proud Tarquin produced some good, and indeed a great deal; for it came to pass, by means of it, that the people, exasperated by wrongs, were inflamed with a desire of liberty.

After the royal family was expelled, the first war that the people made was in defence of their liberty; for Porsena, king of Etruria, came against them with a large army, designing to destroy the Tarquins by force. Yet, though he pressed them hard both with arms and with famine, and seizing the Janiculum, occupied the very entrance to the city, they withstood and repelled him, and struck him, at last, with such amazement, that, though he had the advantage, he of his own accord concluded

a treaty of friendship with those whom he had almost conquered. Then appeared those Roman prodigies and wonders, Horatius, Mucius, and Cloelia, who, if they were not recorded in our annals, would now appear fabulous characters. For Horatius, being unable alone to repel the enemies that pressed him on all sides, swam across the Tiber after the bridge was broken down, without letting go his arms. Mucius Scævola, by a stratagem, made an attempt on the king in the midst of his camp, but having stabbed one of the courtiers by mistake and being seized, he thrust his hand into a fire that was burning there, and increased the king's terror by a piece of craft, saying, "that you may know what a man you have escaped, three hundred of us have sworn to the same undertaking;" while, strange to relate, Mucius himself stood unmoved, and the king shuddered, as if his own hand had been burning. Thus the men displayed their valor; but that the other sex might not want its praise, there was a like spirit among the young women; for Cloelia, one of the hostages given to the king, having escaped from her keepers, crossed the river of her country on horseback. The king, in consequence, being struck with so many and so great prodigies of valour, bid them farewell, and left them free.

The Tarquins continued the war, till Brutus, with his own hand, killed Aruns, the king's son, and fell dead upon his body, of a wound received from his adversary, as if he would pursue the adulterer even to Tartarus.

Hitherto the Roman people had been noble, honourable, pious, upright, and illustrious. Their subsequent actions in this age, as they were equally grand, so were they more turbulent and dishonourable, their vices increasing with the very greatness of their empire. So that if any one divide this third age, which was occupied in conquest beyond the sea, and which we have made to consist of two hundred years, into two equal parts, he will allow, with reason and justice, that the first hundred years, in which they subdued Africa, Macedonia, Sicily, and Spain, were (as the poets sing) golden years; and that the other hundred, which to the Jugurthine, Cimbrian, Mithridatic and Parthian wars, as well as those of Gaul and Germany (in which the glory of the Romans ascended to heaven), united the murders of the Gracchi and Drusus, the Servile war, and (that nothing might be wanting to their infamy) the war with the gladiators, were iron, blood-stained, and whatever more severe can be said of them. Turning at last upon themselves, the Romans, as if in a spirit of madness, and fury, and impiety, tore themselves in pieces by the dissensions of Marius and Sylla, and afterwards by those of Pompey and Cæsar.

These occurrences, though they are all involved and confused, yet, that they may appear the more clearly, and that what is bad in them may not obscure what is good, shall be related separately and in order. And in the first place, as we have begun, we shall give an account of those just and honourable wars which they waged with foreign nations, that the daily increasing greatness of the empire may be made more manifest; and we shall then revert to those direful proceedings, those dishonourable and unnatural contests, of the Romans among themselves.

FLORUS.

FROM SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR.

JAWLEYFORD COURT.

[ROBERT SMITH SURTEES, an English writer of fiction, etc., was born early in the nineteenth century, and became a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, London. His earliest work was a short treatise on the "*Law of Horse Warranty*," (1832). His novels (all published anonymously) of which "*Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour*" was the type, depict English social life and hunting scenes with moderate skill, very little plot, and no imaginative power. Their principal popularity may be ascribed to the very clever illustrations by John Leech, with which they appeared from the press of Bradbury & Evans. "*Handley Cross*," "*Mr. Jorrocks's Hunt*," "*Plain or Ringlets*," "*Ask Mamma*," "*Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour*," and "*Mr. Romford's Hounds*," are the principal. He died in 1834.]

True to a minute, the hissing engine drew the swiftly-gliding train beneath the elegant and costly station at Lucksford—an edifice presenting a rare contrast to the wretched old red-tiled, five-windowed house called the Red Lion, where a brandy-faced blacksmith of a landlord used to emerge from the adjoining smithy, to take charge of any one who might arrive per coach for that part of the country. Mr. Sponge was quickly on the platform, seeing to the detachment of his horse-box.

Just as the cavalry was about got into marching order, up rode John Watson, a ragamuffin-looking gamekeeper, in a green plush coat with a very tarnished laced hat, mounted on a very shaggy white pony, whose hide seemed quite impervious to the visitations of a heavily-knotted dog-whip, with which he kept saluting his shoulders and sides.

"Please sir," said he, riding up to Mr. Sponge, with a touch of the old hat, "I've got you a capital three-stall stable at the Railway Tavern, here," pointing to a newly built brick house standing on the rising ground.

"Oh! but I'm going to Jawleyford Court," responded our friend, thinking the man was the "tout" of the tavern.

"Mr. Jawleyford don't take in horses, sir," rejoined the man, with another touch of the hat.

"He'll take mine in," observed Mr. Sponge, with an air of authority.

"Oh, I beg pardon, sir," replied the keeper, thinking he had made a mistake; "it was Mr. Sponge whose horses I had to bespeak stalls for," touching his hat profusely as he spoke.

"Well *this* be Mr. Sponge," observed Leather, who had been listening attentively to what passed.

"Deed!" said the keeper, again turning to our hero, with an "I beg pardon, sir, but the stable *is* for you then, sir,—for Mr. Sponge, sir."

"How do you know that?" demanded our friend.

"'Cause Mr. Spigot, the butler, says to me, says he, 'Mr. Watson,' says he—my name's Watson, you see, and I'm the head gamekeeper—'Mr. Watson,' says he, 'you must go down to the tavern and order a three-stall stable for a gentleman of the name of Sponge, whose horses are a-coming to-day;' and in course I've come 'cordingly," added Watson.

"A *three*-stall'd stable!" observed Mr. Sponge, with an emphasis.

"A *three*-stall'd stable," repeated Mr. Watson.

"Confound him, but he said he'd take in a hack, at all events," observed Sponge, with a sideway shake of the head; "and a hack he *shall* take in, too," he added. "Are your stables full at Jawleyford Court?" he asked.

"'Ord bless you, no sir," replied Watson, with a leer; "there's nothin' in them but a couple of weedy hacks and a pair of old worn-out carriage horses."

"Then I can get this hack taken in, at all events," observed Sponge, laying his hand on the neck of the piebald as he spoke.

"Why, as to that," replied Mr. Watson, with a shake of the head, "I can't say nothin'."

"*I must, though*," rejoined Sponge, tartly; "he *said* he'd take in my hack, or I wouldn't have come."

"Well, sir," observed the keeper, "you know best, sir."

"Confounded screw!" muttered Sponge, turning away to give his orders to Leather. "I'll *work* him for it," he added. "He sha'n't get rid of me in a hurry—at least not unless I can get a better billet elsewhere.

Having arranged the parting with Leather, and got a cart to carry his things, Mr. Sponge mounted the piebald, and put himself under the guidance of Watson to be conducted to his destination. The first part of the journey was performed in silence, Mr. Sponge not being particularly well pleased at the reception his request to have his horses taken in had met with. This silence he might perhaps have preserved throughout had it not occurred to him that he might pump something out of the servant about the family he was going to visit.

"That's not a bad-like old cob of yours," he observed, drawing rein so as to let the shaggy white come alongside of him.

"He belies his looks, then," replied Watson, with a grin of his cadaverous face, "for he's just as bad a beast as ever looked through a bridle. It's a parfect disgrace to a gentleman to put a man on such a beast."

Sponge saw the sort of man he had got to deal with, and proceeded accordingly.

"Have you lived long with Mr. Jawleyford?" he asked.

"No, nor *will* I, if I can help it," replied Watson, with another grin and another touch of the old hat. Touching his hat was about the only piece of propriety he was up to.

"What! he is not a brick, then?" asked Sponge.

"*Mean man*," replied Watson, with a shake of the head; "*mean man*," he repeated. "You're nowise connected with the fam'ly, I s'pose?" he asked, with a look of suspicion, lest he might be committing himself.

"No," replied Sponge; "no; merely an

acquaintance. We met at Laverick Walls, and he pressed me to come down and see him."

"Indeed!" said "Watson," feeling at ease again.

"Who did you live with before you came here?" asked Mr. Sponge, after a pause.

"I lived many years—the greater part of my life, indeed—with Sir Harry Swift. *He* was a *real* gentleman, now, if you like—free, open-handed gentleman—none of your close-shavin', cheese-parin' sort of gentlemen, or imitation gentlemen, as I calls them, but a man who knew what was due to good servants and gave them it. We had good wages, and all the proper 'reglars.' Bless you, I could sell a new suit of clothes there every year, instead of having to wear the last keeper's cast-offs, and a hat that would disgrace anything but a flay-crow. If the linin' wasn't stuffed full of gun-waddin' it would be over my nose," he observed, taking it off and adjusting the layer of wadding as he spoke.

"You should have stuck to Sir Harry," observed Mr. Sponge.

"*I did*," rejoined Watson, "I did; I stuck to him to the last. I'd have been with him now, only he couldn't get a manor at Boulogne, and a keeper was of no use without one."

"What, he went to Boulogne, did he?" observed Mr. Sponge.

"Aye, the more's the pity," replied Watson. "He was a gentleman, every inch of him," he added, with a shake of the head and a sigh, as if recurring to more prosperous times. "He was what a gentleman ought to be," he continued, "not one of your poor, pryin', inquisitive critturs what's always fancyin' themselves cheated. I ordered everything in my department, and paid for it, too; and never had a bill disputed or even commented on. I might have charged for a ton of powder and never had nothin' said."

"Mr. Jawleyford's not likely to find his way to Boulogne, I suppose?" observed Mr. Sponge.

"Not he!" exclaimed Watson, "not he!—safe bird—*very*."

"He's rich, I suppose?" continued Sponge, with an air of indifference.

"Why, *I* should say he was; though others say he's not," replied Watson, cropping the old pony with the dog-whip, as it nearly fell on its nose. "He can't fail to be rich, with all his property; though they're desperate hands for gaddin' about; always off to some waterin' place or another, lookin' for husbands, I suppose. I wonder," he continued, "that gentlemen can't settle at home, and amuse themselves with coursin' and shootin'." Mr. Watson, like many servants, thinking that the bulk of a gentleman's income should be spent in promoting the particular sport over which they preside.

With this and similar discourse, they beguiled the short distance between the station and the Court—a distance, however, that looked considerably greater after the flying rapidity of the rail. But for these occasional returns to *terra firma*, people would begin to fancy themselves birds. After rounding a large but gently swelling hill, over the summit of which the road, after the fashion of old roads, led, our traveller suddenly looked down upon the wide vale of Sniperdown, with Jawleyford Court glittering with a bright open aspect, on a fine, gradual elevation, above the broad, smoothly-gliding river. A clear atmosphere, indicative either of rain or frost, disclosed a vast track of wild, flat, ill-cultivated looking country to the south, little interrupted by woods or signs of population; the whole losing itself, as it were, in an indistinct gray outline, commingling with the fleecy white clouds in the distance.

"Here we be," observed Watson, with a nod toward where a tarnished red-and-gold flag floated, or rather flapped lazily in the winter's breeze, above an irregular mass of towers, turrets and odd-shaped chimneys.

Jawleyford Court was a fine old mansion, partaking more of the character of a castle than a court, with its keep and towers, battlements, heavily grated mullioned windows, and machicolated gallery. It stood sombre and gray, in the midst of gigantic, but now leafless, sycamores,—trees that had to thank themselves for being sycamores; for, had they been oaks, or other marketable wood, they would have been made into bonnets and shawls long before now. The building itself was irregular, presenting different sorts of architecture, from pure Gothic down to some even perfectly modern buildings; still, viewed as a whole, it was massive and imposing; and, as Mr. Sponge looked down upon it, he thought far more of Jawleyford and Co., than he did as the mere occupants of a modest, white stuccoed, green verandahed house, at Laverick Walls. Nor did his admiration diminish as he advanced,

and, crossing by a battlemented bridge over the moat, he viewed the massive character of the buildings, rising grandly from their rocky foundations. An imposing, solemn-toned, old clock began striking four, as the horsemen rode under the Gothic portico, whose notes re-echoed and reverberated, and at last lost themselves among the towers and pinnacles of the building. Sponge, for a moment, was awe-stricken at the magnificence of the scene, feeling that it was what he would call "a good many cuts above him;" but he soon recovered his wonted impudence.

"He would have me," thought he, recalling the pressing nature of the Jawleyford invitation.

"If you'll hold my nag," said Watson, throwing himself off the shaggy white, "I'll ring the bell," added he, running up a wide flight of steps to the hall-door. A riotous peal announced the arrival.

The loud peal of the Jawleyford Court door-bell, announcing Mr. Sponge's arrival, found the inhabitants variously engaged preparing for his reception.

Mrs. Jawleyford, with the aid of a very indifferent cook, was endeavouring to arrange a becoming dinner; the young ladies, with the aid of a somewhat better sort of maid, were attractifying themselves, each looking with considerable jealousy on the efforts of the other; and Mr. Jawleyford was trotting from room to room, eyeing the various pictures of himself, wondering which was now the most like, and watching the emergence of curtains, carpets and sofas, from their brown holland covers.

A gleam of sunshine seemed to reign throughout the mansion; the long-covered furniture appearing to have gained freshness by its retirement, just as a newly done-up hat surprises the wearer by its goodness: a few days, however, soon restores the defects of either.

All these arrangements were suddenly brought to a close by the peal of the door-bell, just as the little tinkle of a theatre stops preparation, and compels the actors to stand forward as they are. Mrs. Jawleyford threw aside her silk apron, and took a hasty glance of her face in the old eagle-topped mirror in the still room. The young ladies discarded their coarse, dirty pocket handkerchiefs, and gently drew elaborately fringed ones through their taper fingers to give them an air of use, as they took a hasty review of themselves in the swing mirrors; the housemaid hurried off with a whole armful of brown holland; and Jawleyford threw himself into attitude in an elaborately carved, richly-cushioned easy-chair, with a Disraeli's "Life of Lord George Bentinck" in his hand. But Jawleyford's thoughts were far from his book. He was sitting on thorns, lest there might not be a proper guard of honor to receive Mr. Sponge at the entrance.

Jawleyford, as we said before, was not the man to entertain unless he could do it "properly;" and, as we all have our pitch-notes of propriety up to which we play, we may state that Jawleyford's note was a butler and two footmen. A butler and two footmen he looked upon as perfectly indispensable to receive company. He chose to have two footmen to follow the butler, who followed the gentleman to the spacious flight of steps leading from the great hall to the portico, as he mounted his horse. The world is governed a good deal by appearances.

Mr. Jawleyford started life with two most unimpeachable Johns. They were nearly six feet high, heads well up, and legs that might have done for models for a sculptor. They powdered with the greatest propriety, and by two o'clock each day were silk stockinged and jumped in full dress Jawleyford livery; sky blue coats with massive silver aiguillettes, and broad silver seams down the front and round their waist coat-pocket flaps; silver garters at their crimson plush breeches' knees; and thus attired they were ready to turn out with the butler to receive visitors, and conduct them back to their carriages. Gradually they came down in style but not in number, and when Mr. Sponge visited Mr. Jawleyford, he had a sort of out-of-door man-of-all-work who metamorphosed himself into a second footman at short notice.

"My dear Mr. Sponge!—I am delighted to see you!" exclaimed Mr. Jawleyford, rising from his easy chair, and throwing his Disraeli's "Bentinck" aside, as Mr. Spigot, the butler, in a deep sonorous voice, announced our worthy friend. "This is, indeed, most truly kind of you," continued Jawleyford, advancing to meet him; and getting our friend by both hands, he began working his arms up and down like the under man in a saw-pit. "This is, indeed, most truly kind," he repeated; "I assure you I shall never forget it. It's just what I like—it's just what Mrs. Jawleyford likes—

it's just what we *all* like—coming without fuss or ceremony. Spigot," he added, hailing old Pomposo, as the latter was slowly withdrawing, thinking what a humbug his master was. "Spigot!" he repeated, in a louder tone, "let the ladies know Mr. Sponge is here. Come to the fire, my dear fellow," continued Jawleyford, clutching his guest by the arm, and drawing him towards where an ample grate of indifferent coals was crackling and spluttering beneath a magnificent old oak mantel piece of the richest and costliest carved work. "Come to the fire, my dear fellow," he repeated, "for you feel cold; and I don't wonder at it; for the day is cheerless and uncomfortable, and you've had a long ride. Will you take anything before dinner?"

"What time do you dine?" asked Mr. Sponge, rubbing his hands as he spoke.

"Six o'clock," replied Mr. Jawleyford, "six o'clock—say six o'clock, not particular to a moment—days are short, you see—days are short."

"I think I should like a glass of sherry and a biscuit, then," observed Mr. Sponge.

And forthwith the bell was rung, and in due course of time Mr. Spigot arrived with a tray, followed by the Miss Jawleyfords who had rather expected Mr. Sponge to be shown into the drawing-room to them, where they had composed themselves very prettily; one working a parrot in chenile, the other with a lapful of crochet.

* * * * * *

Let a lot of women be huddled together throughout the whole of a livelong day, and they will yet have such a balance of conversation at night, as to render it necessary to convert a bed-room into a clearing-house to get rid of it. Men, however, soon get high and dry, especially before dinner; and a host ought to be at liberty to read the Riot Act, and disperse them to their bedrooms, till such times as they are wanted to eat and drink.

A most scientifically-sounded gong, beginning low, like distant thunder, and gradually increasing its murmur till it filled the whole mansion with its roar, at length relieved all parties from the labour of further efforts; and, looking at his watch, Jawleyford asked Mrs. Jawleyford, in an innocent, indifferent sort of way, which was Mr. Sponge's room; though he had been fussing about it not long before, and dusting the portrait of himself, in his green-and-gold yeomanry uniform, with an old pocket-handkerchief.

"The crimson room, my dear," replied the well-drilled Mrs. Jawleyford; and Spigot coming with candles, Jawleyford preceded "Mr. Sponge" up a splendid richly-carved oak staircase, of such gradual and easy rise that an invalid might almost have been drawn up it in a garden-chair.

Passing a short distance along a spacious corridor, Mr. Jawleyford presently opened a door to the right, and led the way into a large gloomy room, with a little newly-lighted wood fire crackling in an enormous grate, making darkness visible, and drawing the cold out of the walls. We need scarcely say it was that terrible room—*the best*—with three creaking, ill-fitting windows, and heavy crimson satin-damask furniture, so old as scarcely to be able to sustain its own weight.

"Ah! here you are," observed Mr. Jawleyford, as he nearly tripped over Sponge's baggage as it stood by the fire. "Here you are," repeated he, giving the candle a flourish, to show the size of the room, and drawing it back on the portrait of himself above the mantel-piece. "Ah! I declare here's an old picture of himself," said he, holding the candle up to the face, as if he hadn't seen it for some time,—"a picture that was done when I was in the Bumperkin yeomanry," continued he, passing the light before the facings. "That was considered a good likeness at the time," said he, looking affectionately at it, and feeling his nose to see if it was still the same size; "ours was a capital corps—one of the best, if not the very best in the service. The inspecting officer always spoke of it in the highest possible terms—especially of *my* company, which really was just as perfect as anything my Lord Cardigan, or any of your crack disciplinarians, can produce. However, never mind," continued he, lowering the candle, seeing Mr. Sponge didn't enter into the spirit of the thing: "You'll be wanting to dress. You'll find hot water on the table yonder," pointing to the far corner of the room, where the outline of a jug might just be descried; "there's a bell in the bed if you want anything; and dinner will be ready as soon as you are dressed. You needn't make yourself very fine," added he, as he retired; "for we are only ourselves; hope we shall have some of our neighbours to-morrow or next day, but we are rather badly off for

neighbours just here—at least for short-notice neighbours." So saying, he disappeared through the dark doorway.

The latter statement was true enough, for Jawleyford, though apparently such a fine open-hearted, sociable sort of man, was in reality a very quarrelsome, troublesome fellow. He quarrelled with all his neighbours in succession, generally getting through them every two or three years; and his acquaintance were divided into two classes—the best and the worst fellows under the sun. A stranger revisiting Jawleyford after an absence of a year or two, would very likely find the best fellows of former days transformed into the worst ones of that. Thus, Parson Hobanob, that pet victim of country caprice, would come in and go out of season like lamb or asparagus; Major Moustache and Jawleyford would be "as thick as thieves" one day, and at daggers drawn the next; Squire Squaretoes of Squaretoes House, and he, were continually kissing or cutting; and even distance—nine miles of bad road, and, of course, heavy tolls—could not keep the peace between Lawyer Seedywig and him. What between rows and reconcilations, Jawleyford was always at work.

ILKA BLADE O' GRASS KEPS ITS AIN DRAP O' DEW.

[James Ballantine, a Scottish song writer, born at Edinburgh, in 1808, died in 1877. He has published "*The Gaberlunzie's Wallet*" (1843), "*Poems*" (1856), "*Songs, with Music*" (1865), "*Life of David Roberts*" (1866), and other books.]

Confide ye aye in Providence, for Providence is kind,
And bear ye a' life's changes wi' a calm and tranquil mind,
Though pressed and hemmed on every side, hae faith and ye'll win through,
For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Gin reft frae friends or crossed in love, as whiles nae doubt ye've been,
Grief lies deep hidden in your heart, or tears flow frae your een,
Believe it for the best, and trow there's good in store for you,
For ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

In lang, lang days o' simmer, when the clear and cloudless sky
Refuses ae wee drop o' rain to nature parched and dry,
The genial night, wi' balmy breath, gars verdure spring anew,
And ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

Sae, lest 'mid fortune's sunshine we should feel owre proud and hie,
And in our pride forget to wipe the tear frae poortith's ee,
Some wee dark clouds o' sorrow come, we ken na whence or how,
But ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew.

PHILOSOPHY OF UNIVERSAL HISTORY.

[Christian Karl Josias, Baron von Bunsen, a noted German scholar, 1791–1860, was born in Waldeck, and died at Bonn. As early as 1812 he was teaching Hebrew in Göttingen, and a few years later became travelling companion to John Jacob Astor in Germany and Italy. Marrying an Englishwoman, he settled in Rome, living twenty-two years with Brandis, Overbeck, and other German scholars, and becoming Niebuhr's successor as Prussian minister in Italy. In 1841 he was made ambassador at London, resigning in 1854. A zealous student through life of Oriental and theological subjects, the chief works of Bunsen are "*Egypt's Place in Universal History*," (1845-59), "*Hippolytus and his Age*," (1852), and "*Philosophy of Universal History*," (1854). The Baroness Bunsen published the interesting memoirs of her husband in two vols., (London, 1867.)]

Physiology, of itself, never can prove or disprove historical affinity. The philosophical historian moves the previous question against the presumptions of those who insist, as physiologists, upon the originality of the races. This question is: Why these existing races should be considered as primitive? Prichard has most conclusively shown how, and under what conditions, varieties become hereditary; and, on the other hand, that the greater part of what is called typical in a race, as the form of the skull and the colour of the skin, present exceptions in one and the same tribe. But then the ethnological philosopher will not stop there: he will take the offensive, and ask, whether or not it is an axiom of natural history, that only animals of one and the same species produce issue capable of propaga-

tion? and whether or not the caste physiologists still deny this to be the case as to the most distinct races of the earth? All the pretended instances are fallacies and fables. Mixed families become extinct, so do families of one and the same stock. But the marriages between English soldiers and labourers with New Zealand women or even with Papua girls, which have lately been encouraged by the British authorities, prove fruitful, and the children have all the signs of vital strength. As diversity of family is necessarily connected with diversity of climate and of habits, of food and exercise, it is natural that the chances of a lasting perpetuation should depend greatly upon these concomitant circumstances; but the fact of such mixed marriages producing fruitful issue in any degree, is sufficient to prove that unfruitful marriages, or speedy extinction of mixed families, are not to be ascribed to physical incompetency. Nor is another concomitant fact to be overlooked, namely, that the nobler type absorbs the degraded, not the degraded the nobler. Nature always tends towards perfection, and the image of God, hidden under deviations from the perfect type, returns, *jure postliminii*, as soon as outward impediments are removed.

But, on the other hand, the method of proving (what physiology never can do) the historical affinity or consanguinity of such peculiar scions with the original Asiatic stock must be very strict and methodical, not only in order to convince those who maintain that the presumption is against our hypothesis, but also to prevent our remarks from being encumbered by an unmethodical, because unconnected, comparison. It is only after we have established the relative position of the leading Asiatic families of organic languages that we can proceed to the eccentric formations of Africa, America and Polynesia. Then only shall we be able to discover which among those Asiatic families and branches is, as regards physiology and geography, and especially language, nearest of kin to each of them. By this means we shall be enabled to point out that part of the great stem from which those scions branched off, the stage of development at which they separated.

It is not yet proved in detail, but it appears highly probable, in conformity with our general principles, that the native languages of the northern continent of *America*, comprising tribes and nations of very different degrees of civilization, from the Esquimaux of the polar regions to the Aztecs of Mexico, are of one origin, and a scion of the Turanian tribe. The similarity in the conformation of the skull renders this affinity highly probable. The wonderful analogy in the grammatical structure of these languages, with each other and with the Turanian tongues of Asia, is universally admitted; and we think that the curious, and at first sight, startling problem, of the apparent entire diversity of the lexicographical portion of those American languages, by the side of that grammatical affinity, will be satisfactorily accounted for upon a fuller acquaintance with the roots, and by the application of our principle of secondary formations sometimes overlaying the ancient stock of roots.

The linguistic data before us, combined with the traditions and customs, and, particularly, with the system of pictorial or mnemonic writing (first revealed in this work), enable me to say, that the Asiatic origin of all these tribes is as fully proved as the unity of family among themselves. According to our system, the Indian languages can only be the deposit of a north Turanian idiom. Indeed, in addition to the evidence already collected by Prichard, the passage of tribes from Liberia (where we also find traces of the same pictorial writing), over the northern islands, is placed beyond all doubt by the work in question. The Mongolian peculiarity of the skull, the type of the hunter, the Shamanic excitement which leads by means of fasting and dreams into a visionary or clairvoyant state, and the fundamental religious views and symbols, bring us back to primitive Turanism. As to the languages themselves, there is no one peculiarity in them which may not easily be explained by our theory of the secondary formation and of the consequences of isolation. The unity of the grammatical type was long ago acknowledged, but we have now (as I think) the evidence of the material, historical, physical unity. The Indian mind has not only worked in one type, but with one material, and that a Turanian one.

If language be the work of the human mind, religion is so likewise; because they are the two effects of the operation of one and the same faculty, directed in language, to the manifoldness of things, in religion, to the unity of this manifoldness, or to the first cause of the universe. The advance from

the individual object which strikes us through the senses to a notion which defines the species and genus, is a process which supposes the existence and primitive assumption of a first cause. Again, as no instinct can remain without its corresponding manifestation, the mind must produce language.

Descending to the sphere of simple history we find that religion, whether it means truth respecting the relation of the soul to God, or the corresponding acts of worship and of the social life of worshippers, cannot exist without words. But, moreover, the highest media of the manifestation of religious truth are religious words and teachings, and their only safe records, sacred books. It follows from our philosophy of language, as the organ of reason and the depository of thoughts and of facts, that the proper tribunal for interpreting such a code is reason, so far as religion is the expression of truth, ideal or historical. Any non-rational interpretation of those records, is therefore in itself as irreligious as it is irrational. It may be necessary for private interests, perhaps ennobled, at least strengthened, by practical purposes, to employ an irrational interpretation, but in itself any such interpretation is either a proof of illogical perversity and ignorance, or an avowal of imposture and conscious unbelief.

Now the philosophical analysis of language shows what is requisite for discovering the real sense of a word in a given record. We must first try to understand the original meaning of the word, its inherent power, as it were; and then its signification in that given period of language, which evidently implies that we know, at least, the relative age of the record. This enquiry leads us farther into all the various points of historical criticism. Here we meet with questions such as, whether Moses is to be supposed to have related the story of his own death, because we call certain books, the books of Moses, as we call others the books of Judges and Kings—and again, whether Isaiah, a prophet before Sennacherib, must be supposed to have spoken of Cyrus as his contemporary, for a similar reason. In all such questions, reason alone, perhaps, will not obtain a hearing, owing to the indifference to truth, and because the faith of many exists upon unreasonableness: but language comes in at the head of the facts, which are not so easily disposed of. There may be unbelief connected with the promotion of such investigations, but there always is with the attacks upon them on theological grounds. Such enquiries may be conducted individually here and there without faith: but there is no faith worth having implied in an indifference to them. The seriousness and value of the religious belief of any class of men, or of any nation, so far as they are considered rational beings, will always bear a due proportion to the efforts they make to investigate these points, and to bring the problems connected with them before the tribunal of reason, in order to secure a solid basis for historical belief.

But the bearing of a philosophical analysis upon the philosophy of religion goes much farther. It dives down to the very foundation of every historical tradition.

The laws of development in language must be, and demonstrably are, the same as those of the evolution of any religion, whether conveyed by words and written traditions or not. The meaning of a word changes the reality of things, and the word, as a living evidence, acts upon the imaginative as well as reasoning faculties of the mind. *Ecclesia*, as applied by the Christians to their meetings, signified (like synagogue, which means congregation) the assembly of the associated people, the people themselves. The Romanic nations adopted the term as *chiesa*, *église*, *iglesia*, applied however to the locality and to the governing body: a very sad fall indeed. The Germanic nations, who used for *ecclesia* the word *Gemeinde* (community), or others of the same meaning, adopted from the Byzantines the expression (Church, Kirk, Kirche), which originally referred to the place of worship as dedicated to the Lord (*Kyriake* from *Kyrios*). The popular element thus gradually disappears in the notion of government, the people in the ruler, and the word itself, in its intellectual application, refers to the governing body as a *priesthood*. What is *priesthood?*—the quality of being one of the Elders (presbyters) of the congregation, chosen to preside at their meetings, for worship as well as social administration, for meals (the love-feasts or agapes), the regulation of alms-giving, and so on. But what does priest mean conventionally?—a mediator between God and the people.

Thus words which were originally rational and correct expressions, either became absurd or false. Are they then to stand in the way of truth, when they have lost their truth? This question might easily be answered, were it not that there are attached

to the absurdity or to the lie institutions and interests, and all the passions by which these are surrounded and supported, hiding their hideous faces under heavenly masks.

There are two modes of proceeding open to a nation, anxious for truth and able to attain it, when it makes this discovery. Either the word may be given up, or the dictionary may be practically corrected, by recalling the original meaning. In the first case, it is dropped and replaced by one the meaning of which is unmistakeable. The Germans, at the Reformation, replaced *Kirche* by *Gemeinde*, and thus made their language, by one word, an evangelical messenger of truth to the millions who spoke it. Mixed languages, however, with their numerous conventional words, cannot easily achieve such changes. Still they may correct the dictionary. If neither of these be done, it is because, there being no regard for the truth of the thing, there is none for the truth of the expression, and the conventional lie is continued.

It is equally illusory to point to historical tradition in order to come to an understanding of things divine. Historical tradition consists of words, and is no more a definition than a person as an abstract notion. Tradition, and consequently all historical religion, is a hieroglyphic, as well as the words in which it is conveyed. It implies that the object itself is allowed to exist, and that all men know, and somehow understand it within. A firm religious faith, in a thinking man or nation, can no more rest ultimately upon a history than upon a myth. Or shall religious tradition be described by rites and gestures? These are mute hieroglyphics, waiting for the word to explain them. Everything, in short, points to the mind as the complex of Reason and Conscience. Destroy these, if you can; or trust them, and let them have free sovereign sway: if not, declare yourselves Atheists.

The ultimate result of all this may be summed up in a few words, and all that follows may be considered as a commentary upon them, much that precedes as an introduction to them.

Words are the most intellectual symbols, and symbols are, at the best words. Neither the words of language, nor the symbols of religion, are the basis and reality of thought or of worship; they have no reality but in Reason and Conscience, and are of no use but in so far as they express this reality and are so understood and applied.

ST. JOHN AND HIS GOSPEL.

(FROM "HYPPOLYTUS AND HIS AGE.")

St. John, the mysterious apostle of love, appears as the leading personage at the beginning and close of this period. In the year 68, after the death of Nero, when the fulfilment of ancient and modern prophecies was drawing near, and the spiritual atmosphere was charged with the elements of the approaching catastrophe, John saw and wrote down, or dictated, his vision of the imminent destruction of Jerusalem, and of the approaching end of the city of Seven Hills. I have shown, in my Preface, that this is the epoch of the Apocalypse, and shall only treat here of the Gospel.

In the month of September of the year 70, the Holy of Holies of the Jewish dispensation was despoiled and buried beneath its ruins. Jerusalem and Jewish nationality ceased to exist. This awful event roused the Christian congregations all over Asia, Africa, and Europe, from a slumbering expectation of the end of all things. It became clear to them that God's work on earth was to be carried on by Christ's followers. And great was the work doing and to be done. Man as man was to become a temple of God, sacred as such, whether he was a slave or a king, he was to be self-responsible, whether layman or teacher; he was to be in immediate connection with Christ and the Father, whether illiterate or learned. Then the new structure of family life was forming upon the Christian principle: the relation of husband and wife was to be sanctified by the equal Christian position of the woman, and the duty of moral education. A hard problem for flesh and blood! but had it not appeared so to the Apostles themselves before Christ's Spirit came upon them? Parents were to respect their children as co-heirs to the kingdom of God, and children to love their parents for God's sake, and to respect them, as such, not less, but more. This world-renewing spirit could not stop with the family relations; its work became social, in spite of aristocratic pride, of mammon and of state-law, of philosophers and national economists. Masters also and slaves learned to recognize their mutual positions as brethren; the Christian slave might remain a slave, but he ceased to be without a body and soul of his own. Finally, each

member of the congregation was bound to assist every other, as a brother; and the congregations all over the earth were to feel themselves united by the Spirit as one body of redeemed men, Jews and Gentiles, Greeks and Barbarians. Many of them continued during this period to be ruled by Elders, called also Overseers (Bishops): in parts of Asia Minor and at Rome, the people confided the direction to one chosen individual, while they retained the supreme legislative right of making regulations. Thus, while in the dignity of Bishop, man again is truly honoured, because trusted and freely obeyed, the universal Christian conscience sways supreme as in the times of the Apostles; more so, indeed, inasmuch as the Apostles were chosen by Christ, founded the congregations, and stood above local governments; whereas the Bishops were chosen by the people themselves, and possessed only local, and that a limited authority.

But what is the Christian view of the state? To a Christian the state is a punishment, to be borne with patience; it belongs to this earth, and is doomed to perish with it. The Christian honours the Emperor as Christ did Tiberius, and respects his representatives as Christ did Pontius Pilate. Caiaphas is no more: his last successor lies buried under the ruins of the Temple. Nero, too, is gone: is he really (as the general prophecy and belief goes) to return from the East and destroy the new Babylon, the guilty queen of this doomed world? Such were the rumours which, together with many strange doctrines and speculations, Jewish and Gentile, pervaded the Christian world. As Peter had to combat Simon the Samaritan, and Paul the Jewish Gnostics, with their genealogies of angels and æons (1 Tim. iv., 7, Tit. iii.), so John had to warn them against Cerinthus. He, also a Jewish Gnostic of Alexandria, who speculated deeply on the nature of the cosmogonic process, concluded from the suffering and death of Jesus that the Christ had departed from him; and in respect to the kingdom of God which was to come, indulged in images of chiliastic happiness, which remind us of the Bacchic mysteries, and border upon Mohammedan sensualism.

Almost a century has passed away since Christ was born; the aged disciple still lives; is he (as was believed) really not to die before the Lord returns? or is he to fall asleep like all the other Apostles and eye-witnesses?

All is dark and dreary upon earth; there is no light even for the believer but in heaven; no abode for the faith but in the Jerusalem above. Thither the Church is to be elevated. The kingdoms of this world are to become the kingdoms of the Lord; but before that can come to pass, the world must perish. And perish it will: Christ has announced it. When? Nobody knows.

Such was the temper, such were the doubts, fears, and expectations of the latter part of this second age of the Apostles, in which St. John at Ephesus wrote his Gospel and his great Epistle. They both breathe the spirit of his last and constantly repeated injunction and message to his congregation: "Children, love one another!" As in the life and writings of Paul so in those of St. John we clearly discern two periods. In the Apocalypse we see his ardent mind subject to prophetic ecstasies; in his Gospel and Epistle we behold the calm teacher, the Apostle of love. This difference is independent of another circumstance which may help to explain the contrast as to language. I mean the difference between a Jewish secretary who may have acted the part of amanuensis in committing the vision to writing, and whose style would naturally be Hebraising and barbarous, and the men of Asia Minor, the Bishops and Elders of the Greek cities; who (as we shall see presently) edited his Gospel in good Hellenistic Greek. We trace the same amanuensis in the Epistles, which date from the latter portion of his life. According to a uniform tradition, St. John died at Ephesus in the year 98 or 99, the last of Nerva's, or the first of Trajan's reign.

The fourth Gospel decidedly belongs to the last decennium of the first Christian century. There is an ancient tradition traceable to Hegesippus, the first Christian historian, who, after making diligent researches in Asia and Europe, wrote about the year 175 or 180, that St. John who was the only survivor of the Apostles, consented at the request of some fellow-disciples (Andrew, Peter's brother, being mentioned by name), and that of the neighbouring Bishops and Elders of Asia, to write what he had seen. The same tradition also states that all these recognised or confirmed it ("recognoscentibus cunctis"), which implies them to have been the editors.

The Gospel itself, indeed contains plainly enough this confirmatory evidence of the editors. They it was who after St. John's death added the 21st chapter, at the end of which they address themselves to the reader in the words of v. 24. "This is the disciple which testified all these things, and wrote these things; *and we know that his testimony is true.*" The Apostle speaks of himself in the third person, when addressing the reader, as he does towards the very end (xix. 35): "And he that saw it bare record, and his record is true; and he knoweth that he saith true, that ye might believe."

In order to understand the arrangement of this Gospel, we must recall to our minds the position in which John stood to the catechetical tradition, and to the faith of the congregations, when he undertook to write down what he had seen.

At that time a generation had passed away since the destruction of Jerusalem, and two generations had succeeded each other since the beginning of the catechetical teaching about Christ all over the world. This account originally contained the five chapters: How Jesus was baptized by John; How He preached and worked miracles in Galilee; How He travelled about, going towards Jerusalem; How He preached at Jerusalem; How He suffered and died there, and rose on the third day. By far the greater part of these five chapters is anecdotal: that is to say, consists of Jesus' doings and sayings, loosely strung together, and capable therefore of gradual addition and enlargement. These accounts were historical, but could not, and never were originally intended to be considered chronological. The sentence which connects them, being the work of the individual compiler, evidently forms no part of the primitive tradition.

Christ left Galilee very soon after his baptism, and remained about a year in Judæa, till he heard of the Baptist's death. This was the occasion of his visiting Jerusalem for the first time, to which he afterwards twice returned. In the meantime he had made a longer stay in Galilee, and travelled about the country in various directions. Circumstances such as these were unimportant to the catechumens, who of course could only wish to have analogous sayings put together, and the whole framework as simple as possible. This course John could not adopt and sanction; but he must have been very reluctant to oppose it, and thereby disturb the popular account which was written down and circulated throughout the Christian world. He accordingly resolved to sketch the true chronological framework as lightly as possible, and to expatiate only on such points as bore upon the great theme of the prologue. This is the key to the right criticism of his whole Gospel.

BARON VON BUNSEN.

THE PAST.

No touch of change! I close my eyes—
  It cannot be she comes no more!
I hear the rustling of her dress;
  I hear her footstep on the floor.
I feel her breath upon my brow;
  I feel her kiss upon my cheek—
Down, phantoms of the buried past!
  Down, or my heavy heart must break!

ANONYMOUS.

Spring still makes spring within the mind,
  When sixty years are told,
Love wakes anew this throbbing heart,
  And we are never old.

Over the winter glaciers
  I see the summer glow,
And through the wild-piled snow drift,
  The warm rose-buds below.

EMERSON.

FIRST SIGHT OF THE ALBERT NYANZA.

[SIR SAMUEL WHITE BAKER, English author and traveller, born at Thorngrove, Worcestershire, 1821. After eight years residence in Ceylon, he commenced, in 1861, at his own cost, an expedition for discovery of the sources of the Nile, which was followed up by several subsequent expeditions, in all of which he was accompanied by his wife. He met with eminent success, receiving gold medals from geographical societies of London and Paris for his additions to geographical knowledge. His principal works are, "*The Albert Nyanza and Explorations of the Nile's Sources*" (1866), "*The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinnia*" (1867), and "*Ismailia*" (1874).

The glory of our prize suddenly burst upon me! There, like a sea of quicksilver,

lay far beneath the grand expanse of water —a boundless sea horizon on the south and south-west, glittering in the noonday sun; and on the west, at fifty or sixty miles' distance, blue mountains rose from the bosom of the lake to a height of about seven thousand feet above its level.

It is impossible to decribe the triumph of that moment; here was the reward for all our labour—for the years of tenacity with which we had toiled through Africa. England had won the sources of the Nile! . . . . I sincerely thanked God for having guided and supported us through all dangers to the good end. I was about one thousand five hundred feet above the lake, and I looked down from the steep granite cliff upon those welcome waters—upon that vast reservoir which nourished Egypt and brought fertility where all was wilderness—upon that great source so long hidden from mankind; that source of bounty and blessing to millions of human beings; and as one of the greatest objects in nature, I determined to honour it with a great name. As an imperishable memorial of one loved and mourned by our gracious Queen, and deplored by every Englishman, I called the great lake "the Albert Nyanza." The Victoria and the Albert lakes are the two sources of the Nile.

The zigzag path to descend to the lake was so steep and dangerous, that we were forced to leave our oxen with a guide, who was to take them to Magungo and wait for our arrival. We commenced the descent of the steep pass on foot. I led the way, grasping a stout bamboo. My wife, in extreme weakness, tottered down the pass, supporting herself upon my shoulder, and stopping to rest every twenty paces. After a toilsome descent of about two hours, weak with years of fever, but for the moment strengthened by success, we gained the level plain below the cliff. A walk of about a mile through flat sandy meadows of fine turf, interspersed with trees and bush, brought us to the water's edge. The waves were rolling upon a white pebbly beach: I rushed into the lake, and thirsty with heat and fatigue, with a heart full of gratitude, I drank deeply from the sources of the Nile. Within a quarter of a mile of the lake was a fishing village named Vacovia, in which we now established ourselves. . . . .

The beach was perfectly clean sand, upon which the waves rolled like those of the sea, throwing up weeds precisely as sea-weed may be seen upon the English shore. It was a grand sight to look upon this vast reservoir of the mighty Nile, and to watch the heavy swell tumbling upon the beach, while far to the south-west the eye searched as vainly for a bound as though upon the Atlantic. It was with extreme emotion that I enjoyed this glorious scene. My wife, who had followed me so devotedly, stood by my side pale and exhausted—a wreck upon the shores of the great Albert Lake that we have so long striven to reach. No European foot had ever trod upon its sand, nor had the eyes of a white man scanned its vast expanse of water. We were the first; and this was the key to the great secret that even Julius Cæsar yearned to unravel, but in vain. Here was the great basin of the Nile that received every drop of water, even from the passing shower to the roaring mountain torrent that drained from Central Africa towards the north. This was the great reservoir of the Nile!

The first *coup d'œil* from the summit of the cliff, one thousand five hundred feet above the level, had suggested what a closer examination confirmed. The lake was a vast depression far below the general level of the country, surrounded by precipitous cliffs, and bounded on the west and south-west by great ranges of mountains from five to seven thousand feet above the level of its waters—thus it was the one great reservoir into which everything *must* drain; and from this vast rocky cistern the Nile made its exit, a giant in its birth.

QUEEN MARY AT LOCHLEVEN CASTLE.

[AGNES STRICKLAND, a biographical and miscellaneous writer, born in Suffolk 1796, died in London 1874. She has written many volumes of biography, her most important works being "*Lives of the Queens of England*" (1840-49), and "*Lives of the Queens of Scotland*" (1850-59), prepared in conjunction with her sister Elizabeth, and based largely upon original documents.]

The conspirators, calling themselves the Lords of Secret Council, having completed their arrangements for the long-meditated project of depriving her of her crown, summoned Lord Lindsay to Edinburgh, and on the 23d of July delivered to him and Sir Robert Melville three deeds, to which they

were instructed to obtain her signature, either by flattering words or absolute force. The first contained a declaration, as if from herself, 'that, being in infirm health, and worn out with the cares of government, she had taken purpose voluntarily to resign her crown and office to her dearest son, James, Prince of Scotland.' In the second, 'her trusty brother James, Earl of Moray, was constituted regent for the prince her son, during the minority of the royal infant.' The third appointed a provisional council of regency, consisting of Morton and the other Lords of Secret Council, to carry on the government till Moray's return; or, in case of his refusing to accept it, till the prince arrived at the legal age for exercising it himself. Aware that Mary would not easily be induced to execute such instruments, Sir Robert Melville was especially employed to cajole her into this political suicide. That ungrateful courtier, who had been employed and trusted by his unfortunate sovereign ever since her return from France, and had received nothing but benefits from her, undertook this office. Having obtained a private interview with her, he deceitfully entreated her 'to sign certain deeds that would be presented to her by Lindsay, as the only means of preserving her life, which, he assured her, was in the most imminent danger.' Then he gave her a turquoise ring, telling her 'it was sent to her from the Earls of Argyle, Huntly, and Athole, Secretary Lethington, and the Laird of Grange, who loved her majesty, and had by that token accredited him to exhort her to avert the peril to which she would be exposed, if she ventured to refuse the requisition of the Lords of Secret Council, whose designs, they well knew, were to take her life, either secretly or by a mock-trial among themselves.' Finding the queen impatient of this insidious advice, he produced a letter from the English ambassador Throckmorton, out of the scabbard of his sword, telling her 'he had concealed it there at peril of his own life, in order to convey it to her'—a paltry piece of acting, worthy of the parties by whom it had been devised, for the letter had been written for the express purpose of inducing Mary to accede to the demission of her regal dignity, telling her, as if in confidence, 'that it was the queen of England's sisterly advice that she should not irritate those who had her in their power, by refusing the only concession that could save her life; and observing that nothing that was done under her present circumstances could be of any force when she regained her freedom.' Mary, however, resolutely refused to sign the deeds; declaring, with truly royal courage, that she would not make herself a party to the treason of her own subjects, by acceding to their lawless requisition, which, as she truly alleged, 'proceeded only of the ambition of a few, and was far from the desire of her people.'

The fair-spoken Melville having reported his ill success to his coadjutor Lord Lindsay, Moray's brother-in-law, the bully of the party, who had been selected for the honourable office of extorting by force from the royal captive the concession she denied, that brutal ruffian burst rudely into her presence, and, flinging the deeds violently on the table before her, told her to sign them without delay, or worse would befall her. 'What!' exclaimed Mary, 'shall I set my hand to a deliberate falsehood, and, to gratify the ambition of my nobles, relinquish the office God hath given to me, to my son, an infant little more than a year old, incapable of governing the realm, that my brother Moray may reign in his name?' She was proceeding to demonstrate the unreasonableness of what was required of her, but Lindsay contemptuously interrupted her with scornful laughter; then, scowling ferociously upon her, he swore with a deep oath, 'that if she would not sign those instruments, he would do it with her heart's blood, and cast her into the lake to feed the fishes.' Full well did the defenceless woman know how capable he was of performing his threat, having seen his rapier reeking with human blood shed in her presence, when he assisted at the butchery of her unfortunate secretary. The ink was scarcely dry of her royal signature to the remission she had granted to him for that outrage; but, reckless of the fact that he owed his life, his forfeit lands, yea, the very power of injuring her, to her generous clemency, he thus requited the grace she had, in evil hour for herself, accorded to him. Her heart was too full to continue the unequal contest. 'I am not yet five-and-twenty,' she pathetically observed; somewhat more she would have said, but her utterance failed her, and she began to weep with hysterical emotion. Sir Robert Melville, affecting an air of the deepest concern, whispered in her ear an earnest entreaty for her 'to save her life by signing the papers,' reiterating 'that whatever she did would be invalid because extorted by force.'

Mary's tears continued to flow, but sign

she would not, till Lindsay, infuriated by her resolute resistance, swore 'that, having begun the matter, he would also finish it then and there,' forced the pen into her reluctant hand, and, according to the popular version this scene of lawless violence, grasped her n in the struggle so rudely, as to leave the rints of his mail-clad fingers visibly impressed. In an access of pain and terror, with streaming eyes and averted head, she affixed her regal signature to the three deeds, without once looking upon them. Sir Walter Scott alludes to Lindsay's barbarous treatment of his hapless queen in these nervous lines:

> And haggard Lindsay's iron eye,
> That saw fair Mary weep in vain.

George Douglas, the youngest son of the evil lady of Lochleven, being present, indignantly remonstrated with his savage brother-in-law, Lindsay, for his misconduct; and though hitherto employed as one of the persons whose office it was to keep guard over her, he became from that hour the most devoted of her friends and champions, and the contriver of her escape. His elder brother, Sir William Douglas, the castellan, absolutely refused to be present; entered a protest against the wrong that had been perpetrated under his roof; and besought the queen to give him a letter of exoneration, certifying that he had nothing to do with it, and that it was against his consent—which letter she gave him.

AGNES STRICKLAND.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

[Two national ballads, bearing the name of *The Flowers of the Forest*, continue to divide the favor of all lovers of song, and both are the composition of ladies. In minute observation of domestic life, traits of character and manners, and the softer language of the heart, ladies have often excelled the 'lords of the creation.' The first copy of verses, bewailing the losses sustained at Flodden, was written by Miss Jane Elliot of Minto (1727–1805), daughter of Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto. The second song, which appears to be on the same subject, but was in reality occasioned by the bankruptcy of a number of gentlemen in Selkirkshire, is by Alicia Rutherford of Fernilie, who was afterwards married to Mr. Patrick Cockburn, advocate, and died in Edinburgh in 1794. We agree with Allan Cunningham in preferring Miss Elliot's song; but both are beautiful, and in singing, the second is the most effective. Sir Walter Scott has noticed how happily the manner of the ancient minstrels is imitated by Miss Elliot.]

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST; BY MISS JANE ELLIOT.

I've heard the lilting at our yowe-milking,
Lasses a-lilting before the dawn of day;
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At buchts, in the morning, nae blithe lads are scorning,
The lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae;
Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighing and sabbing,
Ilk ane lifts her leglin and hies her away.

In hairst, at the shearing, nae youths are now jeering,
The bandsters are lyart, and runkled, and gray;
At fair, or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, at the gloaming, nae swankies are roaming,
'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play,
But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dool and wae for the order, sent our lads to the Border!
The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;
The flowers of the Forest, that foucht aye the foremost,
The prime o' our land, are cauld in the clay.

We hear nae mair lilting at our yowe-milking,
Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST; BY MRS. COCKBURN.

I've seen the smiling
Of Fortune beguiling;
I've felt all its favors, and found its decay:
Sweet was its blessing,
Kind its caressing;
But now 'tis fled—fled far away.

I've seen the forest,
Adorned the foremost
With flowers of the fairest most pleasant and gay;
Sae bonny was their blooming!
Their scent the air perfuming!
But now they are withered and weeded away.

I've seen the morning
With gold the hills adorning,
And loud tempest storming before the mid-day;
I've seen Tweed's silver streams,
Shining in the sunny beams,
Grow drumly and dark as he rowed on his way.

Oh fickle Fortune,
Why this cruel sporting?
Oh, why still perplex us, poor sons of a day?
Nae mair your smiles can cheer me,
Nae mair your frowns can fear me:
For the Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

ON GOOD-BREEDING.

[Earl of Chesterfield.—No work was more eagerly perused or more sharply criticised than the series of "*Letters*" written by Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield (1694–1773), to his natural son, Philip Stanhope, sometime envoy at the court of Dresden. The letters were never designed for publication. After the death of Mr. Stanhope in 1768, it was found that he had been secretly married, and had left a widow and two children. The widow disposed of the original letters to their proper owner, Lord Chesterfield, but she preserved copies, and immediately after the death of the eminent wit and statesman, the letters were committed to the press. The copyright was sold for £1500—a sum almost unprecedented for such a work, and five editions were called for within twelve months. The speeches, state-papers, literary essays, and other miscellaneous writings of this celebrated peer were published by Dr. Maty, accompanied with a memoir, in 1774, and a valuable edition of his "*Letters*," edited, with notes, by Lord Mahon (now Earl Stanhope), was given to the world in four volumes in 1845, and a fifth in 1853.]

The importance which Chesterfield attached to 'good-breeding' may be seen from this passage:

A friend of yours and mine has very justly defined good-breeding to be, "the result of much good-sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them." Taking this for granted—as I think it cannot be disputed—it is astonishing to me that anybody, who has good sense and good-nature, can essentially fail in good-breeding. As to the modes of it, indeed, they vary according to persons, places, and circumstances, and are only to be acquired by observation and experience; but the substance of it is everywhere and eternally the same. Good-manners are to particular societies, what good morals are to society in general—their cement and their security. And as laws are enacted to enforce good morals, or at least to prevent the ill effects of bad ones, so there are certain rules of civility, universally implied and received, to enforce good-manners and punish bad ones. And indeed there seems to me to be less difference, both between the crimes and punishments, than at first one would imagine. The immoral man, who invades another's property, is justly hanged for it; and the ill-bred man, who by his ill-manners invades and disturbs the quiet and comforts of private life, is by common consent as justly banished society. Mutual complaisances, attentions, and sacrifices of little conveniences, are as natural an implied compact between civilized people as protection and obedience are between kings and subjects; whoever, in either case, violates that compact, justly forfeits all advantages arising from it. For my own part, I really think that, next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing; and the epithet which I should covet the most, next to that of Aristides, would be that of well bred.

DETACHED THOUGHTS.

Men who converse only with women are frivolous, effeminate puppies, and those who never converse with them are bears.

The desire of being pleased is universal. The desire of pleasing should be so too. Misers are not so much blamed for being misers as envied for being rich.

Dissimulation, to a certain degree, is as necessary in business as clothes are in the common intercourse of life; and a man would be as imprudent who should exhibit his inside naked, as he would be indecent if he produced his outside so.

Hymen comes whenever he is called, but Love only when he pleases.

An abject flatterer has a worse opinion of others, and, if possible, of himself, than he ought to have.

A woman will be implicitly governed by the man whom she is in love with, but will not be directed by the man whom she esteems the most. The former is the result of passion, which is her character; the latter must be the effect of reasoning, which is by no means of the feminine gender.

The best moral virtues are those of which the vulgar are, perhaps, the best judges.

Chesterfield occasionally wrote *vers-de-société*, of which the following is the best specimen:

ON THE PICTURE OF RICHARD NASH, ESQ.,

Master of the Ceremonies of Bath, placed at full length between the Busts of Sir Isaac Newton and Mr. Pope at Bath.

The old Egyptians hid their wit
  In hieroglyphic dress,
To give men pains in search of it,
  And please themselves with guess.

Moderns, to hit the self-same path,
  And exercise their parts,

Place figures in a room at Bath
Forgive them, god of arts!

Newton, if I can judge aright,
All wisdom does express;
His knowledge gives mankind delight,
Adds to their happiness.

Pope is the emblem of true wit,
The sunshine of the mind;
Read o'er his works in search of it,
You'll endless pleasure find.

Nash represents men in the mass,
Made up of wrong and right;
Sometimes a knave, sometimes an ass,
Now blunt, and now polite.

The picture placed the busts between,
Adds to the thought much strength;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly's at full length.

ON MONARCHY.

[Sir William Blackstone's "*Commentaries on the Laws of England*," published in 1765, exhibit a logical and comprehensive mind, and a correct taste in composition. They formed the first attempt to popularise legal knowledge, and were eminently successful. Junius and others have attacked their author for leaning too much to the side of prerogative, and abiding rather by precedents than by sense and justice; yet in the House of Commons, when Blackstone was once advocating what was considered servile obedience, he was answered from his own book! The "*Commentaries*" have not been supplanted by any subsequent work of the same kind, but various additions and corrections have been made by eminent lawyers in late editions. Blackstone thus sums up the relative merits of an elective and hereditary monarchy.]

(*See also page* 259.)

It must be owned, an elective monarchy seems to be the most obvious and best suited of any to the rational principles of government and the freedom of human nature; and accordingly, we find from history that, in the infancy and first rudiments of almost every state, the leader, chief-magistrate, or prince hath usually been elective. And if the individuals who compose that state could always continue true to first principles, uninfluenced by passion or prejudice, unassailed by corruption, and unawed by violence, elective succession were as much to be desired in a kingdom as in other inferior communities. The best, the wisest, and the bravest man would then be sure of receiving that crown which his endowments have merited; and the sense of an unbiased majority would be dutifully acquiesced in by the few who were of different opinions. But history and observation will inform us that elections of every kind, in the present state of human nature, are too frequently brought about by influence, partiality, and artifice; and even where the case is otherwise, these practices will be often suspected, and as constantly charged upon the successful, by a splenetic disappointed minority. This is an evil to which all societies are liable; as well those of a private and domestic kind, as the great community of the public, which regulates and includes the rest. But in the former there is this advantage, that such suspicions, if false, proceed no further than jealousies and murmurs, which time will effectually suppress; and, if true, the injustice may be remedied by legal means, by an appeal to those tribunals to which every member of society has (by becoming such) virtually engaged to submit. Whereas, in the great and independent society which every nation composes, there is no superior to resort to but the law of nature; no method to redress the infringements of that law but the actual exertion of private force. As, therefore, between two nations complaining of mutual injuries, the quarrel can only be decided by the law of arms, so in one and the same nation, when the fundamental principles of their common union are supposed to be invaded, and more especially when the appointment of their chief-magistrate is alleged to be unduly made, the only tribunal to which the complainants can appeal is that of the God of battles; the only process by which the appeal can be carried on is that of a civil and intestine war. A hereditary succession to the crown is therefore now established in this and most other countries, in order to prevent that periodical bloodshed and misery which the history of ancient imperial Rome, and the more modern experience of Poland and Germany, may shew us are the consequences of elective kingdoms.

THE EXCELLENCY OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

[Dr. Isaac Barrow (1630-1677) was the son of a linen-draper of London. At school he was more remarkable for a love of athletic exercises than for application to

his books. He studied for the Church, and was made a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1649. But perceiving, at the time of the Commonwealth, that the ascendency of theological and political opinions different from his own gave him little chance of preferment, he turned his views to the medical profession, and engaged in the study of anatomy, botany, and chemistry. After some time, however, he resumed his theological pursuits, devoting also much attention to mathematics and astronomy. In 1655, having been disappointed in his hopes of obtaining the Greek professorship at Cambridge, he went abroad for four years, during which he visited France, Italy, Smyrna, Constantinople, Germany, and Holland. At the Turkish capital, where he spent twelve months, he studied with great delight the works of St. Chrysostom, which were composed in that city. Barrow returned to England in 1659, and in the following year obtained, without opposition, the professorship for which he had formerly been a candidate; to which appointment was added, in 1662, that of professor of geometry in Gresham College, London. Both these he resigned in 1663, on becoming Lucasian professor of mathematics in Cambridge University. After filling the last of these offices with great ability for six years, towards the end of which he published a valuable and profound work on Optics, he resolved to devote himself more exclusively to theology, and in 1669 resigned his chair to Newton. He was subsequently appointed one of the royal chaplains; and in 1672 was nominated to the mastership of Trinity College by the king, who observed on the occasion, that 'he had bestowed it on the best scholar in England.' To complete his honours, he was, in 1675, chosen vice-chancellor of the university; but this final appointment he survived only two years, having been cut off by fever in the forty-seventh year of his age.]

Another peculiar excellency of our religion is, that it prescribes an accurate rule of life, most agreeable to reason and to our nature, most conducive to our welfare and content, tending to procure each man's private good, and to promote the public benefit of all, by the strict observance whereof we bring our human nature to a resemblance of the divine; and we shall also thereby obtain God's favour, oblige and benefit men, and procure to ourselves the conveniences of a sober life, and the pleasure of a good conscience. For if we examine the precepts which respect our duty to God, what can be more just, pleasant, or beneficial to us, than are those duties of piety which our religion enjoins? What is more fit and reasonable than that we should most highly esteem and honour him, who is most excellent? that we should bear the sincerest affection for him who is perfect goodness himself, and most beneficial to us? that we should have the most awful dread of him, that is infinitely powerful, holy, and just? that we should be very grateful to him, from whom we received our being, with all the comforts and conveniences of it? that we should entirely trust and hope in him, who can and who will do whatever we may in reason expect from his goodness, nor can he ever fail to perform his promises? that we should render all due obedience to him, whose children, servants, and subjects we are? Can there be a higher privilege than to have liberty of access to him, who will favourably hear, and is fully able to supply, our wants? Can we desire to receive benefits on easier terms than the asking for them? Can a more gentle satisfaction for our offences be required than confessing of them, repentance, and strong resolutions to amend them? The practice of such a piety, of a service so reasonable, cannot but be of vast advantage to us, as it procures peace of conscience, a comfortable hope, a freedom from all terrors and scruples of mind, from all tormenting cares and anxieties.

And if we consider the precepts by which our religion regulates our carriage and behaviour towards our neighbours and brethren, what can be imagined so good and useful as those which the gospel affords? It enjoins us sincerely and tenderly to love one another; earnestly to desire and delight in each other's good; heartily to sympathise with all the evils and sorrows of our brethren, readily affording them all the help and comfort we are able; willingly to part with our substance, ease, and pleasure, for their benefit and relief; not confining this our charity to particular friends and relations, but, in conformity to the boundless goodness of Almighty God, extending it to all. It requires us mutually to bear with one another's infirmities, mildly to resent and freely remit all injuries; retaining no grudge, nor executing no revenge, but requiting our enemies with good wishes and good deeds. It commands us to be quiet in our stations, diligent in our callings, true in our words, upright in our dealings, observant of our relations, obedient and respectful to our superiors, meek and gentle to our inferiors, modest and lowly, ingenuous and condescending in our conversation, candid in our censures, and innocent, inoffensive, and obliging in our behaviour towards all persons. It enjoins us to root out of our hearts all envy and malice, all pride and haughtiness; to restrain our tongues from all slander, detraction, reviling, bitter and harsh language;

not to injure, hurt, or needlessly trouble our neighbour. It engages us to prefer the public good before our own opinion, humour, advantage, or convenience. And would men observe and practise what this excellent doctrine teaches, how sociable, secure, and pleasant a life we might lead! what a paradise would this world then become, in comparison to what it now is!

If we further survey the laws and directions of our religion, with regard to the management of our souls and bodies, we shall also find that nothing could be devised more worthy of us, more agreeable to reason, or more productive of our welfare. It obliges us to preserve unto our reason its natural prerogative and due empire; not to suffer the brutish part to usurp and domineer over us; not to be enslaved to bodily temper, or deluded by vain fancy, to commit that which is unworthy of, or mischievous to us. It enjoins us to have sober and moderate thoughts concerning ourselves, suitable to our total dependence on God, to our natural meanness, weakness, and sinful inclinations; and that we should not be puffed up with self-conceit, or vain confidence, in our wealth, honour, and prosperity. It directs us to compose our minds into a calm, serene, and cheerful state; that we should not easily be moved with anger, distracted with care or trouble, nor disturbed with any accident; but that we should learn to be content in every condition, and patiently bear all events that may happen to us. It commands us to restrain our appetites, to be temperate in our enjoyments; to abstain from all irregular pleasures which may corrupt our minds, impair our health, lessen our estate, stain our good name, or prejudice our repose. It doth not prohibit us the use of any creature that is innocent, convenient, or delightful; but indulgeth us a prudent and sober use of them, so as we are thankful to God, whose goodness bestows them. It orders us to sequester our minds from the fading glories, unstable possessions, and vanishing delights of this world; things which are unworthy the attention and affection of an immortal spirit; and that we should fix our thoughts, desires, and endeavours on heavenly and spiritual objects, which are infinitely pure, stable, and durable; not to love the world and the things therein, but to cast all our care on God's providence; not to trust in uncertain riches, but to have our treasure, our heart, hope, and conversation in heaven. And as our religion delivers a most excellent and perfect rule of life, so it chiefly requires from us a rational and spiritual service. The ritual observances it enjoins are in number few, in nature easy to perform, also very reasonable, decent, and useful; apt to instruct us in, and excite us to the practice of our duty. And our religion hath this further peculiar advantage, that it sets before us a living copy of good practice. Example yields the most compendious instruction, the most efficacious incitement to action; and never was there any example so perfect in itself, so fit for our imitation, as that of our blessed Saviour; intended by him to conduct us through all the parts of duty, especially in those most high and difficult ones, that of charity, self-denial, humility, and patience. His practice was suited to all degrees and capacities of men, and so tempered, that persons of all callings might easily follow him in the paths of righteousness, in the performance of all substantial duties towards God and man. It is also an example attended with the greatest obligations and inducements to follow it, whether we consider the great excellency and dignity of the person (who was the most holy Son of God), or our manifold relations to him, being our lord and master, our best friend and most gracious Redeemer; or the inestimable benefits we have received from him, even redemption from extreme misery, and being put into a capacity of the most perfect happiness; all which are so many potent arguments engaging us to imitate him.

Again, our religion doth not only fully acquaint us with our duty, but, which is another peculiar virtue thereof, it builds the same on the most solid foundation. Indeed, ancient philosophers have highly commended virtue, and earnestly recommended the practice of it; but the grounds on which they laid its praise, and the arguments used to enforce its practice, were very weak; also the principles from whence it was deduced, and the ends they proposed, were poor and mean, if compared with ours. But the Christian doctrine recommends goodness to us, not only as agreeable to man's imperfect and fallible reason, but as conformable to the perfect goodness, infallible wisdom, and most holy will of God; and which is enjoined us, by this unquestionable authority, as our indispensable duty, and the only way to happiness. The principles from whence it directs our actions are love, reverence, and gratitude to God, good-will to men, and a due regard to our own welfare. The ends which

it prescribes are God's honour and the salvation of men; it excites us to the practice of virtue, by reminding us that we shall thereby resemble the supreme goodness, express our gratitude to our great benefactor, discharge our duty to our almighty lord and king; that we shall thereby avoid the wrath and displeasure of God, and certainly obtain his favour, mercy, and every blessing necessary for us; that we shall escape not only the terrors of conscience here, but future endless misery and torment; that we shall procure not only present comfort and peace of mind, but acquire crowns of everlasting glory and bliss. These are the firmest grounds on which virtue can subsist, and the most effectual motives to the embracing of it.

Another peculiar advantage of Christianity, and which no other law or doctrine could ever pretend to, is, that as it clearly teaches and strongly persuades us to so excellent a way of life, so it sufficiently enables us to practise it; without which, such is the frailty of our nature, that all instruction, exhortation, and encouragement would little avail. The Christian law is no dead letter, but hath a quickening spirit attending it. It sounds the ear and strikes the heart of him who sincerely embraces it. To all good men it is a sure guide, and safety from all evil. . . .

The last advantage I shall mention, peculiar to the Christian doctrine, is the style and manner of its speech, which is properly accommodated to the capacity of all persons, and worthy the majesty and sincerity of divine truth. It expresseth itself plainly and simply, without any affectation or artifice, ostentation of wit or eloquence. It speaks with an imperious awful confidence, in the strain of a king; its words carrying with them authority and power divine, commanding attention, assent, and obedience; as this you are to believe, this you are to do, on pain of our high displeasure, and at your utmost peril, for even your life and salvation depend thereon. Such is the style and tenor of the Scripture, such as plainly becomes the sovereign Lord of all to use, when he is pleased to proclaim his mind and will to us his creatures.

As God is in himself invisible, and that we could not bear the lustre and glory of his immediate presence, if ever he would convincingly signify his will and pleasure to us, it must be by effects of his incommunicable power, by works extraordinary and supernatural; and innumerable such hath God afforded in favour and countenance of our religion; as his clearly predicting the future revelation of this doctrine, by express voices and manifest apparitions from heaven; by frequently suspending the course of natural causes; by remarkable instances of providence; by internal attestations on the minds and consciences of men; by such wonderful means doth God demonstrate that the Christian religion came from him; an advantage peculiar to it, and such as no other institution, except that of the Jews, which was a prelude to it, could ever reasonably pretend to. I hope these considerations will be sufficient to vindicate our religion from all aspersions cast on it by inconsiderate, vain, and dissolute persons, as also to confirm us in the esteem, and excite us to the practice thereof.

And if men of wit would lay aside their prejudices, reason would compel them to confess, that the heavenly doctrines and laws of Christ, established by innumerable miracles, his completely holy and pure life, his meekness, charity, and entire submission to the will of God in his death, and his wonderful resurrection from the state of the dead, are most unquestionable evidences of the divinity of his person, of the truth of his gospel, and of the obligation that lies upon us thankfully to accept him for our Redeemer and Saviour, on the gracious terms he has proposed. To love God with all our souls, who is the maker of our beings, and to love our neighbours as ourselves, who bear his image, as they are the sum and substance of the Christian religion, so are they duties fitted to our nature, and most agreeable to our reason. And, therefore, as the obtaining the love, favour, and kindness of God should be the chief and ruling principle in our hearts, the first thing in our consideration, as what ought to govern all the purposes and actions of our lives; so we cannot possibly have more powerful motives to goodness, righteousness, justice, equity, meekness, humility, temperance, and chastity, or greater dissuasives and discouragement from all kinds of sin, than what the Holy Scriptures afford us. If we will fear and reverence God, love our enemies who despitefully use us, and do good in all our capacities, we are promised that our reward shall be very great; that we shall be the children of the Most High, that we shall be the inhabitants of the everlasting kingdom of heaven, where there is laid up for us a crown of righteousness, of life, and glory.

THE RIVER MEDWAY.

[WILLIAM CAMDEN, one of the most illustrious names in the whole catalogue of learned Englishmen, was born in the Old Baily, London, 1551. He was one of the earliest students admitted into Christ's Hospital, just then established. He was afterwards at St. Paul's school, and finally removed to Oxford, which he left in 1571 to become under-master of Westminster school, the duties of which he discharged at the time when he composed the works for which his name is so eminent. The most celebrated of these is "Britannia," a survey of the British Isles, written in elegant Latin.

Camden reached the age of 72, and was interred in Westminster Abbey. He has been honoured by having the great English Historical Society calling themselves by his name, "The Camden Society." We can only give a brief extract to show his style, from]

KIT'S COTT HOUSE.

Then Medway glides forward, near *Hunton*, where, in the year 1863, was found in digging about six yards deep, a hard floor or pavement, composed of shells or shell-like stones, about an inch deep and several yards over. They are of the sort called *conochites*, and resemble sea-fish of the *testaceous* kind. But yet it appears not, upon enquiry, that in the memory of man any floods from the river have reached as far as this place. Then the Medway runs on, not far from *Fair Lane*, the seat of Lord Bernard; nor far from *Mereworth*, which is a house like a castle, which from the Earls of Arundel came to the *Nevils*, Lords of Abergavenny, and to Lord Despeser, whose heir in the right line was *Mary Fane*, to whom and her heirs James I. granted the name, title, honour, and dignity of Baroness le Despenser for ever. The Medway hastens next to Maidstone, which, because the Saxons called it *Medwegston*, I am inclined to believe was the Vagniace mentioned by Antoninus, and called by Ninnius in his catalogue of cities *Caer Megwad*, corruptly for *Medway*. Nor do the distances gainsay it on one hand from *Novimagus*, and on the other from *Durobrovis*, of which by and by.

Under the later Emperors (as we learn from the Pentezerian Table, published in 1607 by M. Velserus), it is called *Madus*, and thus we see the change of ages in the change of names. This is a neat and populous town, sketched out into great length, and ever since the Roman times it hath been esteemed considerable in all ages, having had the favour and protection of the Archbishops of Canterbury. In the middle is their palace, begun it is said by John Ufford and finished by Simon Islip. Here is likewise one of the two common gaols of this county; and it is beholden for a great many immunities to Queen Elizabeth, who made their chief magistrate a *Mayor* instead of a *Portgreve*, a thing I rather take notice of, because this is an ancient Saxon word, and to this day among the Germans a *Governor*, or *Markgrave*, *Reingrave*, *Landgrave*, &c.

Here, at *Maidstone*, the Medway is joined by a small river from the east, which rises at Ewel in a little wood less than a mile west of Lenham.

Thus the Medway, after it has received the little river *Len*, passes through fruitful corn fields, and by *Allington* castle runs to *Ailesford*, called by Henry Huntingdon *Elstre*, and by Ninnius Episford, who has also told us that it was called *Saissenaeghaibail* by the Britains, because of the Saxons being conquered there, as others have in the same sense called it *Anglesford*. For Guortimer the Britain, son of Guortigern, fell upon Hengist and the English Saxons here, and having disordered them at the first onset, that they were not able to stand a second charge, he put them to flight; and they had been routed once for all had not Hengist, by a singular art of preventing dangers, betaken himself to the Isle of Thanet, till that resolute fierceness of the Britains was a little allayed, and fresh forces came out of Germany.

In this battle the two generals were slain —*Categern* the Britain, and *Horsa* the Saxon. The latter was buried at *Horsted*, a little way from hence, and left his name to the place; the former was buried in great state near *Ailesford*, where those four vast stones are pitched on end, with others lying cross-ways upon them, much of the same form with the British monument called *Stone-henge*. And this the common people do still, from Categern, call *Keith-coty-house*.*

Translated by EDMUND GIBSON,
Bishop of London.

WHAT IS WIT?

First, it may be demanded what the thing is we speak of, or what this facetiousness

* Now (1882) "Kit's cot-house," opposite the Blue Bell Inn, on the Blue Bell hill between Chatham and Maidstone.

doth import? To which question I might reply as Democritus did to him that asked the definition of a man: ''Tis that which we all see and know.' Any one better apprehends what it is by acquaintance than I can inform him by description. It is indeed a thing so versatile and multiform, appearing in so many shapes, so many postures, so many garbs, so variously apprehended by several eyes and judgments, that it seemeth no less hard to settle a clear and certain notion thereof, than to make a portrait of Proteus, or to define the figure of the fleeting air. Sometimes it lieth in pat allusion to a known story, or in seasonable application of a trivial saying, or in forging an apposite tale: sometimes it playeth in words and phrases, taking advantage from the ambiguity of their sense, or the affinity of their sound. Sometimes it is wrapped in a dress of humorous expression: sometimes it lurketh under an odd similitude: sometimes it is lodged in a sly question, in a smart answer, in a quirkish reason, in a shrewd intimation, in cunningly diverting or cleverly retorting an objection: sometimes it is couched in a bold scheme of speech, in a tart irony, in a lusty hyperbole, in a startling metaphor, in a plausible reconciling of contradictions, or in acute nonsense: sometimes a scenical representation of persons or things, a counterfeit speech, a mimical look or gesture passeth for it: sometimes an affected simplicity, sometimes a presumptuous bluntness, giveth it being: sometimes it riseth only from a lucky hitting upon what is strange; sometimes from a crafty wresting obvious matter to the purpose; often it consists in one knows not what, and springeth up one can hardly tell how. Its ways are unaccountable and inexplicable, being answerable to the numberless rovings of fancy and windings of language. It is, in short, a manner of speaking out of the simple and plain way—such as reason teacheth and proveth things by—which by a pretty surprising uncouthness in conceit or expression doth affect and amuse the fancy, stirring it in some wonder, and breeding some delight therein. It raiseth admiration, as signifying a nimble sagacity of apprehension, a special felicity of invention, a vivacity of spirit and reach of wit more than vulgar. It seemeth to argue a rare quickness of parts, that one can fetch in remote conceits applicable; a notable skill, that he can dexterously accommodate them to the purpose before him; together with a lively briskness of humour, not apt to damp those sportful flashes of imagination. Whence in Aristotle such persons are termed *epidexioi*, dexterous men; and *eutropoi*, men of facile or versatile manners, who can easily turn themselves to all things, or turn all things to themselves. It also procureth delight, by gratifying curiosity with its rareness or semblance of difficulty; as monsters, not for their beauty, but their rarity; as jugglings tricks, not for their use, but their abstruseness, are beheld with pleasure, by diverting the mind from its road of serious thoughts; by instilling gaiety and airiness of spirit; by provoking to such dispositions of spirit in way of emulation or complaisance; and by seasoning matters, otherwise distasteful or insipid, with an unusual and thence grateful tang.

ISAAC BARROW, D.D.

WISE SELECTION OF PLEASURE.

Wisdom is exceedingly pleasant and peaceable; in general, by disposing us to acquire and enjoy all the good delight and happiness we are capable of; and by freeing us from all the inconveniences, mischiefs, and infelicities our condition is subject to. For whatever good from clear understanding, deliberate advice, sagacious foresight, stable resolution, dexterous address, right intention, and orderly proceeding, doth naturally result, wisdom confers: whatever evil blind ignorance, false presumption, unwary credulity, precipitate rashness, unsteady purpose, ill contrivance, backwardness, inability, unwieldiness and confusion of thought beget, wisdom prevents. From a thousand snares and treacherous allurements, from innumerable rocks and dangerous surprises, from exceedingly many needless incumbrances and vexatious toils of fruitless endeavours, she redeems and secures us.

Wisdom instructs us to examine, compare, and rightly to value the objects that court our affections and challenge our care; and thereby regulates our passions and moderates our endeavours, which begets a pleasant serenity and peaceable tranquillity of mind. For when, being deluded with false shows, and relying upon ill grounded presumptions, we highly esteem, passionately affect, and eagerly pursue things of little worth in themselves or concernment to us; as we unhandsomely prostitute our affections, and prodigally misspend our time, and vainly lose our labour, so the event not an-

swering our expectation, our minds thereby are confounded, disturbed, and distempered. But when, guided by right reason, we conceive great esteem of, and zealously are enamoured with, and vigorously strive to attain, things of excellent worth and weighty consequence, the conscience of having well placed our affections and well employed our pains, and the experience of fruits corresponding to our hopes, ravishes our minds with unexpressible content. And so it is: present appearance and vulgar conceit ordinarily impose upon our fancies, disguising things with a deceitful varnish, and representing those that are the vainest with the greatest advantage; whilst the noblest objects, being of a more subtle and spiritual nature, like fairest jewels inclosed in a homely box, avoid the notice of gross sense, and pass undiscerned by us. But the light of wisdom, as it unmasks specious imposture, and bereaves it of its false colours, so it penetrates into the retirements of true excellency, and reveals its genuine lustre.

ISAAC BARROW, D.D.

GRIEF CONTROLLED BY WISDOM.

Wisdom makes all the troubles, griefs, and pains incident to life, whether casual adversities or natural afflictions, easy and supportable, by rightly valuing the importance and moderating the influence of them. It suffers not busy fancy to alter the nature, amplify the degree, or extend the duration of them, by representing them more sad, heavy, and remediless than they truly are. It allows them no force beyond what naturally and necessarily they have, nor contributes nourishment to their increase. It keeps them at a due distance, not permitting them to encroach upon the soul, or to propagate their influence beyond their proper sphere.

ISAAC BARROW, D.D.

THE LAWYER'S FAREWELL TO HIS MUSE.

(*See page* 253.)

[Though the reputation of BLACKSTONE may be built on the foundation of legal quartos, we must yet be pleased to view the more ornamental part of his literary life derived from his poetical character, and his pursuit of elegant studies: at the age of twenty he had compiled a treatise, entitled, "*Elements of Architecture*," which met with approbation, though intended only for his own use.—These were the arts of his choice.—And it is pleasanter to follow his mind through them, than to trace its labours through those by which he rose to fame.]

As, by some tyrant's stern command,
A wretch forsakes his native land,
In foreign climes condemn'd to roam;
An endless exile from his home;
Pensive he treads the destined way,
And dreads to go; nor dares to stay;
Till on some neighbouring mountains' brow
He stops, and turns his eyes below;
There, melting at the well-known view,
Drops a last tear, and bids adieu:
So I, thus doom'd from thee to part,
Gay queen of Fancy, and of Art,
Reluctant move, with doubtful mind,
Oft stop, and often look behind.

Companion of my tender age,
Serenely gay, and sweetly sage,
How blithesome were we wont to rove
By verdant hill, or shady grove,
Where fervent bees, with humming voice,
Around the honey'd oak rejoice,
And aged elms with awful bend
In long cathedral walks extend!
Lull'd by the lapse of gliding floods,
Cheer'd by the warbling of the woods,
How blest my days, my thoughts how free,
In sweet society with thee!
Then all was joyous, all was young,
And years unheeded roll'd along.

But now the pleasing dream is o'er,
These scenes must charm me now no more,
Lost to the fields, and torn from you,—
Farewell!—a long, a last adieu.
Me wrangling courts, and stubborn law,
To smoak, and crowds, and cities draw:
There selfish faction rules the day,
And Pride and Avarice throng the way;
Diseases taint the murky air,
And midnight conflagrations glare;
Loose Revelry, and Riot bold
In frighted streets their orgies hold;
Or, where in silence all is drown'd,
Fell Murder walks his lonely round,
No room for peace, no room for you,
Adieu, celestial Nymph, adieu!

Shakspeare no more, thy sylvan son,
Nor all the art of Addison,
Pope's heaven strung lyre, nor Waller's ease,
Nor Milton's mighty self must please:
Instead of these a formal band
In furs and coifs around me stand;
With sounds uncouth and accents dry,
That grate the soul of harmony.

Each pedant sage unlocks his store
Of mystick, dark, discordant lore;
And points with tottering hand the ways
That lead me to the thorny maze.

There, in a winding close retreat,
Is justice doom'd to fix her seat,
There, fenced by bulwarks of the Law,
She keeps the wondering world in awe,
And there, from vulgar sight retired,
Like eastern queens, is more admired.

O let me pierce the secret shade
Where dwells the venerable maid!
There humbly mark with reverent awe,
The guardian of Britannia's Law,
Unfold with joy her sacred page,
The united boast of many an age,
Where mix'd, yet uniform appears
The wisdom of a thousand years.
In that pure spring the bottom view,
Clear, deep, and regularly true,
And other doctrines thence imbibe
Than lurk within the sordid scribe;
Observe how parts with parts unite
In one harmonious rule of right:
See countless wheels distinctly tend
By various laws to one great end:
While mighty Alfred's piercing soul
Pervades and regulates the whole.

Then welcome business, welcome strife,
Welcome the cares, the thorns of life,
The visage wan, the pore-blind sight,
The toil by day, the lamp at night,
The tedious forms, the solemn prate,
The pert dispute, the dull debate,
The drowsy bench, the babbling Hall,
For thee, fair Justice, welcome all!
Thus though my noon of life be past,
Yet let my setting sun, at last,
Find out the still, the rural cell,
Where sage Retirement loves to dwell!
There let me taste the homeful bliss
Of innocence, and inward peace;
Untainted by the guilty bribe,
Uncursed amid the Harpy tribe;
No orphan's cry to wound my ear;
My honour, and my conscience clear;
Thus may I calmly meet my end,
Thus to the grave in peace descend.

XENOPHON'S MEMORABILIA OF SOCRATES.

[XENOPHON, an Athenian historian, born about 444 B. C. lived to the age of ninety. He was a pupil of Socrates when young, and the most memorable event in Xenophon's life is his marching with the Greek army under Cyrus against Artaxerxes, in the year 401 B. C. The history of this famous expedition, written by Xenophon under the name of the Anabasis, is a remarkable narrative of trial and danger. Xenophon's Cyropædia is a sort of political romance founded on the history of Cyrus. Its picture of Persian morals and Persian discipline is undoubtedly fictitious. The *Memorabilia* of Socrates, one of the best works of Xenophon, was written to defend the memory of the great philosopher, whose pupil Xenophon was, against the charge of irreligion. It is unquestionably a genuine picture of the man, and the most valuable memorial we possess of the philosophy of Socrates.]

But if any one thinks that Socrates was convicted of falsehood with regard to his *Dæmon*, because sentence of death was pronounced on him by the judges, although he said that the dæmon admonished him what he ought and what he ought not to do, let him consider in the first place that he was already so advanced in years, that he must have ended his life, if not then, at least not long after; and, in the next, that he relinquished only the most burdensome part of life, in which all feel their powers of intellect diminished, while, instead of enduring this, he acquired great glory by proving the firmness of his mind, pleading his cause, above all men, with the greatest regard to truth, ingenuousness, and justice, and bearing his sentence at once with the utmost resignation and the utmost fortitude.

It is, indeed, acknowledged that no man, of all that are remembered, ever endured death with greater glory: for he was obliged to live thirty days after his sentence, because the Delian festival happened in that month, and the law allowed no one to be publicly put to death until the sacred deputation should return from Delos; and during that time he was seen by all his friends living in no other way than at any preceding period; and, let it be observed, throughout all the former part of his life, he had been admired beyond all men for the cheerfulness and tranquillity with which he lived. How could any one have died more nobly than thus? Or what death could be more honourable than that which any man might most honourably undergo? Or what death could be happier than the most honourable? Or what death more acceptable to the gods than the most happy?

I will also relate what I heard respecting him from Hermogenes, the son of Hipponicus, who said that after Meletus had laid the action against him, he heard him speaking

on any subject rather than that of his trial, and remarked to him that he ought to consider what defence he should make, but that he said at first, "Do I not appear to you to have passed my whole life meditating on that subject?" and then, when he asked him "How so?" he said that "he had gone through life doing nothing but considering what was just and what unjust, doing what was just and abstaining from what was unjust, which he conceived to be the best mediation for his defence." Hermogenes said again, "Do you not see, Socrates, that the judges at Athens have already put to death many innocent persons, from being offended at their language, and have allowed many that were guilty to escape?" "But, by Jupiter, Hermogenes," replied he, "when I was proceeding, a while ago, to study my address to the judges, the dæmon testified disapprobation." "You say what is strange," rejoined Hermogenes. "And do you think it strange," inquired Socrates, "that it should seem better to the divinity that I should now close my life? Do you not know, that, down to the present time, I would not admit to any man that he has lived either better or with more pleasure than myself? for I consider that those live best who study best to become as good as possible; and that those live with most pleasure who feel the most assurance that they are daily growing better and better. This assurance I have felt to the present day, to be the case with respect to myself; and associating with other men, and comparing myself with others, I have always retained this opinion respecting myself: and, not only I, but my friends also, maintain a similar feeling with regard to me, not because they love me, (for those who love others may be thus affected towards the objects of their love), but because they think that while they associated with me they became greatly advanced in virtue. If I shall live a longer period, perhaps I shall be destined to sustain the evils of old age, to find my sight and hearing weakened, to feel my intellect impaired, to become less apt to learn, and more forgetful, and in fine, to grow inferior to others in all those qualities in which I was once superior to them. If I should be insensible to this deterioration, life would not be worth retaining; and, if I should feel it, how could I live otherwise than with less profit, and with less comfort? If I am to die unjustly, my death will be a disgrace to those who unjustly kill me; for if injustice is a disgrace, must it not be a disgrace to do anything unjustly? But what disgrace will it be to me, that others could not decide or act justly with regard to me? Of the men who have lived before me, I see that the estimation left among posterity with regard to such as have done wrong, and such as have suffered wrong, is by no means similar; and I know that I, also, if I now die, shall obtain from mankind far different consideration from that which they will pay to those who take my life; for I know that they will always bear witness to me that I have never wronged any man, or rendered any man less virtuous, but that I have always endeavoured to make those better who conversed with me." Such discourse he held with Hermogenes and others.

Of those who knew what sort of a man Socrates was, such as were lovers of virtue, continue to regret him above all other men, even to the present day, as having contributed in the highest degree to their advancement in goodness. To me, being such as I have described him, so pious that he did nothing without the sanction of the gods; so just, that he wronged no man even in the most trifling affair, but was of service, in the most important matters, to those who enjoyed his society; so temperate, that he never preferred pleasure to virtue; so wise, that he never erred in distinguishing better from worse, needing no counsel from others, but being sufficient in himself to discriminate between them; so able to explain and settle such questions by argument; and so capable of discerning the character of others, of confuting those who were in error, and of exhorting them to virtue and honour, he seemed to be such as the best and happiest of men would be. But if any one disapproves of my opinion, let him compare the conduct of others with that of Socrates, and determine accordingly.

XENOPHON'S SPEECH TO THE GREEKS IN THE ARMY OF CYRUS.

Next stood up Xenophon, who accoutred himself for war as splendidly as he could, thinking that if the gods should grant them victory, the finest equipment would be suitable to success, or that, if it were appointed for him to die, it would be well for him to adorn himself with his best armour, and in

that dress to meet his end. He proceeded to speak thus: "Of the perjury and perfidy of the Barbarians Cleanor has just spoken, and you, I am sure, are well aware of it. If, then, we think of coming again to terms of friendship with them, we must of necessity feel much distrust on that head, when we see what our generals have suffered, who, in reliance on their faith, put themselves into their hands; but if we propose to inflict on them vengeance with our swords for what they have done, and for the future, to be at war with them at all points, we have, with the help of the gods, many fair hopes of safety." As he was uttering these words, somebody sneezed, and the soldiers, hearing it, with one impulse made their adoration to the god; and Xenophon continued, "Since, soldiers, while we were speaking of safety, an omen from Jupiter the Preserver has appeared, it seems to me that we should vow to that god to offer sacrifices for our preservation on the spot where we first reach a friendly country; and that we should vow, at the same time, to sacrifice to the other gods according to our ability. And to whomsoever this seems reasonable, let him hold up his hand." All held up their hands; and they then made their vows, and sang the pæan. When the ceremonies to the gods were duly performed, he recommenced thus: "I was saying that we had many fair hopes of safety. In the first place, we have observed our oaths made to the gods; but the enemy have perjured themselves, and broken the truce and their oaths. Such being the case, it is natural that the gods should be unfavourable to our enemies, and should fight on our side; the gods, who are able, whenever they will, to make the mighty soon weak, and to save the weak with ease, though they may be in grievous perils. In the next place, I will remind you of the dangers in which our ancestors were, that you may feel conscious how much it becomes you to be brave, and how the brave are preserved even from the greatest troubles, by the aid of the gods. For when the Persians, and those united with them, came with a numerous host, as if to sweep Athens from the face of the earth, the Athenians, by daring to oppose them, gave them a defeat, and having made a vow to Diana, that whatever number they should kill of the enemy, they would sacrifice to her divinity the same number of goats, and not being able to find enough, they resolved to sacrifice five hundred every year; and to this day they still continue to sacrifice them. Again, when Xerxes, having collected that innumerable army of his, came down upon Greece a second time, our ancestors on that occasion too, defeated the ancestors of these Barbarians, both by land and sea; of which exploits the trophies are still to be seen as memorials; the greatest of all memorials, however, is the liberty of the states in which you were born and bred, for you worship no man as master, but the gods alone. Of such ancestors are you sprung.

Nor am I going to say that you dishonour them. It is not yet many days since you arrayed yourselves in the field against the descendants of those Barbarians, and defeated, with the help of the gods, a force many times more numerous than yourselves. On that occasion you showed yourselves brave men to procure a throne for Cyrus; and now, when the struggle is for your own lives, it becomes you to be more valiant and resolute. At present too, you may justly feel greater confidence against your adversaries; for even then, when you had made no trial of them, and saw them in countless numbers before you, you yet dared, with the spirit of your fathers, to advance upon them, and now, when you have learned from experience of them, that, though many times your number, they shrink from receiving your charge, what reason have you any longer to fear them? And do not consider it any disadvantage, that the troops of Cyrus, who were formerly arrayed on our side, have now left us; for they are far more cowardly than those who were defeated by you; at least they deserted us to flee to them. and those who are so ready to commence flight it is better to see posted on the side of the enemy than in our own ranks.

If again, any of you are disheartened because we have no cavalry, and the enemy have a great number, consider that ten thousand cavalry are nothing more than ten thousand men; for no one ever perished in battle of being bitten or kicked by a horse; it is the men that do whatever is done in the encounter. Doubtless, we, too, rest upon a surer support than cavalry have, for they are raised upon horses, and are afraid, not only of us, but also of falling, while we, taking our steps upon the ground, shall strike such as approach us with far greater force, and hit much more surely the mark at which we may aim. In one point alone, indeed, have the cavalry the advantage, that it is safer for them to flee than for us.

But if, though you have courage for battle, you are disquieted at the thought that Tissaphernes will no longer guide you, and that the king will no longer supply you with provisions, consider whether it is better to have Tissaphernes for our guide, who is manifestly plotting our destruction, or such persons as we ourselves may seize and compel to be our guides, who will be conscious that if they go wrong with regard to us, they go wrong with regard to their own lives and persons. And as to provisions, whether is it better for us to purchase, in the markets which they provide, small measures of food for large sums of money, (no longer, indeed, having the money), or, if we are successful in the field, to take supplies for ourselves, adopting whatever measure each of us may wish to use?

Again, if you think that this state of things will be better, but imagine that the rivers will be impassable, and that you were greatly misled when you came across them, reflect whether the Barbarians have not acted most unwisely also in this respect. For all rivers, though they may be impassable at a distance from their sources, are easy to be forded by those who go to their springs, wetting them not even to the knees. But even if the rivers shall not afford us a passage, and no guide shall appear to conduct us, we still need not be in despair; for we know that the Mysians, whom we should not call more valiant than ourselves, have settled themselves, against the king's will, in many rich and large cities in the king's territory; we know that the Pisidians have acted similarly; and we have ourselves seen that the Lycaonians, having seized on the strongholds in the plains, enjoy the produce of the land of these barbarians; and I should recommend that we, for the present, should not let it be seen that we are eager to start homewards, but should apparently make arrangements as if we thought of settling somewhere in these parts; for I am sure that the king would grant the Mysians many guides, and give them many hostages to send them out of the country safely, and even make roads for them, though they should desire to depart in four-horse chariots; and for ourselves, too, I am convinced that he would with thrice as much pleasure do the same, if he saw us making dispositions to remain here. But I am afraid that if we should once learn to live in idleness, to revel in abundance, and to associate with the fair and stately wives and daughters of the Medes and Persians, we should, like the lotus-eaters, think no more of the road homewards. It seems to me, therefore, both reasonable and just, that we should first of all make an attempt to return to Greece, and to the members of our families, and let our countrymen see that they live in voluntary poverty, since they might see those who are now living at home without the means of subsistence, enriched on betaking themselves hither. But I need say no more on this head, for it is plain, my fellow-soldiers, that all these advantages fall to the conquerors.

I must also suggest to you, however, in what manner we may proceed on our way with the greatest safety, and how we may fight, if it should be necessary to fight, to the greatest possible advantage. First of all, then," he continued, "it seems to me that we ought to burn whatever carriages we have, that our cattle may not influence our movements, but that we may march whithersoever it may be convenient for the army; and then that we should burn our tents with them, for tents are troublesome to carry, and of no service either for fighting or in getting provisions. I think, also, that we ought to rid ourselves of whatever is superfluous in the rest of our baggage, reserving only what we have for war, or for meat and drink, that as many of us as possible may be under arms, and as few as possible baggage-bearers; for you areaware that whatever belongs to the conquered becomes the property of others; and, if we are victorious, we ought to look upon our enemy as our baggage-carriers.

It only remains for me to mention a particular which I consider to be of the greatest importance. You see that the enemy did not venture openly to commence war against us until they had seized our generals, thinking that as long as we had commanders and were obedient to them, we should be in a condition to gain the advantage over them in the field; but, on making prisoners of our generals, they expected that we should perish from want of direction and order. It is incumbent, therefore, on our present commanders to be far more vigilant than our former ones, and on those under command to be far more orderly and more obedient to their officers at present than they were before. And if you were also to pass a resolution, that, should any one be disobedient, whoever of you chances to light upon him is to join with his officer

in punishing him. The enemy would by that means be most effectually disappointed in their expectations, for on the very day that such resolution is passed, they will see before them ten thousand Clearchuses instead of one, who will not allow a single soldier to play the coward. But it is now time for me to conclude my speech; for in an instant perhaps the enemy will be upon us. Whosoever, therefore, thinks these suggestions reasonable, let him give his sanction to them at once, that they may be carried into execution. But if any other course, in any one's opinion, be better than this—let him, even though he be a private soldier, boldly give us his sentiments, for the safety which we all seek is a general concern."

XENOPHON—*Anabasis.*

HYMN TO VENUS.

[SAPPHO, a noted Greek poet of the Æolian school, who competed with Alcæus for the honors of lyric poetry, lived in the 6th or 7th century, B. C., very little being known regarding her history. Her poems, celebrating the passion of love, have nearly all perished, only one, the ode Aphrodite or Venus, having come down to us entire. Her poetical genius is attested by this poem and by several fragments. Sappho seems to have founded at Mytilene a female literary society, and to have had pupils in poetry, fashion, etc.]

Venus bright goddess of the skies,
To whom unnumber'd temples rise,
Jove's daughter fair, whose wily arts,
Delude fond lovers of their hearts;
O! listen gracious to my prayer,
And free my mind from anxious care.

If e'er you heard my ardent vow,
Propitious goddess, hear me now!
And oft my ardent vow you've heard,
By Cupid's kindly aid preferr'd,
Oft left the golden courts of Jove,
To listen to my tales of love.

The radiant car your sparrows drew;
You gave the word, and swift they flew;
Through liquid air they wing'd their way,
I saw their quivering pinions play;
To my plain roof they bore their queen,
Of aspect mild, and look serene.

Soon as you came, by your command,
Back flew the wanton feather'd band;
Then, with a sweet enchanting look,
Divinely smiling, thus you spoke:

'Why didst thou call me to thy cell?
Tell me, my gentle Sappho, tell.

'What healing medicine shall I find,
To cure thy love-distemper'd mind?
Say, shall I lend thee all my charms,
To win young Phaon to thy arms?
Or does some other swain subdue
Thy heart? my Sappho, tell me who?

'Though now, averse, thy charms be slight,
He soon shall view thee with delight;
Though now he scorns thy gifts to take,
He soon to thee shall offerings make;
Though now thy beauties fail to move,
He soon shall melt with equal love.'

Once more, O Venus! hear my prayer,
And ease my mind of anxious care;
Again vouchsafe to be my guest,
And calm this tempest in my breast!
To thee, bright queen, my vows aspire:
O grant me all my heart's desire!

Translated by FRANCIS FAWKES.

BOYISH SCENES AND RECOLLECTIONS.

[WILLIAM COBBETT (1762-1835), by his *Rural Rides*, *Cottage Economy*, *English Grammar*, *Advice to Young Men and Women*, and his *Political Register*, is justly entitled to be remembered among the miscellaneous writers of England. He was a native of Farnham, in Surrey, and brought up as an agricultural labourer. He served as a soldier in British America, and rose to be sergeant-major. He began his literary career in Philadelphia as a political pamphleteer under the name of Peter Porcupine, and returning to England in 1800 continued to write as a decided loyalist and High-churchman; but having, as is supposed, received some slight from Mr. Pitt, he attacked his ministry with great bitterness in his *Register*. In 1812 he was returned to Parliament for the borough of Oldham; but he was not successful as a public speaker. The following description is like the simple and touching passages in Richardson's *Pamela*:]

After living within a few hundred yards of Westminster Hall, and the Abbey Church, and the Bridge, and looking from my own windows into St. James's Park, all other buildings and spots appear mean and insignificant. I went to-day to see the house I formerly occupied. How small! It is always thus: the words large and small are carried about with us in our minds, and we forget real dimensions. The idea, such as it was received, remains during our absence from the object. When I returned to England in 1800, after an absence from the

country parts of it, of sixteen years, the trees, the hedges, even the parks and woods, seemed so small! It made me laugh to hear little gutters that I could jump over called rivers! The Thames was but a "creek!" But when, in about a month after my arrival in London, I went to Farnham, the place of my birth, what was my surprise! Everything was become so pitifully small! I had to cross, in my post-chaise, the long and dreary heath of Bagshot; then, at the end of it, to mount a hill called Hungry Hill; and from that hill I knew that I should look down into the beautiful and fertile vale of Farnham. My heart fluttered with impatience, mixed with a sort of fear, to see all the scenes of my childhood; for I had learned before the death of my father and mother. There is a hill not far from the town, called Crooksbury Hill, which rises up out of a flat in the form of a cone, and is planted with Scotch fir-trees. Here I used to take the eggs and young ones of crows and magpies. This hill was a famous object in the neighbourhood. It served as the superlative degree of height. "As high as Crooksbury Hill," meant, with us, the utmost degree of height. Therefore the first object that my eyes sought was this hill. I could not believe my eyes! Literally speaking, I for a moment thought the famous hill removed, and a little heap put in its stead; for I had seen in New Brunswick a single rock, or hill of solid rock, ten times as big, and four or five times as high! The post-boy going down-hill, and not a bad road, whisked me in a few minutes to the Bush Inn, from the garden of which I could see the prodigious sand-hill where I had begun my gardening works. What a nothing! But now came rushing into my mind all at once my pretty little garden, my little blue smock-frock, my little nailed shoes, my pretty pigeons that I used to feed out of my hands, the last kind words and tears of my gentle and tender-hearted and affectionate mother! I hastened back into the room. If I had looked a moment longer I should have dropped. When I came to reflect, what a change! I looked down at my dress. What a change! What scenes I had gone through! How altered my state! I had dined the day before at a secretary of state's in company with Mr. Pitt, and had been waited upon by men in gaudy liveries! I had had nobody to assist me in the world. No teachers of any sort. Nobody to shelter me from the consequence of bad, and no one to counsel me to good behaviour. I felt proud. The distinctions of rank, birth, and wealth all became nothing in my eyes; and from that moment—less than a month after my arrival in England—I resolved never to bend before them.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN MR. BURKE AND THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.*

I was not, like his Grace of Bedford, swaddled, and rocked, and dandled into a legislator—*Nitor in adversum* is the motto for a man like me. I possessed not one of the qualities, nor cultivated one of the arts, that recommend men to the favour and protection of the great. I was not made for a minion or a tool. As little did I follow the trade of winning the hearts by imposing on the understandings of the people. At every step of my progress in life—for in every step was I traversed and opposed—and at every turnpike I met, I was obliged to shew my passport, and again and again to prove my sole title to the honour of being useful to my country, by a proof that I was not wholly unacquainted with its laws, and the whole system of its interests both abroad and at home. Otherwise, no rank, no toleration even for me. I had no arts but manly arts. On them I have stood, and, please God, in spite of the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale, to the last gasp will I stand. . . . .

I know not how it has happened, but it really seems that, whilst his Grace was meditating his well-considered censure upon me, he fell into a sort of sleep. Homer nods, and the Duke of Bedford may dream; and as dreams—even his golden dreams—are apt to be ill-pieced and incongruously put together, his Grace preserved his idea of reproach to me, but took the subject-matter from the crown-grants to his own family. This is 'the stuff of which his dreams are made.' In the way of putting things together, his Grace is perfectly in the right. The grants to the house of Russell were so

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* The Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale attacked Mr Burke and his pension in their place in the House of Lords, and Burke replied in his *Letter to a Noble Lord* (1796), one of the most sarcastic and most able of all his productions

enormous, as not only to outrage economy, but even to stagger credibility. The Duke of Bedford is the leviathan among all the creatures of the crown. He tumbles about his unwieldy bulk; he plays and frolics in the ocean of the royal bounty. Huge as he is, and whilst 'he lies floating many a rood,' he is still a creature. His ribs, his fins, his whalebone, his blubber, the very spiracles through which he spouts a torrent of brine against his origin, and covers me all over with the spray—everything of him and about him is from the throne. Is it for *him* to question the dispensation of the royal favour?

I really am at a loss to draw any sort of parallel between the public merits of his Grace, by which he justifies the grants he holds, and these services of mine, on the favourable construction of which I have obtained what his Grace so much disapproves. In private life, I have not at all the honour of acquaintance with the noble Duke. But I ought to presume, and it costs me nothing to do so, that he abundantly deserves the esteem and love of all who live with him. But as to public service, why, truly, it would not be more ridiculous for me to compare myself in rank, in fortune, in splendid descent, in youth, strength, or figure, with the Duke of Bedford, than to make a parallel between his services and my attempts to be useful to my country. It would not be gross adulation, but uncivil irony, to say that he has any public merit of his own, to keep alive the idea of the services by which his vast landed pensions were obtained. My merits, whatever they are, are original and personal; his are derivative. It is his ancestor, the original pensioner, that has laid up this inexhaustible fund of merit, which makes his Grace so very delicate and exceptious about the merit of all other grantees of the crown. Had he permitted me to remain in quiet, I should have said: ''Tis his estate; that's enough. It is his by law; what have I to do with it or its history?' He would naturally have said on his side: ''Tis this man's fortune. He is as good now as my ancestor was two hundred and fifty years ago. I am a young man with very old pensions: he is an old man with very young pensions—that's all.'

Why will his Grace, by attacking me, force me reluctantly to compare my little merit with that which obtained from the crown those prodigies of profuse donation by which he tramples on the mediocrity of humble and laborious individuals? . . . Since the new grantees have war made on them by the old, and that the word of the sovereign is not to be taken, let us turn our eyes to history, in which great men have always a pleasure in contemplating the heroic origin of their house.

The first peer of the name, the first purchaser of the grants, was a Mr. Russell, a person of an ancient gentleman's family, raised by being a minion of Henry VIII. As there generally is some resemblance of character to create these relations, the favourite was in all likelihood much such another as his master. The first of those immoderate grants was not taken from the ancient demesne of the crown, but from the recent confiscation of the ancient nobility of the land. The lion having sucked the blood of his prey, threw the offal carcass to the jackal in waiting. Having tasted once the food of confiscation, the favourites became fierce and ravenous. This worthy favourite's first grant was from the lay nobility. The second, infinitely improving on the enormity of the first, was from the plunder of the church. In truth, his Grace is somewhat excusable for his dislike to a grant like mine, not only in its quantity, but in its kind, so different from his own.

Mine was from a mild and benevolent sovereign; his, from Henry VIII. Mine had not its fund in the murder of any innocent person of illustrious rank, or in the pillage of any body of unoffending men; his grants were from the aggregate and consolidated funds of judgments iniquitously legal, and from possessions voluntarily surrendered by the lawful proprietors with the gibbet at their door.

The merit of the grantee whom he derives from, was that of being a prompt and greedy instrument of a levelling tyrant, who oppressed all descriptions of his people, but who fell with particular fury on everything that was great and noble. Mine has been in endeavouring to screen every man, in every class, from oppression, and particularly in defending the high and eminent, who in the bad times of confiscating princes, confiscating chief-governors, or confiscating demagogues, are the most exposed to jealousy, avarice, and envy.

The merit of the original grantee of his Grace's pensions was in giving his hand to the work, and partaking the spoil with a prince who plundered a part of the national church of his time and country. Mine was

in defending the whole of the national church of my own time and my own country, and the whole of the national churches of all countries, from the principles and the examples which lead to ecclesiastical pillage, thence to a contempt of all prescriptive titles, thence to the pillage of all property, and thence to universal desolation.

The merit of the origin of his Grace's fortune was in being a favourite and chief adviser to a prince who left no liberty to his native country. My endeavour was to obtain liberty for the municipal country in which I was born, and for all descriptions and denominations in it. Mine was to support, with unrelaxing vigilance, every right, every privilege, every franchise, in this my adopted, my dearer, and more comprehensive country; and not only to preserve those rights in this chief seat of empire, but in every nation, in every land, in every climate, language, and religion in the vast domain that still is under the protection, and the larger that was once under the protection, of the British crown.

EDMUND BURKE.

BURKE'S ACCOUNT OF HIS SON.

Had it pleased God to continue to me the hopes of succession, I should have been, according to my mediocrity, and the mediocrity of the age I live in, a sort of founder of a family; I should have left a son, who, in all the points in which personal merit can be viewed, in science, in erudition, in genius, in taste, in honour, in generosity, in humanity, in every liberal sentiment and every liberal accomplishment, would not have shewn himself inferior to the Duke of Bedford, or to any of those whom he traces in his line. His Grace very soon would have wanted all plausibility in his attack upon that provision which belonged more to mine than to me. He would soon have supplied every deficiency, and symmetrised every disproportion. It would not have been for that successor to resort to any stagnant wasting reservoir of merit in me, or in any ancestry. He had in himself a salient living spring of generous and manly action. Every day he lived, he would have repurchased the bounty of the crown, and ten times more, if ten times more he had received. He was made a public creature, and had no enjoyment whatever but in the performance of some duty. At this exigent moment the loss of a finished man is not easily supplied.

But a Disposer, whose power we are liable to resist, and whose wisdom it behoves us not all to dispute, has ordained it in another manner, and—whatever my querulous weakness might suggest—a far better. The storm has gone over me, and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honours; I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrate on the earth! There, and prostrate there, I most unfeignedly recognise the divine justice, and in some degree submit to it. But whilst I humble myself before God, I do not know that it is forbidden to repel the attacks of unjust and inconsiderate men. The patience of Job is proverbial. After some of the convulsive struggles of our irritable nature, he submitted himself, and repented in dust and ashes. But even so, I do not find him blamed for reprehending, and with a considerable degree of verbal asperity, those ill-natured neighbours of his who visited his dunghill to read moral, political, and economical lectures on his misery. I am alone. I have none to meet my enemies in the gate. Indeed, my lord, I greatly deceive myself, if in this hard season I would give a peck of refuse wheat for all that is called fame and honour in the world. This is the appetite but of a few. It is a luxury; it is a privilege; it is an indulgence for those who are at their ease. But we are all of us made to shun disgrace, as we are made to shrink from pain, and poverty, and disease. It is an instinct; and under the direction of reason, instinct is always in the right. I live in an inverted order. They who ought to have succeeded me are gone before me; they who should have been to me as posterity are in the place of ancestors. I owe to the dearest relation — which ever must subsist in memory—that act of piety which he would have performed to me; I owe it to him to shew, that he was not descended, as the Duke of Bedford would have it, from an unworthy parent.

EDMUND BURKE.

ODES OF ANACREON.

[ANACREON, a famous Greek lyric poet of the 5th century before Christ, was born at Teos, in Asia Minor, but lived chiefly at Samos and at Athens, dying at the good old age of eighty-five years. His songs celebrate the

charms of love and wine, though only a few genuine fragments have come down to us, most of the odes attributed to Anacreon being now admitted to be spurious.]

THE GRASSHOPPER.

Thee, sweet grasshopper we call,
Happiest of insects all,
Who from spray to spray can'st skip
And the dew of morning sip:
Little sips inspire to sing;
Then thour't happy as a king.
All, whatever thou can'st see,
Herbs and flowers belong to thee;
All the various seasons yield,
All the produce of the field.
Thou, quite innocent of harm,
Lovest the farmer and the farm;
Singing sweet when summer's near,
Thou to all mankind art dear;
Dear to all the tuneful Nine,
Seated round the throne divine;
Dear to Phœbus, god of day,
He inspired thy sprightly lay.
And with voice melodious bless'd,
And in vivid colours dress'd.
Thou from spoil of time art free;
Age can never injure thee.
Wisest daughter of the earth!
Fond of song, and full of mirth;
Free from flesh. exempt from pains
No blood riots in thy veins:
To the bless'd I equal thee;
Thou art a demideity.

Translated by F. FAWKES.

ON AN OLD MAN.

I love the old whom Genius fires,
I love the young whom dance inspires;
He who brisk can dance and play,
Is not aged though he's grey;
Though his head be crown'd with snows
Youthful still his spirit flows.

Translated by T. GIRDLESTONE.

ON THE ROSE.

Here my friend thy music bring,
Hail the flow'ry-crowned spring;
Let us celebrate the rose,
Whilst its blushing lustre glows;
Wafting round a breath divine,
Roses joys of men refine.
Roses gay the Graces wear,
Through the love-inspiring year.
Rosy ornaments invite,
And fair Venus' self delight.
Grateful to the muses flows,
Song, or sonnet, on the rose.
Oh how sweet o'er spots to rove,
Through the rose-embow'ring grove!
What delightful joys are those,
From the thorns to pluck the rose!
Whilst around the hands exhale,
Odours of the rosy gale!
Mirth with double rapture glows,
When festooned by the rose.
Bacchanals with roses bloom,
What does not the rose illume?
Bards the lovely rose adore,
And on rosy figures soar:
Rosy-finger'd is the morn,
Rosy arms the nymphs adorn;
And Venus's poetic name,
Is the rosy-skinned dame.
Sighs of sickness roses calm,
Rosy scents the dead embalm.
Grateful as in youthful bloom,
Roses in decay perfume.
Come, then, let it next be sung,
Whence and how this treasure sprung!
When from his deep tranquil caves,
Ocean foam'd his briny waves;
And from spray-besprinkled dew
Brought fair Venus' self to view:
When Jove, ruler of the sky,
Caused from his head to fly
Pallas skill'd in noisy war,
(Whom with dread Olympus saw.)
'Twas in that terrific hour,
Earth produc'd this lovely flower;
This the gods with rapture view'd,
And with nectar it bedew'd;
Till the stem to vigour sprung,
And its thorns with roses hung;
Then to Bacchus' rightful power
Gave the never-dying flower.

Translated by T. GIRDLESTONE.

ODE VIII.

I care not for the idle state
Of Persia's king, the rich, the great!
I envy not the monarch's throne,
Nor wish the treasured gold my own.
But oh! be mine the rosy braid,
The fervour of my brows to shade;
Be mine the odours, richly sighing,
Amidst my hoary tresses flying.
To-day I'll haste to quaff my wine,
As if to-morrow ne'er should shine;
But if to-morrow comes, why then—
I'll haste to quaff my wine again.
And thus while all our days are bright,
Nor time has dimm'd their bloomy light,
Let us the festal hours beguile
With mantling cup and cordial smile;
And shed from every bowl of wine
The richest drop on Bacchus' shrine!

For death may come with brow unpleasant,
May come when least we wish him present,
And beckon to the sable shore,
And grimly bid us—drink no more!

Translated by THOMAS MOORE.

ON HIMSELF.—ODE IV.

Reclined at ease on this soft bed,
With fragrant leaves of myrtle spread,
And flow'ry lote, I'll now resign
My cares, and quaff the rosy wine.
In decent robe, behind him bound,
Cupid shall serve the goblet round:
For fast away our moments steal,
Like the swift chariot's rolling wheel:
The rapid course is quickly done,
And soon the race of life is run:
Then, then, alas! we droop, we die,
And, sunk in dissolution, lie:
Our frame no symmetry retains—
Nought, but a little dust, remains.
Why on the tomb are odours shed,
Why pour'd libations on the dead?
To me, far better, while I live.
Rich wines and balmy fragrance give.
Now, now the rosy wreath prepare,
And hither call the lovely fair.
Now, while I draw my vital breath,
Ere yet I lead the dance of death,
For joy my sorrows I'll resign,
And drown my cares in rosy wine.

Translated by I. B. ROCHE.

CUPID AND THE BEE.

Cupid once upon a bed
Of roses laid his weary head;
Luckless urchin not to see
Within the leaves a slumbering bee!
The bee awaked—with anger wild
The bee awaked and stung the child.
Loud and piteous are his cries:
To Venus quick he runs, he flies!
"Oh mother—I am wounded through—
I die with pain—in sooth I do!
Stung by some little angry thing,
Some serpent on a tiny wing—
A bee it was—for once, I know,
I heard a rustic call it so."
Thus he spoke, and she the while
Heard him with a soothing smile;
Then said, "My infant, if so much
Thou feel the little wild bee's touch,
How must the heart, ah, Cupid! be,
The hapless heart that's stung by thee!"

Translated by THOMAS MOORE.

HOW ÆSOP BROUGHT BACK HIS MASTER'S WIFE.

[SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE. Born 1616. Fought on the Royalist side, and was imprisoned for four years by the Parliament. After the Restoration was made Licenser of the Press. Died 1704.]

The wife of Xanthus was well born and wealthy, but so proud and domineering withal, as if her fortune and her extraction had entitled her to the breeches. She was horribly bold, meddling, and expensive, as that sort of women commonly are, easily put off the hooks, and monstrous hard to be pleased again; perpetually chattering at her husband, and upon all occasions of controversy threatening him to be gone. It came to this at last, that Xanthus's stock of patience being quite spent, he took up a resolution of going another way to work with her, and of trying a course of severity, since there was nothing to be done with her by kindness. But this experiment, instead of mending the matter, made it worse; for, upon harder usage, the woman grew desperate, and went away from him in earnest. She was as bad, 'tis true, as bad might well be, and yet Xanthus had a kind of hankering for her still; beside that, there was matter of interest in the case; and a pestilent tongue she had, that the poor husband dreaded above all things under the sun. But the man was willing, however, to make the best of a bad game, and so his wits and his friends were set at work, in the fairest manner that might be, to get her home again. But there was no good to be done in it, it seems; and Xanthus was so visibly out of humour upon it, that Æsop in pure pity bethought himself immediately how to comfort him. "Come, master," says he, "pluck up a good heart, for I have a project in my noddle, that shall bring my mistress to you back again, with as good a will as ever she went from you." What does my Æsop, but away immediately to the market among the butchers, poulterers, fishmongers, confectioners, &c., for the best of everything that was in season. Nay, he takes private people in his way too, and chops into the very house of his mistress's relations, as by mistake. This way of proceeding set the whole town agog to know the meaning of all this bustle; and Æsop innocently told everybody that his master's wife was run away from him, and he had married another; his friends

up and down were all invited to come and make merry with him, and this was to be the wedding-feast. The news flew like lightning, and happy were they that could carry the first tidings of it to the runaway lady—for everybody knew Æsop to be a servant in that family. It gathered in the rolling, as all other stories do in the telling, especially where women's tongues and passions have the spreading of them. The wife, that was in her nature violent and unsteady, ordered her chariot to be made ready immediately, and away she posts back to her husband, falls upon him with outrages of looks and language; and after the easing of her mind a little—"No, Xanthus," says she, "do not you flatter yourself with the hopes of wedding another woman while I am alive." Xanthus looked upon this as one of Æsop's masterpieces; and for that bout all was well again betwixt master and mistress.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep
Apple and peach-tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,—

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick Town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick Toown,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle blast.

It shivered the window, pane, and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:

"Who touches a hair of yon grey head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick Street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honour to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave
Flag of Freedom and Union wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick Town!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

YOUTH.

When all the world is young, lad, and every thing is green,
And every goose a swan, lad, and every lass a queen,
Then boot, lad, and horse, lad, and round the world away,
And go it while you're young, lad;—each dog must have his day.

AGE.

When all the world gets old, lad, and all the trees turn brown,
And all the jests get stale, lad, and all the wheels run down,
Then hie back to thy hame, lad,—the maimed and sick among;
Thank God! if then you find one face you loved when you were young.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

BAYLE'S CHARACTER OF JOHN CALVIN.

[Pierre Bayle, an eminent French scholar and encyclopædist, 1647–1706, was the son of a Protestant clergyman. He studied philosophy at Geneva, served as a tutor, and became professor of philosophy at Rotterdam, Holland, where he published the great work of his life, the "*Dictionnaire Historique et Critique.*" This work, intended to correct the errors and supplement the defects of the encyclopædias, had great success, passing through numerous editions. It was translated into English, and published in a much enlarged form in ten folio volumes, London, 1734–41. Bayle was an astute though rather diffuse critical writer, with strong skeptical tendencies, but with great earnestness.]

John Calvin, one of the chief Reformers of the Church in the sixteenth century, was born at Noyon, in Picardy, July the 10th, 1509. As he was designed for the Church, they procured him very soon a Living in the Cathedral Church of Noyon, and afterwards the Rectory of Pont-l' Evique. But these designs took no effect, first, because Calvin, by the advice of Robertus Olivetanus, applied himself to the study of Religion, from the purest springs of it, which determined him to renounce all superstitions; and secondly, because his father, altering his mind, chose to make a Lawyer of him rather than a Divine. Therefore, after he had gone through a course of polite Literature at Paris, he was sent to Orleans where he studied the Law under Peter de l'Etoile, then to Bourges, where he continued the same kind of study under Andrew Alciat. He made a great progress in that Science, and did not improve less in his knowledge of Divinity by his private labours. He soon made himself known to those who had secretly admitted the Reformation. The Oration which he suggested to Nicholas Copus, Rector of the University of Paris, having been very much disliked by the Sorbonne, and the Parliament, occasioned the beginning of a persecution against the Protestants; so that Calvin, who narrowly escaped being taken in the College of Fortel, retired into Xaintonge, after he had had the honour to speak with the Queen of Navarre, who had appeased this first storm. She also rescued the learned Faber Stapulensis out of the hands of the Inquisitors, and sent him to Nerac, where Calvin went to pay his respects to him, after which he returned to Paris in the year 1534. Servetus was then in that City, and did not go to the place which had been appointed for a conference between Calvin and him. This year was very severe to the Reformed; for which reason Calvin resolved to retire out of France, after he had published at Orleans a Treatise against those who believe that the departed souls are in a kind of sleep. He chose Basel for the place of his residence, and studied Hebrew in that city; where he was particularly beloved by Grynæus and Capito; and though he did not hunt after glory, yet he was obliged to publish a work, which was very proper to spread his reputation abroad; I mean his Christian Institution, which he dedicated to Francis I. After he had published this work, he went to pay a visit to the Duchess of Ferrara, a Princess famous for her piety, who received him very kindly. He then returned into France, and having settled his private affairs, he proposed to go to Strasbourgh or to Basel, in company with Anthony Calvin, the only brother he had left. But as on account of the war the roads were not safe, except thro' the territories of the Duke of Savoy, he was obliged to go that way. This was a particular direction of Providence; it was his destiny to settle at Geneva, and when he only designed to pass through that City in order to go further, he found himself stopped there by an order from heaven, if I may say so, particularly intimated to him: for William Farel threatened him in the most solemn manner, with God's curse, if he did not stay to assist him in that part of the Lord's vineyard. Calvin, therefore, found himself obliged to comply with the choice, which the Consistory and the Magistrates of Geneva had made of him, with the people's consent, as well to preach as to be a Professor of Divinity. He had condescended to accept only this last appointment, and would have refused the first, but he was at last obliged to take them both upon him in August, 1536. The next year he made the whole people swear solemnly to a body of doctrines, which contained also a renunciation of Popery; and because the reformation of the doctrinal part of Religion had not had a great influence upon the morals of the people, which were very much corrupted, nor banished the spirit of faction, which divided the chief families of the Commonwealth, Calvin, assisted by the other Ministers, declared, that since all their admonitions and warnings had proved unsuccessful, they could not celebrate the holy Sacrament, as long as their disorders reigned. He also declared, that he could

not submit to the regulations, which the Synod of the Canton of Berne had lately made, and that they of Geneva ought to be heard in the Synod which was to meet at Zurich. Hereupon the Syndics, having summoned the people, it was ordered in that Assembly, that Calvin, Farel, and another Minister should leave the City within two days, because they had refused to administer the Sacrament. Calvin retired to Strasburgh, where Bucer and Capito gave him a thousand proofs of their love and esteem. He established a French Church at Strasburgh, of which he was made the first Minister; he was also chosen at the same time Professor of Divinity there. During his stay at Strasburgh, he continued to give several marks of his kind affection to the Church of Geneva, as appears amongst other things, by the answer he wrote in 1539 to the beautiful but artful Letter of Cardinal Sadolet, Bishop of Carpentras. Two years after the Divines of Strasburgh would have him assist at the Diet, which the Emperor had appointed to meet at Worms and at Ratisbon, in order to appease, if possible, the trouble occasioned by the difference of Religion. Calvin went therefore to the Diet with Bucer, and entered into a conference with Melancthon. The people of Geneva entreated him so earnestly to return to them, that at last he consented to be their Minister again for a certain time, but they were to wait till he was returned from the Diet. He arrived at Geneva September the 13th, 1541, to the great satisfaction of the people, and the Magistrates. The first thing he did after his arrival was, to establish a form of Ecclesiastical Discipline, and a Consistorial Jurisdiction with the power of reproving, and inflicting all kinds of canonical punishments, as far as excommunication exclusively. This was very much disliked by several persons who said, that by this means the papal tyranny would soon be revived. However the thing was executed; and this new Canon passed into a law in an Assembly of the whole people held November the 20th, 1541, and the Clergy and Laity promised solemnly to conform to it forever. The inflexible strictness with which Calvin asserted on all occasions the rights of his Consistory, drew upon him the hatred of a great many persons, and occasioned sometimes great tumults in the City; and one would hardly believe, if there were not unquestionable proofs of it, that amongst all the disturbances of the Commonwealth, he could yet take so much care as he did of the foreign churches in France, in Germany, in England, and in Poland, and write so many books and so many letters. He did more by his pen than by his presence, and yet on some occasions he acted in person, as when he went to Francfort in 1556, on purpose to put an end to the disputes which divided the French Church there. He had been sick some time before, and the report which was spread of his being dead did very much please the Roman Catholicks. He always led an active life, having almost constantly pen in hand, even when his distempers confined him to his bed. He lived, I say, in the continual labours which his zeal for the general good of the Churches imposed upon him till May the 27th, 1564. He was a man on whom God had conferred the most eminent talents; a great wit, a sound judgment, an happy memory; he was a judicious, eloquent, and indefatigable writer; he had a very extensive learning, and a great zeal for the truth. Joseph Scaliger, who found but very few persons worthy of his praises, yet could not forbear admiring Calvin; he commended him amongst other things, for not having attempted to write a commentary on the Revelations of St. John. The Roman Catholicks have at last been obliged to rank amongst the ill-ground fables, all those horrid calumnies which had been published against Calvin's morals. Their best writers content themselves now with saying, that if he were free of the vices of the body, yet he was subject to those of the mind, as pride, anger, detraction, &c. There has been spread abroad a pleasant story concerning his devotion to St. Hubert. They who pretended to confute this story, by saying that Calvin had no children, were mistaken; for it is not true that his marriage was fruitless. Nothing shows more the bad effects which a mistaken zeal has upon men's judgment, than to see authors of some reputation, who yet relate with the utmost gravity that Calvin would make people believe that he raised the dead. It is not long since a young abbot accused him of having expressed somewhere a very brutish thought, but being challenged to quote the passage, which he boasted to have read, he did not answer the challenge, so that his accusation may be ranked amongst the notorious calumnies. Moreri is not so erroneous in this article as might have been expected. He does not deny that Calvin had several

good qualities. Guy Patin was the occasion that the life of this Reformer, written by Papyrius Masso, has been published. That life has been very detrimental to the transcribers of Bolsec; for one cannot read it without laughing at those who have been so imprudent as to accuse this minister of having been a lover of wine, good cheer, money, &c. An artful slanderer would have owned that Calvin was sober by his constitution, and that he did not care to hoard up riches. They who desire to see a full and curious vindication of this great man, may read what Monsieur Drelincourt published upon this great man at Genoa, in 1667.

I shall say something concerning a fact, which I overlooked in Moreri, when I published the first edition of this work; it related to the judgment which Erasmus is said to have made of Calvin, after he conferred with him upon the controversies of those times. The historian who relates this particular, commits so many blunders, that they can serve only to render his account doubtful. The many reproaches with which Calvin has been loaded on account of his changing his name will give us an opportunity of making a remark, in which we shall clear up several circumstances of his life, and which will be a supplement to some of the foregoing observations, and especially to the passage in which I mention his famous work of the *Christian Institution*. Men have collected, with so much eagerness, all the slanders published against this Reformer, that they have even upbraided him with the wretched life of his brother's wife. The report which was spread at Augsburgh, when the Diet of the Empire was held, about the year 1559, that Calvin was turned again a Roman Catholick, that report, I say, was credited more than it should have been, even by some Protestant Princes. He complained of it as of an ingratitude, which his constancy, so often put to the severest trials, did not deserve. Thuanus observes that Calvin showed somewhere in his works, that he was extremely displeased at the title of *Head of the Church* given to the King of England.

PIERRE BAYLE.

TO THE MUSES.

FROM "POETICAL SKETCHES."

[WILLIAM BLAKE, born in London, Nov. 28, 1757. In 1783 appeared "Poetical Sketches, by W. B." This was printed and published in the ordinary way, and was without illustrations. In 1789 came "Songs of Innocence;" in 1793, "The Gates of Paradise;" in 1794, "Songs of Experience," and later several volumes of poetic rhapsody. All these were published by the author, and all were illustrated. Both text and illustrations were engraved, and when printed off, Blake tinted both text and border in a style of his own, making each page a picture. Much of his loveliest and sublimest work is in these illustrations. But he produced so much that a mere list of his engravings, water colors, and drawings in distemper would fill a page of this work.

He is best known to the public by his "Canterbury Pilgrim;" his "Inventions to the Book of Job," and his designs to "Blair's Grave." Died in London, Aug. 12, 1827. Life by Alexander Gilchrist; "Cunningham's Lives;" "William Blake," by A. C. Swinburne. The "Poetical Sketches," and "Songs of Innocence" and "Experience" were reprinted in 1874.]

Whether on Ida's shady brow,
Or in the chambers of the East,
The chambers of the Sun, that now
From ancient melody have ceased;

Whether in heaven ye wander fair,
Or the green corners of the earth,
Or the blue regions of the air,
Where the melodious winds have birth;

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove
Beneath the bosom of the sea,
Wandering in many a coral grove,
Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry;

How have you left the ancient love
That bards of old enjoyed in you!
The languid strings do scarcely move,
The sound is forced, the notes are few!

SONG.

FROM THE SAME.

I love the jocund dance,
The softly breathing song,
Where innocent eyes do glance,
And where lisps the maiden's tongue.

I love the laughing vale,
I love the echoing hill,
Where mirth does never fail,
And the jolly swain laughs his fill.

I love the pleasant cot,
I love the innocent bower,
Where white and brown is our lot,
Or fruit in the mid-day hour.

I love the oaken seat,
Beneath the oaken tree,
Where all the old villagers meet,
And laugh our sports to see.

I love our neighbours all,
  But, Kitty, I better love thee·
And love them I ever shall,
  But thou art all to me.

INTRODUCTION TO "SONGS OF INNOCENCE" (1789).

Piping down the valleys wild,
  Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
  And he laughing said to me:

"Pipe a song about a lamb:"
  So I piped with merry cheer.
"Piper, pipe that song again:"
  So I piped; he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
  Sing thy songs of happy cheer:
So I sang the same again,
  While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write,
  In a book that all may read"—
So he vanished from my sight;
  And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
  And I stained the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
  Every child may joy to hear.

THE LAMB.

FROM THE SAME.

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life and bid thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice;
  Little lamb, who made thee?
  Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little lamb, I'll tell thee.
He is called by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb;
He is meek, and He is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name.
  Little lamb, God bless thee,
  Little lamb, God bless thee.

THE TIGER.

FROM "SONGS OF EXPERIENCE" (1794).

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize thy fire?

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand formed thy dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

GAFFER GRAY.

[THOMAS HOLCROFT, dramatist and miscellaneous writer, was born 1745; died 1809. His best novels were the "*Marriage of Figaro*," and "*Hugh Trevor*;" his best play, "*The Road to Ruin*."

In "*Hugh Trevor*" Holcroft, like Goodwin, depicts the vices and distresses which he conceived to be generated by the existing institutions of society. The song of "*Gaffer Gray*" is from "*Hugh Trevor*."]

Ho! why dost thou shiver and shake,
  Gaffer Gray?
And why does thy nose look so blue?
  "'Tis the weather that's cold,
  'Tis I'm grown very old,
And my doublet is not very new,
  Well-a-day!"

Then line thy worn doublet with ale,
  Gaffer Gray;
And warm thy old heart with a glass.
  "Nay, but credit I've none,
  And my money's all gone;
Then say how may that come to pass?
  Well-a-day!"

Hie away to the house on the brow,
Gaffer Gray,
And knock at the jolly priest's door.
"The priest often preaches
Against worldly riches,
But ne'er gives a mite to the poor,
Well-a-day."

The lawyer lives under the hill,
Gaffer Gray;
Warmly fenced both in back and in front.
"He will fasten his locks,
And will threaten the stocks
Should he ever more find me in want,
Well-a-day!"

The squire has fat beeves and brown ale,
Gaffer Gray;
And the season will welcome you there.
"His fat beeves and his beer,
And his merry new year,
Are all for the flush and the fair,
Well-a-day!"

My keg is but low, I confess,
Gaffer Gray;
What then? While it lasts, man, we'll live.
"The poor man alone,
When he hears the poor moan,
Of his morsel a morsel will give,
Well-a-day!"

INTRODUCTION TO THE "CANTERBURY TALES."

[Sophia and Harriet Lee. These ladies, authoresses of "*The Canterbury Tales*," a series of striking and romantic fictions, were the daughters of Mr. Lee, a gentleman who had been articled to a solicitor, but who adopted the stage as a profession. Sophia was born in London in 1750. She was the elder of the sisters, and the early death of her mother devolved upon her the cares of the household. She secretly cultivated, however, a strong attachment to literature. Sophia's first appearance as an author was not made till her thirtieth year, when she produced her comedy, "*The Chapter of Accidents*," which was brought out at the Haymarket Theatre by the elder Colman, and received with great applause. The profits of this piece were devoted by Miss Lee towards establishing a Seminary for Young Ladies at Bath, which was rendered the more necessary by the death of her father in 1781. Thither, accordingly, the sisters repaired, and their talents and prudence were rewarded by rapid and permanent success. In 1784, Sophia published the first volume of *The Recess, or a Tale of Other Times;* which was soon followed by the remainder of the tale, the work having instantly become popular. The time selected by Miss Lee as the subject of her story was that of Queen Elizabeth, and her production may be considered one of the earliest of our historical romances. *The Recess* is tinged with a melancholy and contemplative spirit; and the same feeling is displayed in her next work, a tragedy entitled "*Almeyda, Queen of Grenada*," produced in 1796. In the succeeding year, Harriet Lee published the first volume of "*The Canterbury Tales*," which ultimately extended to five volumes. Two only of the stories were written by Sophia Lee—namely, "*The Young Lady's Tale, or The Two Emilys*," and "*The Clergyman's Tale*." They are characterised by great tenderness and feeling. But the more striking features of "*The Canterbury Tales*," and the great merit of the collection, belong to Harriet Lee. "*Kruitzner, or The German's Tale*," fell into the hands of Byron when he was about fourteen. "It made a deep impression upon me," he says, "and may indeed be said to contain the germ of much that I have since written." While residing at Pisa in 1821, Byron dramatised Miss Lee's romantic story, and published his version of it under the title of "*Werner, or the Inheritance*." The incidents, and much of the language of the play, are directly copied from the novel, and the public were unanimous in considering Harriet Lee as more interesting, passionate, and even more poetical, than her illustrious imitator. "The story," says one of the critics to whom Byron's play recalled the merits of Harriet Lee, "is one of the most powerfully conceived, one of the most picturesque, and at the same time instructive stories, that we are acquainted with. Indeed, thus led as we are to name Harriet Lee, we cannot allow the opportunity to pass without saying that we have always considered her works as standing upon the verge of the very first rank of excellence; that is to say, inferior to no English novels whatever, excepting those of Fielding, Sterne, Smollett, Richardson, Defoe, Radcliffe, Godwin, Edgeworth, and the author of "*Waverley*." It would not, perhaps, be going too far to say, that "*The Canterbury Tales*" exhibit more of that species of invention, which, as we have already remarked, was never common in English literature, than any of the works even of those first-rate novelists we have named, with the single exception of Fielding.

Miss Harriet Lee, besides "*The Canterbury Tales*," wrote two dramas, "*The New Peerage*," and "*The Three Strangers*." The plot of the latter is chiefly taken from her German tale. The play was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre in December, 1835; but was barely tolerated for one night.

A tablet is erected to the memory of these accomplished sisters in Clifton Church—where they are buried—from which it appears that Sophia Lee was born in May, 1750, and died March 13, 1824. Her sister, Harriet Lee—who long resided in the neighbourhood of Bristol, a valued and respected lady—was born April 11, 1766, and died August 1, 1851.]

There are people in the world who think their lives well employed in collecting shells; there are others not less satisfied to spend theirs in classing butterflies. For my own part, I always preferred animate to inanimate nature; and would rather post to the

antipodes to mark a new character, or develop a singular incident, than become a Fellow of the Royal Society by enriching museums with nondescripts. From this account you, my gentle reader, may, without any extraordinary penetration, have discovered that I am among the eccentric part of mankind, by the courtesy of each other, and themselves, ycleped poets—a title which, however mean or contemptible it may sound to those not honoured with it, never yet was rejected by a single mortal on whom the suffrage of mankind conferred it; no, though the laurel-leaf of Apollo, barren in its nature, was twined by the frozen fingers of Poverty, and shed upon the brow it crowned her chilling influence. But when did it so? Too often destined to deprive its graced owner of every real good by an enchantment which we know not how to define, it comprehends in itself such a variety of pleasures and possessions, that well may one of us cry—

Thy lavish charter, Taste, appropriates all we see!

Happily, too, we are not like *virtuosi* in general, encumbered with the treasures gathered in our peregrinations. Compact in their nature, they lie all in the small cavities of our brain, which are, indeed, often so small, as to render it doubtful whether we have any at all. The few discoveries I have made in that richest of mines, the human soul, I have not been churl enough to keep to myself; nor, to say truth, unless I can find out some other means of supporting my corporeal existence than animal food, do I think I shall ever be able to afford that sullen affectation of superiority.

Travelling, I have already said, is my taste; and, to make my journeys pay for themselves, my object. Much against my good liking, some troublesome fellows, a few months ago, took the liberty of making a little home of mine their own; nor, till I had coined a small portion of my brain in the mint of my worthy friend George Robinson, could I induce them to depart. I gave a proof of my politeness, however, in leaving my house to them, and retired to the coast of Kent, where I fell to work very busily. Gay with the hope of shutting my door on these unwelcome visitants, I walked in a severe frost from Deal to Dover, to secure a seat in the stage-coach to London. One only was vacant; and having engaged it, "maugre the freezing of the bitter sky," I wandered forth to note the memorabilia of Dover, and was soon lost in one of my fits of exquisite abstraction.

With reverence I looked up to the cliff which our immortal bard has, with more fancy than truth, described; with toil mounted, by an almost endless staircase, to the top of a castle, which added nothing to my poor stock of ideas but the length of our Virgin Queen's pocket-pistol—that truly Dutch present: cold and weary, I was pacing towards the inn, when a sharp-visaged barber popped his head over his shop-door to reconnoitre the inquisitive stranger. A brisk fire, which I suddenly cast my eye on, invited my frozen hands and feet to its precincts. A civil question to the honest man produced on his part a civil invitation; and having placed me in a snug seat, he readily gave me the benefit of all his oral tradition.

"Sir," he said, "it is mighty lucky you came across *me*. The vulgar people of this town have no genius, sir—no taste; they never shew the greatest curiosity in the place. Sir, we have here the tomb of a poet!"

"The tomb of a poet!" cried I, with a spring that electrified my informant no less than myself. "What poet lies here? and where is he buried?"

"Ay, that is the curiosity," returned he exultingly. I smiled; his distinction was so like a barber. While he had been speaking, I recollected he must allude to the grave of Churchill—that vigorous genius who, well calculated to stand forth the champion of freedom, has recorded himself the slave of party and the victim of spleen! So, however, thought not the barber, who considered him as the first of human beings.

"This great man, sir," continued he, "who lived and died in the cause of liberty, is interred in a very remarkable spot, sir; if you were not so cold and so tired, sir, I could shew it you in a moment." Curiosity is an excellent greatcoat: I forgot I had no other, and strode after the barber to a spot surrounded by ruined walls, in the midst of which stood the white marble tablet marked with Churchill's name—to appearance its only distinction.

"Cast your eyes on the walls," said the important barber; "they once inclosed a church, as you may see!"

On inspecting the crumbling ruins more narrowly, I did indeed discern the traces of Gothic architecture.

"Yes, sir," cried my friend the barber, with the conscious pride of an Englishman,

throwing out a gaunt leg and arm, "Churchill, the champion of liberty, is interred here! Here, sir, in the very ground where King John did homage for the crown he disgraced."

The idea was grand. In the eye of fancy, the slender pillars again lifted high the vaulted roof that rang with solemn chantings. I saw the insolent legate seated in scarlet pride; I saw the sneers of many a mitred abbot; I saw, bareheaded, the mean, the prostrate king; I saw, in short, everything but the barber, whom, in my flight and swell of soul, I had outwalked and lost. Some more curious traveller may again pick him up, perhaps, and learn more minutely the fact.

Waking from my reverie, I found myself on the pier. The pale beams of a powerless sun gilt the fluctuating waves and the distant spires of Calais, which I now clearly surveyed. What a new train of images here sprung up in my mind, borne away by succeeding impressions with no less rapidity! From the monk of Sterne I travelled up in five minutes to the inflexible Edward III. sentencing the noble burghers; and having seen them saved by the eloquence of Philippa, I wanted no better seasoning for my mutton-chop, and pitied the empty-headed peer who was stamping over my little parlour in fury at the cook for having overroasted his pheasant.

The coachman now shewed his ruby face at the door, and I jumped into the stage, where were already seated two passengers of my own sex, and one of—would I could say the fairer! But, though truth may not be spoken at all times, even upon paper, one now and then may do her justice. Half a glance discovered that the good lady opposite to me had never been handsome, and now added the injuries of time to the severity of nature. Civil but cold compliments having passed, I closed my eyes to expand my soul; and, while fabricating a brief poetical history of England, to help short memories, was something astonished to find myself tugged violently by the sleeve; and not less so to see the coach empty, and hear an obstinate waiter insist upon it that we were at Canterbury, and the supper ready to be put on the table. It had snowed, I found, for some time; in consideration of which mine host had prudently suffered the fire nearly to go out. A dim candle was on the table, without snuffers, and a bell-string hanging over it, at which we pulled, but it had long ceased to operate on that noisy convenience. Alas, poor Shenstone! how often, during these excursions, do I think of thee. Cold, indeed, must have been thy acceptation in society, if thou couldst seriously say:

> Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
> Where'er his various course hath been,
> Must sigh to think he still has found
> His warmest welcome at an inn.

Had the gentle bard told us that, in this sad substitute for home, despite of all our impatience to be gone, we must stay not only till wind and weather, but landlords, postillions, and hostlers chose to permit, I should have thought he knew more of travelling; and stirring the fire, snuffing the candles, reconnoitring the company, and modifying my own humour, should at once have tried to make the best of my situation. After all, he is a wise man who does at first what he must do at last; and I was just breaking the ice on finding that I had nursed the fire to the general satisfaction, when the coach from London added three to our party; and common civility obliged those who came first to make way for the yet more frozen travellers. We supped together; and I was something surprised to find our two coachmen allowed us such ample time to enjoy our little bowl of punch; when lo! with dolorous countenances, they came to give us notice that the snow was so heavy, and already so deep, as to make our proceeding by either road dangerous, if not utterly impracticable.

"If that is really the case," cried I mentally, "let us see what we may hope from the construction of the seven heads that constitute our company." Observe, gentle reader, that I do not mean the outward and visible form of those heads; for I am not among the new race of physiognomists who exhaust invention only to ally their own species to the animal creation, and would rather prove the skull of a man resembled an ass, than, looking within, find in the intellect a glorious similitude of the Deity. An elegant author more justly conveys my idea of physiognomy, when he says, that "different sensibilities gather into the countenance and become beauty there, as colours mount in a tulip and enrich it." It was my interest to be as happy as I could, and that can only be when we look around with a wish to be pleased: nor could I ever find a way of unlocking the human heart but by

frankly inviting others to peep into my own. And now for my survey.

In the chimney-corner sat my old gentlewoman, a little alarmed at a coffin that had popped from the fire, instead of a purse; *ergo*, superstition was her weak side. In sad conformity to declining years, she had put on her spectacles, taken out her knitting, and thus humbly retired from attention, which she had long, perhaps, been hopeless of attracting. Close by her was placed a young lady from London, in the bloom of nineteen: a cross on her bosom shewed her to be a Catholic, and a peculiar accent an Irishwoman; her face, especially her eyes, might be termed handsome; of those, archness would have been the expression, had not the absence of her air proved that their sense was turned inward, to contemplate in her heart some chosen cherished image. Love and romance reigned in every lineament.

A French abbé had, as is usual with gentlemen of that country, edged himself into the seat by the belle, to whom he continually addressed himself with all sorts of *petits soins*, though fatigue was obvious in his air; and the impression of some danger escaped gave a wild sharpness to every feature. "Thou hast comprised," thought I, "the knowledge of a whole life in perhaps the last month; and then, perhaps, didst thou first study the art of thinking, or learn the misery of feeling!" Neither of these seemed, however, to have troubled his neighbour, a portly Englishman, who, though with a sort of surly good-nature he had given up his place at the fire, yet contrived to engross both candles, by holding before them a newspaper, where he dwelt upon the article of stocks, till a bloody duel in Ireland induced communication, and enabled me to discover that, in spite of the importance of his air, credulity might be reckoned amongst his characteristics.

The opposite corner of the fire had been, by general consent, given up to one of the London travellers, whose age and infirmities challenged regard, while his aspect awakened the most melting benevolence. Suppose an anchorite, sublimed by devotion and temperance from all human frailty, and you will see this interesting aged clergyman: so pale, so pure was his complexion, so slight his figure, though tall, that it seemed as if his soul was gradually divesting itself of the covering of mortality, that when the hour of separating it from the body came, hardly should the greedy grave claim aught of a being so ethereal! "Oh, what lessons of patience and sanctity couldst thou give," thought I, "were it my fortune to find the key of thy heart!"

An officer in the middle of life occupied the next seat. Martial and athletic in his person, of a countenance open and sensible, tanned, as it seemed, by severe service, his forehead only retained its whiteness; yet that, with assimilating graceful manners, rendered him very prepossessing.

That seven sensible people, for I include myself in that description, should tumble out of two stage-coaches, and be thrown together so oddly, was, in my opinion, an incident; and why not make it really one? I hastily advanced, and, turning my back to the fire, fixed the eyes of the whole company—not on my person, for that was noway singular—not, I would fain hope, upon my coat, which I had forgotten till that moment was threadbare: I had rather of the three imagine my assurance the object of general attention. However, no one spoke, and I was obliged to second my own motion.

"Sir," cried I to the Englishman, who, by the time he had kept the paper, had certainly spelt its contents, "do you find anything entertaining in that newspaper?"

"No, sir," returned he most laconically.

"Then you might perhaps find something entertaining out of it," added I.

"Perhaps I might," retorted he in a provoking accent, and surveying me from top to toe. The Frenchman laughed—so did I—it is the only way when one has been more witty than wise. I returned presently, however, to the attack.

"How charmingly might we fill a long evening," resumed I, with, as I thought, a most ingratiating smile, "if each of the company would relate the most remarkable story he or she ever knew or heard of!"

"Truly, we might make a long evening that way," again retorted my torment, the Englishman. "However, if you please, we will waive your plan, sir, till to-morrow; and then we shall have the additional resort of our dreams, if our memories fail us."

[*Then begin the "Canterbury Tales."*]

THE TINKER.

[Sir Thomas Overbury was a witty and ingenious describer of characters. He at one time was an intimate associate of Robert Carr, the minion of James I.; but having opposed the favourite's marriage with the

infamous Countess of Essex, he incurred the hatred of the abandoned pair, and through their influence was confined and poisoned in the Tower, on the 15th of September, 1613. Overbury was then in the thirty-second year of his age. The way in which this murder was screened from justice leaves a foul blot on the memory of the king and on the history of the age. Overbury wrote two didactic poems, called "*The Wife*," and "*The Choice of a Wife*." Some of his prose "*Characters*" or "*Witty Descriptions of the Properties of Sundry Persons*," are excellent. They abound in conceits, like many other productions of the reign of James, but are full of epigrammatic point and poetical imagery.]

A tinker is a movable, for he hath no abiding in one place; by his motion he gathers heat, thence his choleric nature. He seems to be very devout, for his life is a continual pilgrimage; and sometimes in humility goes barefoot, therein making necessity a virtue. His house is as ancient as Tubal Cain's, and so is a renegade by antiquity; yet he proves himself a gallant, for he carries all his wealth upon his back; or a philosopher, for he bears all his substance about him. From his art was music first invented, and therefore is he always furnished with a song, to which his hammer, keeping tune, proves that he was the first founder of the kettle-drum. Note, that where the best ale is, there stands his music most upon crotchets. The companion of his travels is some foul, sunburnt quean, that, since the terrible statute, recanted gipsyism, and is turned pedlaress. So marches he all over England, with his bag and baggage; his conversation is irreprovable, for he is ever mending. He observes truly the statutes, and therefore had rather steal than beg, in which he is irremovably constant, in spite of whips or imprisonment; and so strong an enemy to idleness that, in mending one hole, he had rather make three than want work; and when he hath done, he throws the wallet of his faults behind him. He embraceth naturally ancient customs, conversing in open fields and lowly cottages: if he visit cities or towns, 'tis but to deal upon the imperfections of our weaker vessels. His tongue is very voluble, which, with canting, proves him a linguist. He is entertained in every place, but enters no further than the door, to avoid suspicion. Some would take him to be a coward, but, believe it, he is a lad of mettle; his valour is commonly three or four yards long, fastened to a pike in the end, for flying off. He is very provident, for he will fight with but one at once, and then also he had rather submit than be counted obstinate. To conclude, if he 'scape Tyburn and Banbury, he dies a beggar.

THE FAIR AND HAPPY MILKMAID

Is a country wench that is so far from making herself beautiful by art, that one look of hers is able to put all *face-physic* out of countenance. She knows a fair look is but a dumb orator to commend virtue, therefore minds it not. All her excellences stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparel, which is herself, is far better than outsides of tissue; for though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the silkworm, she is decked in innocence, a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long in bed, spoil both her complexion and conditions: nature hath taught her, too, immoderate sleep is rust to the soul; she rises, therefore, with Chanticleer, her dame's cock, *and at night makes the lamb her curfew*. In milking a cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seems that so sweet a milk-press makes the milk whiter or sweeter; for never came almond-glore or aromatic ointment on her palm to taint it. The golden ears of corn fall and kiss her feet when she reaps them, as if they wished to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that felled them. Her breath is her own, which scents, all the year long, of June, like a new-made haycock. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart soft with pity; and when winter evenings fall early, sitting at her merry wheel, she bids defiance to the giddy wheel of fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, being her mind is to do well. She bestows her year's wages at next fair, and in choosing her garments, counts no bravery in the world like decency. The garden and bee-hive are all her physic and surgery, and she lives the longer for it. She dares go alone, and unfold sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none; yet, to say truth, she is never alone, but is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not appalled with ensuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreams are so chaste, that she dare tell them; only a

Friday's dream is all her superstition; that she conceals for fear of anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is, she may die in the spring-time, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW WEIGHED TOGETHER.

[THOMAS DEKKER, dramatist, was born 1570, died 1641. He wrote "*Phaeton*," "*Old Fortunatus*," "*Shoemakers' Holiday*," "*Satiro Mastrix*," and other plays. He wrote a number of pamphlets, the best known of which is the "*Gull's Hornbook*." His complete works were republished in London, 1873.]

Good clothes are the embroidered trappings of pride, and good cheer the very eryngo-root of gluttony. Did man, think you, come wrangling into the world about no better matters, than all his lifetime to make privy searches in Birchin Lane for whalebone doublets, or for pies of nightingales' tongues in Heliogabalus's kitchen? No, no; the first suit of apparel that ever mortal man put on came neither from the mercer's shop nor the merchant's warehouse: Adam's bill would have been taken then, sooner than a knight's bond now; yet was he great in nobody's books for satin and velvets. The silkworms had something else to do in those days, than to set up looms, and be free of the weavers; his breeches were not so much worth as King Stephen's, that cost but a poor noble; for Adam's holiday hose and doublet were of no better stuff than plain fig-leaves, and Eve's best gown of the same piece; there went but a pair of shears between them. An antiquary in this town has yet some of the powder of those leaves dried to shew. Tailors then were none of the twelve companies: their hall, that now is larger than some dorpes[1] among the Netherlands, was then no bigger than a Dutch butcher's shop: they durst not strike down their customers with large bills: Adam cared not an apple-paring for all their lousy hems. There was then neither the Spanish slop, nor the skipper's galligaskin, the Danish sleeve sagging down like a Welsh wallet, the Italian's close strosser, nor the French standing collar: your treble-quadruple dædalian ruffs, nor your stiff-necked rabatos, that have more arches[2] for pride to row under, than can stand under five London bridges, durst not then set themselves out in print; for the patent for starch could by no means be signed. Fashion then was counted a disease, and horses died of it: but now, thanks to folly, it is held the only rare physic; and the purest golden asses live upon it.

As for the diet of that Saturnian age, it was like their attire, homely. A salad and a mess of leek porridge was a dinner for a far greater man than ever the Turk was. Potato-pies and custards stood like the sinful suburbs of cookery, and had not a wall so much as a handful high built round about them. There were no daggers[3] then, nor no chairs. Crookes's ordinary, in those parsimonious days, had not a capon's leg to throw at a dog. O golden world! The suspicious Venetian carved not his meat with a silver pitchfork,[4] neither did the sweet-toothed Englishman shift a dozen of trenchers at one meal; Piers Ploughman laid the cloth, and Simplicity brought in the voider.[5] How wonderfully is the world altered! And no marvel, for it has lain sick almost five thousand years; so that it is no more like the old *théâtre du monde*, than old Paris Garden[6] is like the king's garden at Paris.

[1] Small villages.

SLEEP.

For do but consider what an excellent thing sleep is: it is so inestimable a jewel, that, if a tyrant would give his crown for an hour's slumber it cannot be bought: of so beautiful a shape is it, that, though a man live with an empress, his heart cannot

[2] The fluting or puckering.

[3] Instruments to fix the meat while cutting it.

[4] A table-fork. Forks were introduced from Italy about the year 1600.

> Then must you learn the use
> And handling of your *silver fork* at meals.
>
> BEN JONSON'S *Volpone*.

Barclay, in his "*Ship of Fools*," describes the English mode of eating before the era of forks:

> If the dish be pleasant, either flesh or fish,
> Ten hands at once swarm in the dish.

[5] The basket in which broken meat was carried from the table.

[6] The Bear Garden at Bankside.

be at quiet till he leaves her embracements to be at rest with the other: yea, so greatly are we indebted to this kinsman of death, that we owe the better tributary half of our life to him; and there is good cause why we should do so; for sleep is that golden chain that ties health and our bodies together. Who complains of want, of wounds, of cares, of great men's oppressions, of captivity, whilst he sleepeth? Beggars in their beds take as much pleasure as kings. Can we therefore surfeit on this delicate ambrosia? Can we drink too much of that, whereof to taste too little, tumbles us into a churchyard; and to use it but indifferently throws us into Bedlam? No, no. Look upon *Endymion*, the moon's minion, who slept threescore and fifteen years; and was not a hair the worse for it!

THOMAS DEKKER.

THE COMET.

[THOMAS MACKELLAR, born at New York Aug. 12, 1812; entered, at the age of sixteen years, the printing establishment of the Harpers; while employed as a proof-reader he obtained a considerable acquaintance with literature, and wrote verses for the periodicals; he removed to Philadelphia in 1833, and became proof-reader in the great stereotype foundry of Lawrence Johnson & Co.: rose to be foreman, and ultimately a partner, now, senior partner of the great firm of MacKellar, Smiths & Jordan. He has published four volumes of poetry—"*Droppings from the Heart*" (1844), "*Tam's Fortnight Ramble*" (1847), "*Lines for the Gentle and Loving*" (1853), and "*Rhymes Atween-Times*" (1872), which have received high commendation from Bryant, Duyckinck, and Allibone: from the latter work we make extract:]

Whence thou, and whither bound, celestial ranger?
  And what's thy mission in these lower skies?
  Com'st thou from spheres beyond our mortal eyes,
Prognosticating some impending danger?
  Or art thou on a tour of observation,
  Before thou tak'st a permanent location?
In olden time, the world had gone demented
  To see thy long tail trailing 'neath the stars,
  The sign of woes, of famines, and of jars
Among the nations, not to be prevented.
  To them thou wert a spectacle of doom,
They fear'd thy train the earth would overwhelm;
  To us it seemeth merely as a broom,
Wherewith the angels sweep their starry realm.

But why so hasty in thy northern flight?
  And where's thy head? why hide it, like a maiden,
Behind a veil knit of fine threads of light
  Abstracted from the sun, and richly laden
With gems and dyes of a celestial hue?
  Say, art thou journeying to a far-off place
  Where Uranus runs his chilly, lonely race,
To learn how all thy brother comets do?
  Ethereal stranger! when wilt thou return
  In silvery splendour in our skies to burn?
Methinks the light of many eyes shall pale,
  And sorrowing spirits find a welcome rest,
Ere thou again thy glittering form shall trail
  Athwart the heavens, fleet Meteor of the West!

THE ARRAIGNMENT OF A LOVER.

[GEORGE GASCOIGNE, son of Sir John Gascoigne of Essex (*circa* 1535–1577), is celebrated as one of the earliest contributors to the English drama, and one of our first satirists. Among the poets of the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, he deserves to rank next to Lord Buckhurst. Gascoigne's life was full of adventure. He first studied law at Gray's Inn, but was disinherited by his father for his prodigality. He then set out for Holland, and served gallantly under the Prince of Orange. Being, however, on one occasion surprised by the Spanish army, he was taken prisoner, and detained four months. At the expiration of his confinement, he returned to England, and settled at Walthamstow, where he collected and published his poems. He experienced a share of royal favour, for he accompanied the Queen to Kenilworth, and supplied part of the poetical and scenic entertainment at Dudley's magnificent seat, and also at Woodstock. Three of Gascoigne's works are given in the valuable series of reprints by Edward Arber (1868)—namely: "*Certayne Notes of Instruction in English Verse*," 1575; "*The Steele Glass*," 1576; and "*The Complaynt of Philomene*," 1576. The most important of these is the "*Steele Glass*," the first experiment in English satire in blank verse:]

That age is dead, and vanished long ago,
Which thought that steel both trusty was and true,
And needed not a foil of contraries,
But shewed all things, even as they were indeed.
Instead whereof, our curious years can find
The crystal glass, which glimpseth brave and bright,
And shews the thing much better than it is,
Beguiled with foils, of sundry subtle sights,
So that they seem and covet not to be.]

At *Beauty's* bar as I did stand,
  When *False Suspect* accused me,
'George,' quoth the judge, 'hold up thy hand,
  Thou art arraigned of flattery;
Tell, therefore, how wilt thou be tried,
Whose judgment thou wilt here abide?'

'My lord,' quod I, 'this lady here,
  Whom I esteem above the rest,
Doth know my guilt, if any were;
  Wherefore her doom doth please me best.

Let her be judge and juror both,
To try be guiltless by mine oath.

Quoth *Beauty:* 'No, it fitteth not
A prince herself to judge the cause;
Will is our justice, well ye wot,
Appointed to discuss our laws;
If you will guiltless seem to go,
God and your country quit you so.'

Then *Craft* the crier called a quest,
Of whom was *Falsehood* foremost fere;
A pack of pickthanks were the rest,
Which came false witness for to bear;
The jury such, the Judge unjust,
Sentence was said: 'I should be trussed.'

Jealous the jailer bound me fast,
To hear the verdict of the bill;
'George,' quoth the judge, 'now thou art cast,
Thou must go hence to *Heavy Hill*,
And there be hanged all but the head;
God rest thy soul when thou art dead!'

Down fell I then upon my knee,
All flat before dame *Beauty's* face,
And cried: 'Good lady, pardon me!
Who here appeal unto your grace;
You know if I have been untrue,
It was in too much praising you.

'And though this judge doth make such haste,
To shed with shame my guiltless blood,
Yet let your pity first be placed
To save the man that meant you good;
So shall you shew yourself a queen,
And I may be your servant seen.'

Quoth *Beauty:* 'Well; because I guess
What thou dost mean henceforth to be;
Although thy faults deserve no less
Than justice here hath judged thee;
Wilt thou be bound to stint all strife,
And be true prisoner all thy life?'

'Yea, madame,' quoth I, 'that I shall;
Lo, *Faith* and *Truth* my sureties.'
'Why, then,' quoth she, 'come when I call,
I ask no better warrantise.'
Thus am I *Beauty's* bounden thrall,
At her command when she doth call.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

SONNETS OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

[SIR PHILIP SIDNEY (1554–1586) takes his rank in English literary history rather as a prose writer than as a poet. His poetry has been neglected on account of the generally cold and affected style in which he wrote. It has been justly remarked, that, 'if he had looked into his own noble heart, and written directly from that, instead of from his somewhat too metaphysico-philosophical head, his poetry would have been excellent.' Yet in some pieces he has fortunately failed in extinguishing the natural sentiment which inspired him. The following are among the most poetical and graceful of his sonnets:]

Because I oft in dark abstracted guise
Seem most alone in greatest company,
With dearth of words, or answers quite awry
To them that would make speech of speech arise,
They deem, and of their doom the rumour flies,
That poison foul of bubbling Pride doth lie
So in my swelling breast, that only I
Fawn on myself, and others do despise.
Yet Pride, I think, doth not my soul possess,
Which looks too oft in his unflattering glass:
But one worse fault Ambition I confess,
That makes me oft my best friends overpass,
Unseen, unheard, while thought to highest place
Bends all his powers, even unto Stella's grace.

With how sad steps, O Moon! thou climb'st the skies,
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What may it be, that even in heavenly place
That busy Archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long with love acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;
I read it in thy looks, thy languished grace
To me that feel the like thy state descries.
Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

Come, Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high and low.
With shield of proof shield me from out the press
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw;
O make in me those civil wars to cease:
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed;
A chamber, deaf to noise, and blind to light;
A rosy garland, and a weary head.
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me
Livelier than elsewhere Stella's image see.

O happy Thames, that didst my Stella bear!
I saw thee with full many a smiling line
Upon thy cheerful face joy's livery wear,
While those fair planets on thy streams did shine.
The boat for joy could not to dance forbear;
While wanton winds, with beauties so divine
Ravished, staid not, till in her golden hair
They did themselves (O sweetest prison) twine:

And fain those Œol's youth there would their stay
Have made; but, forced by Nature still to fly,
First did with puffing kiss those locks display.
She, so dishevelled, blushed. From window I,
With sight thereof, cried out: 'O fair disgrace;
Let Honour's self to thee grant highest place!'

DESCRIPTION OF ARMIDA AND HER ENCHANTED GIRDLE.

[The celebrated translation of Tasso's *Jerusalem* by Edward Fairfax was made in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and dedicated to that princess, who was proud of patronizing learning, but not very lavish in its support. The first edition of Fairfax's Tasso is dated 1600; the second, 1624. The poetical beauty and freedom of Fairfax's version have been the theme of almost universal praise. Dryden ranked him with Spenser as a master of our language, and Waller said he derived from him the harmony of his numbers. The date of Fairfax's birth is unknown. He was the natural son of Sir Thomas Fairfax of Denton in Yorkshire, and spent his life at Fuystone, in the forest of Knaresborough, in the enjoyment of many blessings which rarely befall the poetical race—competence, ease, rural scenes, and an ample command of the means of study. He wrote a work on "*Demonology*" (not printed until 1859), and in the preface to it he states, that in religion he was "neither a fantastic Puritan nor a superstitious Papist." He also wrote a series of Eclogues, one of which was published in 1741, in Cooper's "*Muses' Library*," but it is puerile and absurd. Fairfax was living in 1631; the time of his death has not been recorded.]

And with that word she smiled, and ne'ertheless
Her love-toys still she used, and pleasures bold;
Her hair—that done—she twisted up in tress,
And looser locks in silken laces rolled;
Her curls in garland-wise she did up-dress,
Wherein, like rich enamel laid on gold,
The twisted flow'rets smiled, and her white breast
The lilies there that spring with roses dressed.

The jolly peacock spreads not half so fair
The eyed feathers of his pompous train;
Nor golden Iris so bends in the air
Her twenty-coloured bow, through clouds of rain;
Yet all her ornaments, strange, rich, and rare,
Her girdle did in price and beauty stain;
Not that, with scorn, which Tuscan Guilla lost,
Nor Venus' cestus could match this for cost.

Of mild denays, of tender scorns, of sweet
Repulses, war, peace, hope, despair, joy, fear;
Of smiles, jests, mirth, woe, grief, and sad regret;
Sighs, sorrows, tears, embracements, kisses dear,
That, mixed first, by weight and measure meet;
Then, at an easy fire, attempted were;
This wondrous girdle did Armida frame,
And, when she would be loved, wore the same.

RINALDO AT MOUNT OLIVET AND THE ENCHANTED WOOD.

It was a time when 'gainst the breaking day,
Rebellious night yet strove, and still repined,
For in the east appeared the morning gray,
And yet some lamps in Jove's high palace shined,
When to Mount Olivet he took his way,
And saw, as round about his eyes he twined,
Night's shadows hence, from thence the morning's shine,
This bright, that dark; that earthly, this divine.

Thus to himself he thought: how many bright
And 'splendent lamps shine in heaven's temple high!
Day hath his golden sun, her moon the night,
Her fixed and wand'ring stars the azure sky:
So framed all by their Creator's might,
That still they live and shine, and ne'er will die,
Till in a moment, with the last day's brand
They burn, and with them burn sea, air, and land.

Thus as he mused, to the top he went,
And there kneeled down with reverance and fear;
His eyes upon heaven's eastern face he bent;
His thoughts above all heavens uplifted were—
"The sins and errors which I now repent,
Of my unbridled youth, O Father dear,
Remember not, but let thy mercy fall
And purge my faults and my offences all."

Thus prayed he; with purple wings up-flew,
In golden weed, the morning's lusty queen,
Begilding with the radiant beams she threw,
His helm, the harness, and the mountain green;
Upon his breast and forehead gently blew
The air, that balm and nardus breathed unseen;
And o'er his head, let down from clearest skies,
A cloud of pure and precious dew there flies.

The heavenly dew was on his garments spread,
To which compared, his clothes pale ashes seem,
And sprinkled so that all that paleness fled,
And thence of purest white bright rays outstream:
So cheered are the flowers, late withered,
With the sweet comfort of the morning beams;
And so returned to youth, a serpent old
Adorns herself in new and native gold.

The lovely whiteness of his changed weed
The prince perceived well and long admired;
Toward the forest marched he on with speed,
Resolved, as such adventures great required:
Thither he came, whence, shrinking back for dread
Of that strange desert's sight, the first retired;
But not to him fearful or loathsome made
That forest was, but sweet with pleasant shade.

Forward he passed, and in the grove before,
He heard a sound, that strange, sweet, pleasing was;

There rolled a crystal brook with gentle roar,
There sighed the winds, as through the leaves they pass;
There sang the swan, and singing died, alas!
The lute, harp, cittern, human voice he heard,
And all these sounds one sound right well declared.

A dreadful thunder-clap at last he heard,
The aged trees and plants well-nigh that rent,
Yet heard the nymphs and syrens afterward,
Birds, winds, and waters sing with sweet consent;
Whereat amazed, he stayed and well prepared
For his defence, heedful and slow forth-went,
Nor in his way his passage ought withstood,
Except a quiet, still, transparent flood:

On the green banks, which that fair stream inbound,
Flowers and odours sweetly smiled and smelled,
Which reaching out his stretched arms around,
All the large desert in his bosom held,
And through the grove one channel passage found;
This in the wood, that in the forest dwelled:
Trees clad the streams, streams green those trees aye made,
And so exchanged their moisture and their shade.

TASSO.

THE MARSEILLES HYMN.

[JOSEPH ROUGET DE L'ISLE, known in history as the author of the Marseilles hymn, was a French officer of artillery, born in 1760. An officer in the French Revolution, and full of ardent zeal for the popular cause, he is said to have composed this stirring lyric and set it to music in a single night. The Marseillaise soon became the national song of France, and, in the eloquent words of Carlyle, "the sound of it did tingle in men's veins, and whole armies and assemblies did sing it, with eyes weeping and burning, with hearts defiant of death, despot, and devil."]

Ye sons of France, awake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,—
Behold their tears, and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While liberty and peace lie bleeding?

To arms! to arms! ye brave!
The avenging sword unsheathe!
March on! march on! all hearts resolved
On victory or death!

Now, now, the dangerous storm is rolling,
Which treacherous kings confederate raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze.
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?
To arms! to arms! ye brave! &c.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The bold, insatiate despots dare—
Their thirst of gold and power unbounded—
To mete and vend the light and air.
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods would bid their slaves adore;
But man is man, and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
To arms! to arms! ye brave! &c.

O Liberty, can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee,
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing,
That Falsehood's dagger tyrants wield;
But Freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.
To arms! to arms! ye brave! &c.

THE TWO COFFINS.

[ANDREAS JUSTINUS KERNER, a German poet, was born in 1786, at Würtemberg, died in 1862. He wrote "*The Seeress of Prevorst*," (1829), and several volumes of poems, of the so-called Swabian school.]

Away in the old cathedral
Two coffins stand alone;
In one of them sleeps King Ottmar,
And the singer rests in one.

The king sat once in power,
High throned in his father's land;
The crown still graces his temples,
The falchion his kingly hand.

But near the proud king the singer
Is peacefully sleeping on,
In his lifeless hand still clasping
The harp of the pious tone.

The castles around are falling,
The war-cry rings through the land,
The sword, it stirreth never
There in the dead king's hand.

Blossoms and vernal breezes
Are floating the vale along,
And the singer's harp is sounding
In never-ending song.

F. PELS PINX.

ROUGET DE LISLE SINGING THE MARSEILLAISE HYMN

OF A PRECISE TAILOR.

[The first translator of Ariosto into English was Sir John Harington, a courtier of the reign of Elizabeth, and also godson of the queen. He was the son of John Harington, the poet already noticed. Sir John wrote a collection of epigrams, and a "*Brief View of the Church*," in which he reprobates the marriage of bishops. He is supposed to have been born about the year 1561; died 1612. The translation from Ariosto is poor and prosaic, but some of his epigrams are pointed.]

A tailor, thought a man of upright dealing—
True, but for lying—honest, but for stealing,
Did fall one day extremely sick by chance,
And on the sudden was in wondrous trance;
The fiends of hell mustering in fearful manner,
Of sundry coloured silks displayed a banner
Which he had stolen, and wished, as they did tell,
That he might find it all one day in hell.
The man, affrighted with this apparition,
Upon recovery grew a great precisian:
He bought a Bible of the best translation,
And in his life he shewed great reformation;
He walked mannerly, he talked meekly,
He heard three lectures and two sermons weekly;
He vowed to shun all company unruly,
And in his speech he used no oath but 'truly;'
And zealously to keep the Sabbath's rest,
His meat for that day on the eve was drest;
And lest the custom which he had to steal
Might cause him sometimes to forget his zeal,
He gives his journeyman a special charge,
That if the stuff, allowance being large,
He found his fingers were to filch inclined,
Bid him to have the banner in his mind.
This done—I scant can tell the rest for laughter—
A captain of a ship came three days after,
And brought three yards of velvet and three-quarters,
To make Venetians down below the garters.
He, that precisely knew what was enough,
Soon slipt aside three-quarters of the stuff;
His man, espying it, said in derision:
'Master, remember how you saw the vision!'
'Peace, knave!' quoth he; 'I did not see one rag
Of such a coloured silk in all the flag.'

AGAINST WRITERS THAT CARP AT OTHER MEN'S BOOKS.

The readers and the hearers like my books,
But yet some writers cannot them digest;
But what care I? for when I make a feast,
I would my guests should praise it, not the cooks.

OF TREASON.

Treason doth never prosper: what's the reason?
For if it prosper, none dare call it treason.

OF FORTUNE.

Fortune, men say, doth give too much to many,
But yet she never gave enough to any.

Ariosto.

HUMBOLDT'S EXPLORATION OF TENERIFFE.

[Friedrich Heinrich Alexander von Humboldt, one of the greatest men of science of the nineteenth century, born in Berlin, 1769, and died there at the age of ninety in 1859. Educated at the universities of Frankfort, Berlin and Göttingen, he made the study of natural history his specialty. After travelling widely in Europe, collecting objects of natural history, he was appointed to office in the department of mining. Here he conceived the plan of a great scientific expedition, which, after many delays, was fulfilled, in company with the botanist Bonpland. Leaving the coast of Spain in 1799, Humboldt explored Teneriffe, Venezuela, the river Orinoco, Cuba, Bogota, the Cordilleras, Ecuador, Chimborazo, Mexico and Peru. This protracted exploration of five years, amidst the most interesting and stupendous scenery of the New World, bore fruit in an extremely rich collection of plants, minerals, and preserved specimens of animal life. Humboldt returned to Paris by way of Philadelphia and Washington in 1804, visiting President Jefferson at the American capital, and conveying to Europe a larger store of scientific observations and collections of natural science than all travellers who preceded him. He took up his residence in Paris, where he published his great work "*Voyage aux Régions Equinoctiales du Nouveau Monde*" (1809–25), followed by his "*Essai Politique sur l'isle de Cuba*" (1826). The former work, with its invaluable contributions to the geography, botany, geology and ethnology of Middle and Southern America, has been translated into English by Helen M. Williams, in 14 vols., 4 of which are devoted to the 'Political Essay on New Spain' (Mexico). Only half of the last named work, and mere fragments of the former, have been reprinted in the United States.

In 1829, Humboldt undertook an expedition to northern Asia and the frontiers of China, under patronage of the Russian government, making a journey of 10,000 miles in nine months. The fruits of this journey, most valuable in a magnetic and meteorological direction, were published in Humboldt's "*Asie Centrale*," 3 vols., Paris, 1843. Humboldt was several times employed by the government of his country, Prussia, in foreign missions, in France, England and Denmark, and resided in Berlin from 1848 to the time of his death. His remarkably synthetic mind connected his observations with the whole range of previously acquired knowledge. Constantly recording elevations and temperatures as he went along, and collecting the herbarium of every locality, he may be said to have created the new science of the geography of plants. His contributions to physical geography and climatology too, are of enormous value.

The botanical and zoölogical works of Humboldt, published in costly illustrated folios, were so numerous that he used to say he could not afford to own a set of his own works. His valuable "*Examen critique de la Géographie du nouveau Continent*," 5 vols., Paris, 1835, has never been translated into English. Humboldt's last work, the "*Cosmos*," 5 vols., 1845-62, is an attempt to describe the physical universe as a whole, and has given an unexampled impulse to the pursuit of natural science.]

An expedition to the summit of the volcano of Teneriffe is interesting, not solely on account of the great number of phenomena which are the objects of scientific research; it has still greater attractions from the picturesque beauties, which it lays open to those who are feelingly alive to the majesty of nature. It is a difficult task to describe those sensations, which act with so much the more force as they have something undefined, produced by the immensity of the space as well as by the greatness, the novelty, and the multitude of the objects, amidst which we find ourselves transported. When a traveller attempts to furnish descriptions of the loftiest summits of the globe, the cataracts of the great rivers, the tortuous vallies of the Andes, he is exposed to the danger of fatiguing his readers, by the monotonous expression of his admiration. It appears to me more conformable to the plan, which I have proposed to myself in this narrative, to indicate the peculiar character that distinguishes each zone; we exhibit with more clearness the physiognomy of the landscape, in proportion as we endeavour to sketch its individual features, to compare them with each other, and discover by this kind of analysis the sources of those enjoyments which are offered to us by the great picture of nature.

Travellers have learnt by experience, that views from the summits of very lofty mountains are neither so beautiful, picturesque, nor varied, as those from heights which do not exceed that of Vesuvius, Rigi and Puy-de-Dôme. Colossal mountains, such as Chimborazo, Antisana or Mount Rose, compose so large a mass, that the plains covered with rich vegetation are seen only in the immensity of distance, where a blue and vapoury tint is uniformly spread over the landscape. The Peak of Teneriffe, from its slender form and local position, unites the advantages of less lofty summits, to those which arise from very great heights. We not only discover from its top a vast expanse of sea, but we see also the forests of Teneriffe, and the inhabited parts of the coasts, in a proximity fitted to produce the most beautiful contrasts of form and colour. We might say, that the volcano crushes with its mass the little isle which serves as its basis, and shoots up from the bosom of the waters to a height three times loftier than the region where the clouds float in summer. If its crater, half extinguished for ages past, shot forth flakes of fire like that of Stromboli in the Æolian islands, the Peak of Teneriffe, resembling a lighthouse, would furnish a direction to the mariner in a circuit of more than 260 leagues.

When seated on the external edge of the crater, we turned our eyes towards the north-west, where the coasts are decked with villages and hamlets. At our feet masses of vapour, constantly driven by the winds, afforded us the most variable spectacle. A uniform stratum of clouds, the same as we have just described, and which separated us from the lower regions of the island, had been pierced in several places by the effect of the small currents of air, which the earth, heated by the sun, began to send towards us. The port of Orotava, its vessels at anchor, the gardens and the vineyards which encircle the town, exhibited themselves through an opening which seemed to enlarge every instant. From the summit of these solitary regions our eyes hovered over an inhabited world; we enjoyed the striking contrast between the bare sides of the Peak, its steep declivities covered with scoriæ, its elevated plains destitute of vegetation, and the smiling aspect of the cultured country beneath; we beheld the plants divided by zones, as the temperature of the atmosphere diminished with the height of the site. Below the Piton, lichens begin to cover the scorious lava with lustered surface; a violet, akin to the viola decumbens, rises on the slope of the volcano at 1740 toises of height;* it takes the lead not only of the other herbaceous plants, but even of the graminea, which, in the Alps and on the ridge of the Cordilleras, form close neighbourhood with the plants of the family of cryptogamia. Tufts of retama, loaded with flowers, make gay the vallies hollowed out by the torrents, and which are encumbered by the effects of the lateral eruptions; below the spartium, or retama, lies the region of ferns, bordered by the

* 11,310 English feet.

tract of the arborescent heaths. Forests of laurel, rhamnus, and arbutus, divide the ericas from the rising grounds planted with vines and fruit trees. A rich carpet of verdure extends from the plains of spartium, and the zone of the alpine plants even to the group of the date trees and the musa, at the feet of which the ocean appears to roll. I here pass slightly over the different features of this botanical chart, as I shall enter hereafter into some farther details respecting the geography of the plants of the Isle of Teneriffe.

The seeming proximity, in which, from the summit of the Peak, we behold the hamlets, the vineyards, the gardens on the coast, is increased by the prodigious transparency of the atmosphere. Notwithstanding the great distance, we distinguished not only the houses, the sails of the vessels, and the trunks of trees, our eyes dwelt on the rich vegetation of the plains, enamelled with the most vivid colouring. These phenomena are owing not only to the height of the site, but to the peculiar modifications of the air in warm climates. Under every zone, an object placed on a level with the sea, and viewed in a horizontal direction, appears less luminous, than when seen from the top of a mountain, when vapours arrive across strata of air of decreasing density. Differences equally striking are produced by the influence of climates; the surface of a lake or large river is less resplendent when we see it at an equal distance, from the top of the higher Alps of Switzerland than when we view it from the summit of the Cordilleras of Peru and Mexico. In proportion as the air is pure and serene, the solution of the vapours becomes more perfect, and the light loses less in its passage. When from the coast of the South Sea we reach the elevated plains of Quito, or that of Antisana, we are struck for some days at the nearness at which we think we see objects which are seven or eight leagues distant. The Peak of Teyde has not the advantage of being situated in the equinoctial region; but the dryness of the columns of air which rise perpetually above the neighbouring plains of Africa, and which the eastern winds bring with rapidity, gives the atmosphere of the Canary Islands a transparency, which surpasses not only that of the air of Naples and Sicily, but perhaps also the purity of the sky of Quito and Peru. This transparency may be regarded as one of the chief causes of the beauty of the landscape under the torrid zone; it is this which brightens the splendor of the vegetable coloring and contributes to the magical effect of their harmonies and their contrasts. If a mass of light, which circulates about objects, fatigues the external senses during a part of the day, the inhabitant of the southern climates has his compensation in moral enjoyments. A lucid clearness in the conceptions, a serenity of mind, correspond with the transparency of the surrounding atmosphere. We feel these impressions without overstepping the limits of Europe. I appeal to travellers who have visited countries rendered famous by prodigies of the imagination and the arts, the favoured climates of Greece and Italy.

We prolonged in vain our stay on the summit of the Peak, to wait the moment when we might enjoy the view of the whole of the Archipelago of the Fortunate Islands. We discovered Palma, Gomera, and the Great Canary, at our feet. The mountains of Lanzerota, free from vapours at sunrise, were soon enveloped in thick clouds. On a supposition only of an ordinary refraction, the eye takes in, in calm weather, from the summit of the volcano, a surface of the globe of 5700 square leagues, equal to a fourth of the surface of Spain. The question has often been agitated, if it were possible to perceive the coast of Africa from the top of this colossal pyramid; but the nearest parts of this coast are still farther from Teneriffe than 2° 49′, or 56 leagues.

F. X. Alexander von Humboldt.

CHAMPS ELYSÉES, PARIS.

FROM CRUMBS SWEPT UP.

[T. De Witt Talmage was born at Boundbrook, N. J., January 7th, 1832. He graduated at the New York University, and also at the New Brunswick Theological Seminary. His first charge was at Belleville, N. J., from which place he was called to Syracuse, N. Y. He remained there three years, meeting with remarkable success. At the end of that time he had attracted the attention of the congregation in Philadelphia formerly presided over by the Rev. Dr. Berg, and one of the strongest in that city, the Second Reformed Church. He accepted the flattering call made him, and here, in a wider field for the exercise of his peculiar talents, for seven years preached to a thronged church.

From Philadelphia, after many and repeated calls, he

removed to Brooklyn, L. I., and after building a great church he became famous as the plain-spoken preacher of The Tabernacle.

From his book entitled, "Crumbs Swept Up," we extract the following, to show the general style of the author.]

The scarlet rose of battle is in full bloom. The white water-lily of fear trembles on the river of tears. The cannon hath retched fire and its lips have foamed blood. The pale horse of death stands drinking out of the Rhine, its four hoofs on the breast-bone of men who sleep their last sleep. The red clusters of human hearts are crushed in the wine-press just as the vineyards of Moselle and Hockheimer are ripening. Chassepot and mitrailleuse have answered the needle-gun; and there is all along the lines the silence of those who will never speak again.

But Paris has for an interval, at least, recovered from her recent depression. Yesterday I stood at the foot of the Egyptian red-granite obelisk, dug out three thousand four hundred years ago, and from the top of which, at an elevation of seventy-two feet, the ages of the past look down upon the splendors of the present. On either side the obelisk is a fountain with six jets, each tossing into the bronze basin above; a seventh fountain, at still greater elevation, overflowing and coming down to meet them. Ribbons of rainbow flung on the air: golden rays of sunlight interwoven with silver skeins of water, while the wind drives the loom. Tritons, nereids, genii, dolphins, and winged children disporting themselves, and floods clapping their hands.

From the foot of the obelisk, looking off to the south, is the Palace of the Legislature—its last touch of repairs having cost four million dollars—its gilded gates, and Corinthian columns, and statues of Justice, and Commerce, and Art, and Navigation—a building grand with Vernet's fresco, and Cortot's sculpture, and Delacroix's allegories of art, and the memory of Lamartine's eloquence; within it the hard face of stone soft with gobelin tapestry, and arabesque, and the walls curtained with velvet of crimson and gleaming gold.

From the foot of the obelisk, glancing to the north, the church of the Madeleine comes into sight, its glories lifted up on the shoulders of fifty-two Corinthian columns, swinging against the dazed vision, its huge brazen doors, its walls breaking into innumerable fragments of beauty, each piece a sculptured wonder: a king, an apostle, an archangel, or a Christ. The three cupolas against the sky, great doxologies in stone. The whole building white, beautiful, stupendous—the frozen prayer of a nation.

From the foot of the obelisk, looking east through a long aisle of elms, chestnuts, and palms, is the palace of the Tuileries, confronting you with one thousand feet of façade, and tossed up at either side into imposing pavilions, and sweeping back into the most brilliant picture-galleries of all the world, where the French masters look upon the Flemish, and the black marble of the Pyrenees frowns upon the drifted snow of Italian statuary: a palace poising its pinnacles in the sun, and spreading out balustrades of braided granite. Its inside walls adorned with blaze of red velvet cooling down into damask overshot with green silk. Palace of wild and terrific memories, orgies of drunken kings, and display of coronation festivity. Frightful Catherine de Medicis looked out of those windows. There, Maria Antoinette gazed up toward heaven through the dark lattice of her own broken heart. Into those doors rushed the Revolutionary mobs. On that roof the Angel of Death alighted and flapped its black wings on its way to smite in a day one hundred thousand souls. Majestic, terrible, beautiful, horrible, sublime palace of the Tuileries. The brightness of a hundred *fête* days sparkles in its fountains! The gore of ten thousand butcheries reddens the upholstery!

Standing at the foot of the obelisk, we have looked toward the north, and the south, and the east. There is but one way more to look. Stretching away to the west, beyond the sculptured horses that seem all a-quiver with life from nostril to fetlock, and rearing till you fear the groom will no longer be able to keep them from dashing off the pedestal, is the Champs Elysées, the great artery through which rolls the life of Parisian hilarity. It is, perhaps, the widest street in the world. You see two long lines of carriages, one flowing this way, the other that, filled with the merriment of the gayest city under the sun. There they go! viscounts and porters, cab-drivers of glazed hat taking passengers at two francs an hour, and coachman with rosetted hat, and lavender breeches, his coat-tails flung over the back of the high seat—a very constellation of brass buttons. Tramp, and rumble, and clatter! Two wheels, four wheels, one sor-

rel, two sorrels! Fast horse's mouth by twisted bit drawn tight into the chest, and slow horse's head hung out at long distance from the body, his feet too lazy to keep up. Crack! crack! go a hundred whips in the strong grasp of the charioteers, warning foot-passengers to clear the way. Click! click! go the swords of the mounted horse-guards as they dash past sashed, feathered, and epauletted.

On the broad pavements of this avenue all nations meet and mingle. This is a Chinese with hair in genuine pig-tail twist, and this a Turk with trowsers enough for seven. Here, an Englishman built up solid from the foundation, buttressed with strength; the apotheosization of roast-beef and plum-pudding; you can tell by his looks that he never ate anything that disagreed with him. Here, an American so thin he fails to cast a shadow. There, a group of children playing blind-man's buff, and, yonder, men at foot-ball, with a circle of a hundred people surrounding them. Old harpers playing their harps. Boys fiddling. Women with fountains of soda-water strapped to their back, and six cups dangling at their side, and tinkling a tiny bell to let the people know where they may get refreshment. Here, a circle of fifteen hobby-horses poised on one pivot, where girls in white dresses, and boys in coat of many colors swing round the circle. Puff of a hundred segars. Peddler with a score of balloons to a string sending them up into the air, and willing for four sous to make any boy happy. Parrots holding up their ugliness by one claw, and swearing at passers-by in bad French. Canaries serenading the sunlight. Bagpipers with instruments in full screech. "Punch and Judy," the unending joke of European cities, which is simply two doll-babies beating each other.

Passing on, you come upon another circle of fountains, six in number—small but beautiful, infantile fountains, hardly born before they die, rocked in cradle of crystal, then buried in sarcophagus of pearl. The water rises only a short distance and bends over, like the heads of ripe grain, as though the water-gods had been reaping their harvest, and here had stacked their sheaves. And now we find toy-carriages drawn by four goats with bells, and children riding, a boy of four years drawing the rein, mountebanks tumbling on the grass, jugglers with rings that turn into serpents, and bottles that spit white rabbits, and tricks that make the auditor's hat, passed up, breed rats.

On your way through the street, you wander into grottos, where, over colored rocks, the water falls, now becoming blue as the sea, now green as a pond, and now, without miracle, it is turned into wine. There are maiden-hair trees, and Irish yews, and bamboo, and magnolias, and banks of azaleas, and hollies, and you go through a Red Sea of geraniums and dahlias dry-shod. You leave on either hand concert-castles, and party-colored booths, and kiosks inviting to repose, till you come to the foot of the Arc de Triomphe, from the foot of which radiate eleven great avenues, any one of which might well be a national pride, and all of them a-rumble with pomp and wealth, and the shock of quick and resonant laughter.

On opposite sides of the archway are two angels, leaning toward each other till their trumpets well-nigh touch, blowing the news of a hundred victories. Surely never before or since was hard stone ever twisted into such wreaths, or smoothed into such surfaces. Up and down frieze and spandrel are alti-rilievi with flags of granite that seem to quiver in the wind, and helmets that sit soft as velvet on warrior's brow; and there are lips of stone that look as if they might speak, and spears that look as if they might pierce, and wounds that look as if they might bleed, and eagles that look as if they might fly. Here stands an angel of war mighty enough to have been just hurled out of heaven, On one side of the Arch, Peace is celebrated by the sculptor with sheaves of plenty, and chaplets of honor, and palms of triumph. At a great height, Austerlitz is again enacted, and horse and horsemen and artillery and gunners stand out as though some horror of battle had chilled them all into stone.

By the time that you have mounted the steps, and stand at the top of the Arch, the evening lamps begin a running fire on all the streets. The trees swing lanterns, and the eleven avenues concentrating at the foot of the Arch pour their brightness to your feet a very chorus of fire. Your eye treads all the way back to the Tuileries on bubbles of flame, and stopping half-way the distance to read, in weird and bewitching contrivance of gas-light, an inscription with a harp of fire at the top and an arrow of fire at the bottom, the charmed words of every Frenchman,—CHAMPS ELYSÉES!

OUR SPECTACLES.

FROM THE SAME.

A man never looks more dignified than when he takes a spectacle-case from his pocket, opens it, unfolds a lens, sets it astride his nose, and looks you in the eye. I have seen audiences overawed by such a demonstration, feeling that a man who could handle glasses in that way must be equal to anything. We have known a lady of plain face, who, by placing an adornment of this kind on the bridge of her nose, could give an irresistible look, and by one glance around the room would transfix and eat up the hearts of a dozen old bachelors.

There are men, who, though they never read a word of Latin or Greek, have, by such facial appendage, been made to look so classical, that the moment they gaze on you, you quiver as if you had been struck by Sophocles or Jupiter. We strongly suspect that a pair of glasses on a minister's nose would be worth to him about three hundred and seventy-six dollars and forty-two cents additional salary. Indeed, we have known men who had kept their parishes quiet by this spectacular power. If Deacon Jones criticized, or Mrs. Go-about gossiped, the dominie would get them in range, shove his glasses from the tip of his nose close up to his eyebrows, and concentre all the majesty of his nature into a look that consumed all opposition easier than the burning-glass of Archimedes devoured the Roman ships.

But nearly all, young and old, near-sighted and far-sighted, look through spectacles. By reason of our prejudices, or education, or temperament, things are apt to come to us magnified, or lessened, or distorted. We all see things differently—not so much because our eyes are different, as because the medium through which we look is different.

Some of us wear blue spectacles, and consequently everything is blue. Taking our position at Trinity Church, and looking down Wall street, everything is gloomy and depressing in financials, and looking up Broadway, everything is horrible in the fashions of the day. All is wrong in churches, wrong in education, wrong in society. An undigested slice of corned-beef has covered up all the bright prospects of the world. A drop of vinegar has extinguished a star. We understand all the variations of a growl. What makes the sunshine so dull, the foliage so gloomy, men so heavy, and the world so dark? *Blue* spectacles, my dear.

An unwary young man comes to town. He buys elegant silk pocket-handkerchiefs on Chatham Street for twelve cents, and diamonds at the dollar-store. He supposes that when a play is advertised "for one night only," he will have but one opportunity of seeing it. He takes a greenback with an X on it, as sure sign that it is ten dollars, not knowing there are counterfeits. He takes five shares of silver-mining stock in the company for developing the resources of the moon. He supposes that every man that dresses well is a gentleman. He goes to see the lions, not knowing that any of them will bite; and that when people go to see the lions, the lions sometimes come out to see them. He has an idea that fortunes lie thickly around, and all he will have to do is to stoop down and pick one up. Having been brought up where the greatest dissipation was a blacksmith-shop on a rainy day, and where the gold on the wheat is never counterfeit, and buckwheat-fields never issue false stock, and brooks are always "current," and ripe fall-pippins are a legal-tender, and blossoms are honest when they promise to pay, he was unprepared to resist the allurements of city life. A sharper has fleeced him, an evil companion has despoiled him, a policeman's "billy" has struck him on the head, or a prison's turnkey bids him a rough "Good-night!"

What got him into all this trouble? Can any moral optician inform us? *Green* goggles, my dear.

Your neighbor's first great idea in life is a dollar; the second idea is a dollar—making in all two dollars. The smaller ideas are cents. Friendship is with him a mere question of loss and gain. He will want your name on his note. Every time he shakes hands, he estimates the value of such a greeting. He is down on Fourth of Julys and Christmas Days, because on them you spend money instead of making it. He has reduced everything in life to vulgar fractions. He has been hunting all his life for the cow that had the golden calf. He has cut the Lord's Prayer on the back of a three-cent piece, his only regret that he has spoiled the piece.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

A DEFENCE OF ENTHUSIASM.

[HENRY T. TUCKERMAN, an American journalist and critic, 1813–71, was born in Boston, and educated in the public schools. He travelled in Europe, and became an art critic at a time when few Americans were familiar with that subject. Of Mr. Tuckerman's numerous volumes, chiefly collections of his contributions to periodicals, we may name "*The Italian Sketch-Book*" (1835), "*Thoughts on the Poets*" (1846), "*Characteristics of Literature*" (1849), "*Essays, Biographical and Critical*" (1857), "*America and her Commentators*" (1864), "*The Criterion*" (1866), and the "*Book of American Artists*" (1867). Mr. Tuckerman was a genial and appreciative critic, not always exact, but his essays were uniformly pleasing in style.]

Let us recognise the beauty and power of true enthusiasm; and whatever we may do to enlighten ourselves and others, guard against checking or chilling a single earnest sentiment. For what is the human mind, however enriched with acquisitions or strengthened by exercise, unaccompanied by an ardent and sensitive heart? Its light may illumine, but it cannot inspire. It may shed a cold and moonlight radiance upon the path of life, but it warms no flower into bloom; it sets free no ice-bound fountains. Dr. Johnson used to say that an obstinate rationality prevented him from being a papist. Does not the same cause prevent many of us from unburdening our hearts and breathing our devotions at the shrines of nature? There are influences which environ humanity too subtle for the dissecting knife of reason. In our better moments we are clearly conscious of their presence, and if there is any barrier to their blessed agency, it is a formalized intellect. Enthusiasm, too, is the very life of gifted spirits. Ponder the lives of the glorious in art or literature through all ages. What are they but records of toils and sacrifices supported by the earnest hearts of their votaries? Dante composed his immortal poem amid exile and suffering, prompted by the noble ambition of vindicating himself to posterity; and the sweetest angel of his paradise is the object of his early love. The best countenances the old painters have bequeathed to us are those of cherished objects intimately associated with their fame. The face of Raphael's mother blends with the angelic beauty of all his madonnas. Titian's daughter and the wife of Correggio again and again meet in their works. Well does Foscolo call the fine arts the children of love. The deep interest with which the Italians hail gifted men, inspires them to the mightiest efforts. National enthusiasm is the great nursery of genius. When Sellini's statue of Perseus was first exhibited on the Piazza at Florence, it was surrounded for days by an admiring throng, and hundreds of tributary sonnets were placed upon its pedestal. Petrarch was crowned with laurel at Rome for his poetical labours, and crowds of the unlettered may still be seen on the Mole at Naples, listening to a reader of Tasso. Reason is not the only interpreter of life. The fountain of action is in the feelings. Religion itself is but a state of the affections. I once met a beautiful peasant woman in the valley of the Arno, and asked the number of her children. "I have three here and two in paradise," she calmly replied, with a tone and manner of touching and grave simplicity. Her faith was of the heart. Constituted as human nature is, it is in the highest degree natural that rare powers should be excited by voluntary and spontaneous appreciation. Who would not feel urged to high achievement, if he knew that every beauty his canvas displayed, or every perfect note he breathed, or every true inspiration of his lyre, would find an instant response in a thousand breasts? Lord Brougham calls the word "impossible" the mother-tongue of little souls. What, I ask, can counteract self-distrust, and sustain the higher efforts of our nature but enthusiasm? More of this element would call forth the genius, and gladden the life of New England. While the mere intellectual man speculates, and the mere man of acquisition cites authority, the man of feeling acts, realizes, puts forth his complete energies. His earnest and strong heart will not let his mind rest; he is urged by an inward impulse to imbody his thought. He must have sympathy; he must have results. And nature yields to the magician, acknowledging him as her child. The noble statue comes forth from the marble, the speaking figure stands out from the canvas, the electric chain is struck in the bosoms of his fellows. They receive his ideas, respond to his appeal, and reciprocate his love.

Constant supplies of knowledge to the intellect, and the exclusive culture of reason may, indeed, make a pedant and logician; but the probability is, these benefits, if such they are, will be gained at the expense of the soul. Sentiment, in its broad-

est acceptation, is as essential to the true enjoyment and grace of life as mind. Technical information, and that quickness of apprehension which New Englanders call smartness, are not so valuable to a human being as sensibility to the beautiful, and a spontaneous appreciation of the Divine influences which fill the realms of vision and of sound, and the world of action and feeling. The tastes, affections and sentiments, are more absolutely the man than his talent or acquirements. And yet it is by and through the latter that we are apt to estimate character, of which they are at best but fragmentary evidences. It is remarkable that, in the New Testament, allusions to the intellect are so rare, while the "heart" and "the spirit we are of" are ever appealed to. Sympathy is the "golden key" which unlocks the treasures of wisdom; and this depends upon vividness and warmth of feeling. It is therefore that Tranio advises —"In brief, sir, study what you most affect." A code of etiquette may refine the manners, but the "heart of courtesy," which, through the world, stamps the natural gentleman, can never be attained but through instinct; and in the same manner, those enriching and noble sentiments which are the most beautiful and endearing of human qualities, no process of mental training will create. To what end is society, popular education, churches, and the machinery of culture, if no living truth is elicited which fertilizes as well as enlightens? Shakspeare undoubtedly owed his marvellous insight into the human soul to his profound sympathy with man. He might have conned whole libraries on the philosophy of the passions; he might have coldly observed facts for years, and never have conceived of jealousy like Othello's, the remorse of Macbeth, or love like that of Juliet. When the native sentiments are once interested, new facts spring to light. It was under the excitement of wonder and love, that Byron, tossed on the lake of Geneva, thought that "Jura answered from her misty shroud," responsive to the thunder of the Alps. With no eye of mere curiosity did Bryant follow the lonely flight of the waterfowl. Veneration prompted the inquiry,

> "Whither 'midst falling dew
> When glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
> Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
> Thy solitary way?"

Sometimes, in musing upon genius in its simpler manifestations, it seems as if the great art of human culture consisted chiefly in preserving the glow and freshness of the heart. It is certain that in proportion as its merely mental strength and attainment takes the place of natural sentiment, in proportion as we acquire the habit of receiving all impressions through the reason, the teachings of nature grow indistinct and cold, however it may be with those of books. That this is the tendency of the New England philosophy of life and education, I think can scarcely be disputed. I have remarked that some of our most intelligent men speak of mastering a subject, of comprehending a book, of settling a question, as if these processes involved the whole idea of human cultivation. The reverse of all this is chiefly desirable. It is when we are overcome, and the pride of intellect vanquished before the truth of nature, when, instead of coming to a logical decision, we are led to bow in profound reverence before the mysteries of life, when we are led back to childhood, or up to God, by some powerful revelation of the sage or minstrel, it is then our natures grow. To this end is all art. Exquisite vocalism, beautiful statuary and painting, and all true literature, have not for their great object to employ the ingenuity of prying critics, or furnish the world with a set of new ideas, but to move the whole nature by the perfection and truthfulness of their appeal. There is a certain atmosphere exhaled from the inspired page of genius, which gives vitality to the sentiments, and through these quickens the mental powers. And this is the chief good of books. Were it otherwise, those of us who have bad memories might despair of advancement. I have heard educated New Englanders boast of the quantity of poetry they have read in a given time, as if rich fancies and elevated thoughts are to be despatched as are beefsteaks on board our steamboats. Newspapers are estimated by their number of square feet, as if this had anything to do with the quality of their contents. Journeys of pleasure are frequently deemed delightful in proportion to their rapidity, without reference to the new scenery or society they bring into view. Social gatherings are not seldom accounted brilliant in the same degree that they are crowded. Such would not be the case, if what the phrenologists call the effective powers were enough considered; if the whole soul, instead of the "meddling intellect" alone, was freely developed; if we re-

alized the truth thus expressed by a powerful writer—"within the entire circle of our intellectual constitution, we value nothing but emotion; it is not the powers, but the fruit of those powers, in so much feeling of a lofty kind as they will yield."

There is yet another principle which seems to me but faintly recognised in the New England philosophy of life, however it may be occasionally cultivated as a department of literature; and yet it is one which we should deem essentially dear to man, a glorious endowment, a crowning grace of humanity. It is that principle through which we commune with all that is lovely and grand in the universe, which mellows the pictures of memory into pensive beauty, and irradiates the visions of hope with unearthly brightness; which elevates our social experience by the glow of fancy, and exhibits scenes of perfection to the soul that the senses can never realize. It is the poetical principle. If this precious gift could be wholly annihilated amid the commonplace and the actual, we should lose the interest of life. The dull routine of daily experience, the tame reality of things, would weigh like a heavy and permanent cloud upon our hearts. But the office of this divine spirit is to throw a redeeming grace around the objects and the scenes of being. It is the breeze that lifts the weeds on the highway of time and brings to view the violets beneath. It is the holy water which, sprinkled on the Mosaic pavement of life, makes vivid its brilliant tints. It is the mystic harp upon whose strings the confused murmur of toil, gladness and grief, loses itself in music. But it performs a yet higher function than that of consolation. It is through the poetical principle that we form images of excellence, a notion of progress that quickens every other faculty to rich endeavour. All great men are so, chiefly through unceasing effort to realize in action, or imbody in art, sentiments of deep interest or ideas of beauty. As colours exist in rays of light, so does the ideal in the soul, and life is the mighty prism which refracts it. Shelley maintains that it is only through the imagination that we can overleap the barriers of self and become identified with the universal and the distant, and, therefore, that this principle is the true fountain of benevolent affections and virtue. I know it is sometimes said that the era of romance has passed; that with the pastoral, classic, and chivalrous periods of the world, the poetic element died out. But this is manifestly a great error. The forms of society have greatly changed, and the methods of poetical development are much modified, but the principle itself is essential to humanity. No! mechanical as is the spirit of the age, and wide as is the empire of utility, as long as the stars appear nightly in the firmament, and golden clouds gather around the departing sun; as long as we can greet the innocent smile of infancy and the gentle eye of woman; as long as this earth is visited by visions of glory and dreams of love and hopes of heaven; while life is encircled by mystery, brightened by affection, and solemnized by death, so long will the poetical spirit be abroad, with its fervent aspirations and deep spells of enchantment. Again, it is often urged that the poetical spirit belongs appropriately to a certain epoch of life, and that its influence naturally ceases with youth. But this can only be the case through self-apostasy. The poetical element was evidently intended to mingle with the whole of human experience; not only to glow in the breast of youth, but to dignify the thought of manhood, and make venerable the aspect of age. Its purpose clearly is to relieve the sternness of necessity, to lighten the burden of toil, and throw sacredness and hope even around suffering—as the old painters were wont to depict groups of cherubs above their martyrdoms. Nor can I believe that the agency of this principle is so confined and temporary as many suppose. It is true our contemplation of the beautiful is of short duration, our flights into the ideal world brief and occasional. We can but bend in passing at the altar of beauty, and pluck a flower hastily at the way-side;—but may there not be an instinct which eagerly appropriates even these transitory associations? May they not be unconsciously absorbed into the essence of our life, and gradually refine and exalt the spirit within us? I cannot think that such rich provision for the poetic sympathies is intended for any casual or indifferent end. Rather let us believe there is a mystic language in the flowers, and a deep meaning in the stars, that the transparency of the winter air and the long sweetness of summer twilight pass, with imperceptible power, over the soul; rather let us cherish the thought that the absorbing emotions of love, the sweet excitement of adventure and the impassioned solemnity of grief, with a kind of spiritual chemistry, combine and purify the inward

elements into nobler action and more perfect results. Of the poetical principle, the philosophy of life in New England makes little account. Emblems of the past do not invite our gaze down the vistas of time. Reverence is seldom awakened by any object, custom, or association. The new, the equal, the attainable, constantly deaden our faith in infinite possibilities. Life rarely seems miraculous, and the commonplace abounds. There is much to excite, and little to chasten and awe. We need to see the blessedness of a rational conservatism, as well as the inspiring call for reform. There are venerable and lovely agencies in this existence of ours which it is sacrilege to scorn. The wisdom of our renowned leaders in all departments is too restless and conscious to be desirable; and it would be better for our boasted "march of mind," if, like the quaint British essayist, a few more "were dragged along in the procession." An extravagant spirit of utility invades every scene of life however sequestered. We attempt not to brighten the grim features of care, or relieve the burdens of responsibility. The daughter of a distinguished law professor in Europe was in the habit of lecturing in her father's absence. To guard against the fascination of her charms, which it was feared would divert the attention of the students, a curtain was drawn before the fair teacher, from behind which she imparted her instructions. Thus do we carefully keep out of sight the poetical and veil the spirit of beauty, that we may worship undisturbed at the shrine of the practical. We ever seek the light of knowledge; but are content that no fertilizing warmth lend vitality to its beams.

When the returning pilgrim approaches the shores of the new world, the first sign of the vicinity of his native land is traced in hues of rare glory on the western sky. The sunsets grow more and more gorgeous as he draws near, and while he leans over the bulwarks of a gallant vessel, (whose matchless architecture illustrates the mechanical skill of her birth-place), and watches their shifting brilliancy, it associates itself with the fresh promise and young renown of his native land; and when from the wide solitude of the Atlantic, he plunges once more amid her eager crowds, it is with the earnest and I must think patriotic wish, that with her prosperous activity might mingle more of the poetry of life!

But what the arrangements of society fail to provide, the individual is at liberty to seek. Nowhere are natural beauty and grandeur more lavishly displayed than on this continent. In no part of the world are there such noble rivers, beautiful lakes, and magnificent forests. The ermine robe of winter is, in no land, spread with more dazzling effect, nor can the woodlands of any clime present a more varied array of autumnal tints. Nor need we resort to the glories of the universe alone. Domestic life exists with us in rare perfection; and it requires but the heroism of sincerity and the exercise of taste, to make the fireside as rich in poetical associations as the terrace and verandah of southern lands. Literature, too, opens a rich field. We can wander through Eden to the music of the blind bard's harp, or listen in the orange groves of Verona, beneath the quiet moonlight, to the sweet vows of Juliet. Let us, then, bravely obey our sympathies, and find in candid and devoted relations with others, freedom from the constraints of prejudice and form. Let us foster the enthusiasm which exclusive intellectual cultivation would extinguish. Let us detach ourselves sufficiently from the social machinery to realize that we are not integral parts of it; and thus summon into the horizon of destiny those hues of beauty, love and truth, which are the most glorious reflections of the soul!

HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

WILHELM VON HUMBOLDT'S LETTERS TO A LADY.

[WILHELM VON HUMBOLDT, the elder brother of Baron Alexander von Humboldt, a German statesman and scholar, 1767-1835; was educated at Berlin and Göttingen. He was a traveller and a diplomatist, and a devoted student of antiquities, æsthetics and philosophy. He was Prussian minister resident at Rome, from 1801–1808, after which he organized public education in Prussia, and established the university of Berlin. Associated with Stein in political reform and the uniting of Germany and Austria against Napoleon, Talleyrand declared him one of the ablest statesmen in Europe. His writings (all in German) were upon the Malay languages and classic subjects, and a Treatise upon Government (translated London, 1854). His "*Letters to a Lady*" (2 vols., Lond., 1849), are remarkable for refined thought and expression.]

BERLIN, January, 1828.

The departure of the year has always a certain touch of solemnity in it,—greater,

in my opinion, than a birthday, as well as quite different from it. The latter has reference only to an individual, and even for him it is but one departure among those of the whole year. But the new year is a renewal of epochs to all, and it accordingly awakens a universal sympathy. The year itself, including the period which has just left us, and that which is newly arrived, is regarded as a person of whom we take leave as well as whom we greet. Each year has its own historical events which weave themselves into our personal fate even when we have taken no share in them, as when we, almost by involuntary effort, just remember to have heard, by the merest accident, of some public occurrence or other. It is, however, no simple fancy that the years are fortunate or unfortunate for mankind, or that men are in the habit of considering them as they fall under the one class or the other. In this remark I do not allude to great misfortunes, but I speak of those minor errors in every undertaking—the disappointment of joyful expectations which have been formed either in one way or another; just as there are days, for example, in which we do everything unskilfully, each moment brings forth something disastrous; we say what we ought not, and, as often happens in a dream, we never arrive at the object after which we are aspiring. All that is certainly less dependent on fortune than on man himself, who always forms his own lot.

It often depends on our first impressions of the year, which may weaken our confidence in our future fortunes, or even inspire us with fear or at least with anxiety. The whole matter is sometimes a mere fancy. Thus it is with the date of the year. When it contains many odd numbers, one has, as it were, every reason for entertaining a sort of apprehension of disaster; but when, on the other hand, we have such beautifully even numbers as in 1828, we become inspired with a certain joyful assurance, and embark in such a year with a cheerful feeling, as in a passage-boat, from whose fair proportions and equipments we gather a sort of promise that we shall be transported safely to the shore of the next year.

When I said that each one shaped his own destiny, I uttered an old proverb, certainly of Pagan origin, but which has a very just meaning when taken in the Christian sense of the phrase. I speak, that is to say, of our inward fate—of the sentiment with which man receives impressions from external events, and that is always within our power. We can always preserve a state of mind which shall be submissive, resolute, and confident in the beneficent arrangements of a higher power; and should this frame of of mind be wanting in us, we can produce it. Unless man in this way depends solely on himself, he has no true freedom.

* * * * * *

While Providence determines the lot of mankind, the spiritual being of men is also brought into concord with it. There is such a harmony in this (as there is indeed in all the arrangements of nature) that it would be possible to explain and deduce the one from the other without a higher ordination. But the fact only so much the more clearly and surely proves the existence of this higher ordination which has created such a harmony in existence.

* * * * * *

I intend to undertake a long journey in the latter half of March, and will not return for six months. My youngest daughter, as you know, is married to M. Von Bulow, who is at present Prussian ambassador at London. He has been there for several months, and my daughter wishes to follow him with her two little girls. My wife, my eldest daughter, and myself, mean to accompany them. We shall go by Paris, stop there for some time, and afterwards proceed to London, where we shall remain for six weeks. From London, my wife, my eldest daughter, and myself, will return to Paris, and proceed by Strasburg and Munich to Gastein. It is now eleven years, at least, since I was in Paris, and when I quitted it the last time by night, I thought I should never return. I looked with the same feeling at the rocky coast of England when I left it in the year 1818. Fate has strangely ordered that I should again unexpectedly see these places, and that my son-in-law should occupy the same situation which I then filled. He will probably remain a long time in London, which may be an inducement to me to repeat my visits frequently.—My return to Paris and London has just recalled to my thoughts that some one has very prettily said, that we gladly visit those places only which we have known in earlier years. The remark has arisen from a very accurate observation of things, for it is certainly true, and it does honour to the feelings of man. We regard places as we do men, and we feel a desire to visit

those people only with whom we are already acquainted.

The joy which the starry heavens communicate to your tranquil life gives an additional pleasure, since it has been elevated and increased by the expression of mine. I gladly answer your questions, at least as far as I am able. I can scarcely understand why the countless number of the stars, the infinity of space, in one word, the boundlessness of creation should have in earlier times appeared fearful to you, and I rejoice that this feeling has left you. The greatness of nature is one of the most exalting, cheering, and gladdening ideas which I know; still more, however, is this true of the greatness of the Creator. Should we ever be obliged to allow that the idea of greatness awakens in us a depressive feeling, yet it recovers its elevating and benign influence when it is considered in connection with the boundless goodness which expresses itself in all the works of creation. In general, however, it is only physical power and greatness which inspire us with a feeling in some sense terrible and oppressive. But if there be seen an infinite physical insight in the creation and the universe, much more is there manifest a moral force which rules in everything. This form of power, however, which is the really sublime species of it, always enlarges the spiritual capacity of man, makes him breathe more freely, and even appears to him in the mild aspects of comfort, help, and shelter. One may say with truth, that this creative almighty greatness lets itself be seen equally in everything, and excites ever the same admiration by its attractive strength. But one may with equal truth maintain, that it reveals itself in the stars of heaven with peculiar simplicity. The celestial bodies strike the fancy more powerfully; everything connected with them is to be explained only by number and measurement, while yet they baffle both through their infinity. It is exactly because these bodies are so simple in their relations as to throw us back on mathematics for an explanation, that we better realize the extent of the sky than the magnitude of the earth with the creatures that inhabit it. Farewell, and reckon on my unalterable sympathy.

H.

Life is a gift which always comprises so much that is valuable to one's self, and, if we be willing, so much that is useful for others, that we have every reason to cultivate a disposition not only to pass it in cheerfulness and mental satisfaction, but, from a real sense of duty, to do everything in our power to embellish and render it advantageous both to ourselves and others.

Earnestness in life, even when carried to an extreme, is something very noble and great; but it must not be allowed to disturb the common business of life, else it will yield only bitterness and produce injury.

I often walk by moonlight. In this cold but always dry air, there is nothing to fear from damps or mists as in the evenings in other seasons. The sky is too beautiful at that time to allow me to miss the enjoyment of it. It is altogether inexpressible how much the heavens contribute to beautify the earth. This is so much the more remarkable as the effect is so simple: only stars and clouds, and that unmeasurable arch which alone is an eternity, in which the soul and the imagination are lost. The earth really shines only in the light which the heavens pour upon it. The superior charm of the climate of Italy over that of Germany does not arise from the richness of the soil or the beauty of the country, but because the sky has quite another appearance—such a deep blue by day, and such an intense black at night,—and the stars shining in such abundance. But on the other hand, it is remarkable that the heavens are so beautiful and mild, because at such a distance they affect the eye only as an optical charm, and every other material influence fades away. It is also worthy of observation how we look upon the sky with its hosts of brilliant stars, more as a subject of the mind and fancy, than as a reality. If one could believe a journey among the planets possible, it would be, it appears to me, an object of dread and fear. If we were beyond the limits of our atmosphere, which in its higher regions only is unpleasant, we should come upon the rolling and motion of the gigantic heavenly bodies, which in a clear view, as masses of light and shade, would be equally formidable. A nearer approach, by which many stars would appear larger, is not desirable. The greater lights in greater number would be too uniform, and would outshine the lesser and more distant ones, and make them invisible. I cannot imagine that our nights would be made more beautiful by this earth being attended, like some of the

other planets, by more satellites. Saturn's ring is one in a different form. If we think of this as a golden double bridge stretched over the heavens, it would present an extraordinary appearance. From all this we may conclude that the heavens, which in a spiritual sense every one wishes near to him, are materially so much more beautiful at a distance.

WILHELM VON HUMBOLDT.

THE SINGLE COMBAT OF HECTOR AND AJAX.

THE ILIAD.—BOOK VII.

[HOMER, the greatest of epic poets, and the earliest and most eminent author in the literature of Greece, lived at so early a period that no certain record of its date has come down to us, and his birthplace is equally a matter of doubt. Herodotus places his birth about 850 years before Christ, and Aristotle makes him contemporary with the Ionian migration, about 140 years after the Trojan war. That it was many years after that war may be inferred from the frequent reference made by the poet to the superior size and strength of the warriors engaged in the siege of Troy, as a generation which had long before passed away. It is proverbially said that seven cities contended for the honor of being Homer's birthplace, but according to Suidas the list might be nearly doubled.

The fame of Homer rests upon his two great poems, the Iliad and Odyssey. Others have been ascribed to him—several hymns to the gods, for example—but though some of these were regarded by the ancients as genuine, they are now rejected as the production of a later age. The common consent of the civilized world has placed his Iliad and Odyssey at an unapproachable height of poetic excellence. All the qualities which make the great poet are there—sublimity, fire, pathos, grace, knowledge of the human heart, the power of vividly representing action to the eye of the mind, and sweetness and majesty of numbers.

Notwithstanding the praise which has been bestowed upon the Iliad for the perfection of its plot, there are those who see in it only part of the narrative of the siege of Troy, without any proper conclusion or catastrophe. In his invocation the poet only promises to speak of the wrath of Achilles, and the calamities which it brought upon the Greeks as a consequence of the quarrel between him and Agamemnon. But he gives us much more than this. He relates the quarrel, the withdrawal of Achilles from the army, and the bloody successes of the Trojans while he indulges his anger. But in the nineteenth book Achilles and Agamemnon are reconciled, and then begin the disasters of the Trojans. Their soldiery is slaughtered, their champions are slain —Glaucus, Sarpedon, and finally Hector, and all Troy in despair. The narrative breaks off at the most interesting moment of the siege. We give the following from Pope's translation.]

So spoke the guardian of the Trojan state,
Then rush'd impetuous through the Scæan gate.
Him Paris follow'd to the dire alarms;
Both breathing slaughter, both resolv'd in arms.
As when the sailors lab'ring through the main,
That long had heav'd the weary oar in vain,
Jove bids at length th' expected gales arise;
The gales blow grateful, and the vessel flies:
So welcome these to Troy's desiring train;
The bands are cheer'd, the war awakes again.
Bold Paris first the work of death begun
On great Menestheus, Areithous' son:
Sprung from the fair Philomeda's embrace,
The pleasing Arne was his native place.
Then sunk Eioneus to the shades below,
Beneath his steely casque he felt the blow
Full on his neck, from Hector's weighty hand,
And roll'd, with limbs relax'd, along the land.
By Glaucus' spear the bold Iphinous bleeds,
Fix'd in the shoulder as he mounts his steeds;
Headlong he tumbles: his slack nerves unbound
Drop the cold useless members on the ground.
When now Minerva saw her Argives slain,
From vast Olympus to the gleaming plain
Fierce she descends: Apollo mark'd her flight,
Nor shot less swift from Ilion's tow'ry height:
Radiant they met, beneath the beechen shade
When thus Apollo to the blue-ey'd maid.
What cause, O daughter of almighty Jove!
Thus wings thy progress from the realms above?
Once more impetuous dost thou bend thy way,
To give to Greece the long-divided day?
Too much has Troy already felt thy hate,
Now breathe thy rage, and hush the stern debate:
This day, the business of the field suspend;
War soon shall kindle, and great Ilion bend;
Since vengeful goddesses confed'rate join
To raze her walls, though built by hands divine.
To whom the progeny of Jove replies:
I left, for this, the council of the skies:
But who shall bid conflicting hosts forbear,
What art shall calm the furious sons of war?
To her the god: Great Hector's soul incite
To dare the boldest Greek to single fight,
Till Greece, provok'd, from all her numbers show
A warrior worthy to be Hector's foe.
At this agreed, the heav'nly pow'rs withdrew;
Sage Helenus their secret counsels knew:
Hector, inspir'd he sought: to him addrest,
Thus told the dictates of his sacred breast.
O son of Priam! let thy faithful ear
Receive my words; thy friend and brother hear!
Go forth persuasive, and a while engage
The warring nations to suspend their rage;
Then dare the boldest of the hostile train
To mortal combat on the listed plain.
For not this day shall end thy glorious date;

The gods have spoke it, and their voice is fate.
He said: the warrior heard the word with joy;
Then with his spear restrain'd the youth of Troy,
Held by the midst athwart. On either hand
The squadrons part; th' expecting Trojans stand:
Great Agamemnon bids the Greeks forbear;
They breathe, and hush the tumult of the war.
Th' Athenian maid, and glorious god of day,
With silent joy the settling hosts survey:
In form of vultures, on the beech's height,
They sit conceal'd, and wait the future fight.
The thronging troops obscure the dusky fields,
Horrid with bristling spears, and gleaming shields.
As when a gen'ral darkness veils the main,
(Soft Zephyr curling the wide wat'ry plain)
The waves scarce heave, the face of ocean sleeps,
And a still horror saddens all the deeps:
Thus in thick orders settling wide around,
At length compos'd they sit and shade the ground.
Great Hector first amidst both armies broke
The solemn silence, and their powers bespoke.
Hear, all ye Trojan, all ye Grecian bands,
What my soul prompts, and what some god commands.
Great Jove, averse our warfare to compose,
O'erwhelms the nations with new toils and woes;
War with a fiercer tide once more returns,
Till Ilion falls, or till yon navy burns.
You then, O princes of the Greeks! appear;
'Tis Hector speaks, and calls the gods to hear:
From all your troops select the boldest knight,
And him, the boldest, Hector dares to fight.
Here if I fall, by chance of battle slain,
Be his my spoil, and his these arms remain;
But let my body, to my friends return'd,
By Trojan hands and Trojan flames be burn'd,
And if Apollo, in whose aid I trust,
Shall stretch your daring champion in the dust;
If mine the glory to despoil the foe;
On Phœbus' temple I'll his arms bestow;
The breathless carcase to your navy sent,
Greece on the shore shall raise a monument;
Which when some future mariner surveys,
Wash'd by broad Hellespont's resounding seas,
Thus shall he say, 'A valiant Greek lies there,
By Hector slain, the mighty man of war.'
The stone shall tell your vanquished hero's name,
And distant ages learn the victor's fame.
This fierce defiance Greece astonish'd heard,
Blush'd to refuse, and to accept it fear'd.
Stern Menelaüs first the silence broke,
And inly groaning, thus opprobrious spoke.
Women of Greece! Oh scandal of your race,
Whose coward souls your manly form disgrace,
How great the shame, when ev'ry age shall know
That not a Grecian met this noble foe!
Go then! resolve to earth, from whence ye grew,
A heartless, spiritless, inglorious crew!
Be what ye seem, unanimated clay!
Myself will dare the danger of the day.
'Tis man's bold task the gen'rous strife to try,
But in the hands of God is victory.

These words scarce spoke, with gen'rous ardour prest
His manly limbs in azure arms he drest:
That day, Atrides! a superior hand
Had stretched thee breathless on the hostile strand;
But all at once, thy fury to compose,
The king of Greece, an awful band arose:
Ev'n he their chief, great Agamemnon, press'd
Thy daring hand, and this advice address'd.
Whither, O Menelaus! wouldst thou run,
And tempt a fate, which prudence bids thee shun?
Griev'd though thou art, forbear the rash design;
Great Hector's arm is mightier far than thine.
Ev'n fierce Achilles learn'd its force to fear,
And trembling met this dreadful son of war.
Sit thou secure amidst thy social band;
Greece in our cause shall arm some pow'rful hand.
The mightiest warrior of the Achaian name,
Though bold, and burning with desire of fame,
Content, the doubtful honour might forego,
So great the danger, and so brave the foe.
He said, and turn'd his brother's vengeful mind;
He stoop'd to reason, and his rage resigned,
No longer bent to rush on certain harms;
His joyful friends unbrace his azure arms.
He, from whose lips divine persuasion flows,
Grave Nestor, then, in graceful act arose.
Thus to the kings he spoke. What grief, what shame
Attend on Greece, and all the Grecian name?
How shall, alas! her hoary heroes mourn
Their sons degen'rate, and their race a scorn?
What tears shall down thy silver beard be roll'd,
Oh Peleus, old in arms, in wisdom old!
Once with what joy the gen'rous prince would hear
Of every chief who fought this glorious war,
Participate their fame, and pleased inquire
Each name, each action, and each hero's sire?
Gods, should he see our warriors trembling stand,
And trembling all before one hostile hand;
How would he lift his aged arms on high,
Lament inglorious Greece, and beg to die!
Oh! would to all th' immortal pow'rs above,
Minerva, Phœbus, and almighty Jove!
Years might again roll back, my youth renew,
And give this arm the spring which once it knew
When fierce in war, where Jordan's waters fall
I led my troops to Phea's trembling wall,
And with th' Arcadian spears my prowess try'd,
Where Celedon rolls down his rapid tide.
There Ereuthalion brav'd us in the field,
Proud, Areïthous' dreadful arms to wield
Great Areïthous, known from shore to shore
By the huge, knotted, iron mace he bore;
No lance he shook, nor bent the twanging bow,
But broke, with this, the battle of the foe.
Him not by manly force Lycurgus slew,
Whose guileful jav'lin from the thicket flew,
Deep in a winding way his breast assail'd,
Nor aught the warrior's thund'ring mace avail'd
Supine he fell: those arms which Mars before
Had giv'n the vanquish'd, now the victor bore:
But when old age had dimm'd Lycurgus' eyes,

To Eleuthalion he consign'd the prize.
Furious with this, he crush'd our level'd bands,
And dar'd the trial of the strongest hands;
Nor could the strongest hands his fury stay;
All saw, and fear'd, his huge tempestuous sway.
Till I, the youngest of the host, appear'd,
And youngest, met whom all our army fear'd.
I fought the chief: my arms Minerva crown'd:
Prone fell the giant o'er a length of ground.
What then he was, O were your Nestor now!
Not Hector's self should want an equal foe.
But, warriors, you, that youthful vigour boast,
The flow'r of Greece, th' examples of our host,
Sprung from such fathers, who such numbers sway,
Can you stand trembling, and desert the day?
His warm reproofs the list'ning kings inflame;
And nine, the noblest of the Grecian name,
Up-started fierce: but far before the rest
The king of men advanc'd his dauntless breast:
Then bold Tydides, great in arms, appear'd;
And next his bulk gigantic Ajax rear'd:
Oileus followed; Idomen was there,
And Merion, dreadful as the god of war:
With these Eurypylus and Thoas stand,
And wise Ulysses clos'd the daring band.
All these, alike inspir'd with noble rage,
Demand the fight. To whom the Pylian sage:
Lest thirst of glory your brave souls divide;
What chief shall combat, let the lots decide.
Whom heav'n shall choose, be his the chance to raise
His country's fame, his own immortal praise.
The lots produc'd, each hero signs his own;
Then in the gen'ral's helm the fates are thrown.
The people pray, with lifted eyes and hands,
And vows like these ascend from all the bands.
Grant, thou Almighty! in whose hand is fate,
A worthy champion for the Grecian state.
This task let Ajax or Tydides prove,
Or he, the king of kings, belov'd by Jove.
Old Nestor shook the casque. By heaven inspir'd,
Leap'd forth the lot, of ev'ry Greek desir'd.
This from the right to left the herald bears,
Held out in order to the Grecian peers;
Each to his rival yields the mark unknown,
Till godlike Ajax finds the lot his own;
Surveys th' inscription with rejoicing eyes,
Then casts before him, and with transport cries:
Warriors! I claim the lot, and arm with joy;
Be mine the conquest of this chief of Troy.
Now, while my brightest arms my limbs invest,
To Saturn's son be all your vows address't:
But pray in secret, lest the foes should hear,
And deem your pray'rs the mean effect of fear.
Said I in secret? No, your vows declare,
In such a voice as fills the earth and air.
Lives there a chief whom Ajax ought to dread,
Ajax, in all the toils of battle bred?
From warlike Salamis I drew my birth,
And born to combats, fear no force on earth
He said. The troops with elevated eyes,
Implore the god whose thunder rends the skies.
O father of mankind, superior lord!
On lofty Ida's holy hill ador'd;
Who in the highest heav'n has fix'd thy throne,
Supreme of gods! unbounded, and alone:
Grant thou, that Telamon may bear away
The praise and conquest of this doubtful day;
Or if illustrious Hector, be thy care
That both may claim it, and that both may share.
Now Ajax brac'd his dazzling armour on;
Sheath'd in bright steel the giant-warrior shone
He moves to combat with majestic pace;
So stalks in arms the grizzly god of Thrace,
When Jove to punish faithless men prepares,
And gives whole nations to the waste of wars.
Thus march'd the chief, tremendous as a god;
Grimly he smil'd; earth trembled as he strode:
His massy jav'lin quiv'ring in his hand,
He stood, the bulwark of the Grecian band.
Through ev'ry Argive heart new transport ran;
All Troy stood trembling at the mighty man:
Ev'n Hector paus'd; and with new doubt opprest,
Felt his great heart suspended in his breast:
'Twas vain to seek retreat, and vain to fear;
Himself had challeng'd, and the foe drew near.
Stern Telamon behind his ample shield,
As from a brazen tow'r, o'erlooked the field.
Huge was its orb, with seven thick folds o'ercast,
Of tough bull-hides; of solid brass the last.
(The work of Tychicus, who in Hylè dwell'd,
And all in arts of armoury excell'd.)
This Ajax bore before his manly breast,
And threat'ning, thus his adverse chief addrest.
Hector! approach my arm, and singly know
What strength thou hast, and what the Grecian foe.
Achilles shuns the fight; yet some there are,
Not void of soul, and not unskill'd in war:
Let him, unactive on the sea-beat shore,
Indulge his wrath, and aid our arms no more;
Whole troops of heroes Greece has yet to boast,
And sends thee one, a sample of her host.
Such as I am, I come to prove thy might;
No more — be sudden, and begin the fight.
O son of Telamon, thy country's pride!
(To Ajax thus the Trojan prince reply'd)
Me, as a boy or woman wouldst thou fright,
New to the field, and trembling at the fight?
Thou meet'st a chief deserving of thy arms,
To combat born, and bred amidst alarms:
I know to shift my ground, remount the car,
Turn, charge, and answer ev'ry call of war;
To right, to left, the dextrous lance I wield,
And bear thick battle on my sounding shield.
But open be our fight, and bold each blow;
I steal no conquest from a noble foe.
He said, and rising, high above the field
Whirl'd the long lance against the sev'nfold shield,
Full on the brass descending from above
Through six bull-hides the furious weapon drove,
Till in the seventh it fix'd. Then Ajax threw;
Through Hector's shield the forceful jav'lin flew,
His corslet enters, and his garment rends,

And glancing downwards near his flank descends.
The wary Trojan shrinks, and bending low
Beneath his buckler, disappoints the blow.
From their bor'd shields the chiefs their jav'lins drew,
Then close impetuous, and the charge renew:
Fierce as the mountain lions bath'd in blood,
Or foaming boars, the terrror of the wood.
At Ajax, Hector his long lance extends;
The blunted point against the buckler bends;
But Ajax watchful as his foe drew near,
Drove through the Trojan targe the knotty spear;
It reach'd his neck, with matchless strength impell'd;
Spouts the black gore, and dims his shining shield.
Yet ceas'd not Hector thus; but, stooping down,
In his strong hand up-heav'd a flinty stone,
Black, craggy, vast: to this his force he bends;
Full on the brazen boss the stone descends;
The hollow brass resounded with the shock.
Then Ajax seized the fragment of a rock,
Apply'd each nerve, and swinging round on high,
With force tempestuous let the ruin fly:
The huge stone thund'ring through his buckler broke:
His slacken'd knees received the numbing stroke;
Great Hector falls extended on the field,
His bulk supporting on the shattered shield:
Nor wanted heav'nly aid: Apollo's might
Confirm'd his sinews, and restored to fight.
And now both heroes their broad faulchions drew:
In flaming circles round their heads they flew;
But then by heralds' voice the word was giv'n,
The sacred ministers of earth and heaven:
Divine Talthybius, whom the Greeks employ,
And sage Idæus on the part of Troy,
Between the swords their peaceful sceptres rear'd;
And first Idæus' awful voice was heard.

Forbear, my sons! your farther force to prove,
Both dear to men, and both belov'd of Jove.
To either host your matchless worth is known,
Each sounds your praise, and war is all your own.
But now the night extends her awful shade;
The goddess parts you: be the night obey'd.

To whom great Ajax his high soul express'd.
O sage! to Hector be these words addressed.
Let him, who first provok'd our chiefs to fight,
Let him demand the sanction of the night;
If first he ask it, I content obey,
And cease the strife when Hector shows the way.

Oh first of Greeks! (his noble foe rejoin'd)
Whom heav'n adorns, superior to thy kind,
With strength of body, and with worth of mind!
Now martial law commands us to forbear;
Hereafter we shall meet in glorious war,
Some future day shall lengthen out the strife,
And let the gods decide of death or life!
Since then the night extends her gloomy shade,
And heav'n enjoins it, be the night obey'd.
Return, brave Ajax, to thy Grecian friends,
And joy the nations whom thy arm defends;
As I shall glad each chief, and Trojan wife,
Who wearies heav'n with vows for Hector's life,
But let us, on this memorable day,
Exchange some gift; that Greece and Troy may say,
'Not hate, but glory, made these chiefs contend;
And each brave foe was in his soul a friend.'

With that, a sword with stars of silver grac'd,
The baldrick studded, and the sheath enchas'd,
He gave the Greek. The gen'rous Greek bestow'd
A radiant belt that rich with purple glow'd.
Then with majestic grace they quit the plain;
This seeks the Grecian, that the Phrygian train.

The Trojan bands returning Hector wait,
And hail with joy the champion of their state:
Escap'd great Ajax, they survey'd him round,
Alive, unharm'd and vig'rous from his wound.
To Troy's high gates the godlike man they bear,
Their present triumph, as their late despair.

But Ajax, glorying in his hardy deed,
The well-arm'd Greeks to Agamemnon lead.
A steer for sacrifice the king design'd,
Of full five years, and of the nobler kind.
The victim falls; they strip the smoking hide,
The beast they quarter, and the joints divide;
Then spread the tables, the repast prepare.
Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.
The king himself (an honorary sign)
Before great Ajax plac'd the mighty chine.
When now the rage of hunger was remov'd,
Nestor, in each persuasive art approv'd,
The sage whose counsels long had sway'd the rest,
In words like these his prudent thought exprest.

How dear, O kings! this fatal day has cost,
What Greeks are perished! what a people lost!
What tides of blood have drench'd Scamander's shore!
What crowds of heroes sunk, to rise no more!
Then hear me, chief! nor let the morrow's light
Awake thy squadrons to new toils of fight:
Some space at least permit the war to breathe,
While we to flames our slaughter'd friends bequeathe.
From the red field their scattered bodies bear,
And nigh the fleet a fun'ral structure rear;
So decent urns their snowy bones may keep,
And pious children o'er their ashes weep.
Here, where on one promiscuous pile they blaz'd,
High o'er them all a gen'ral tomb be rais'd;
Next, to secure our camp, and naval pow'rs,
Raise an embattl'd wall, with lofty tow'rs;
From space to space be ample gates around,
For passing chariots; and a trench profound.
So Greece to combat shall in safety go,
Nor fear the fierce incursions of the foe.
'Twas thus the sage his wholesome counsel mov'd,
The sceptred kings of Greece his words approv'd.

Meanwhile, conven'd at Priam's palace-gate,
The Trojan peers in nightly council sat:
A senate void of order, as of choice;
Their hearts were fearful, and confus'd their voice.
Antenor rising, thus demands their ear:
Ye Trojans, Dardans, and auxiliars, hear!
'Tis heav'n the counsel of my breast inspires,
And I but move what ev'ry god requires:
Let Sparta's treasures be this hour restor'd,
And Argive Helen own her ancient lord.

The ties of faith, the sworn alliance broke,
Our impious battles the just gods provoke.
As this advice ye practise, or reject,
So hope success, or dread the dire effect.
  The senior spoke, and sat. To whom replied
The graceful husband of the Spartan bride:
Cold counsels, Trojan, may become thy years,
But sound ungrateful in a warrior's ears:
Old man, if void of fallacy or art
Thy words express the purpose of thy heart,
Thou, in thy time, more sound advice hast given
But wisdom has its date assign'd by heaven.
Then hear me, princes of the Trojan name!
Their treasures I'll restore, but not the dame,
My treasure too, for peace, I will resign;
But be this bright possession ever mine.
  'Twas then, the growing discord to compose,
Slow from his seat the reverend Priam rose:
His godlike aspect deep attention drew:
He paused, and these pacific words ensue:
  Ye Trojans, Dardans, and auxiliar bands!
Now take refreshment as the hour demands:
Guard well the walls, relieve the watch of night.
Till the new sun restores the cheerful light:
Then shall our herald, to the Atrides sent,
Before their ships proclaim my son's intent.
Next let a truce be ask'd, that Troy may burn
Her slaughtered heroes, and their bones inurn;
That done, once more the fate of war be try'd,
And whose the conquest, mighty Jove decide!
  The monarch spoke: the warriors snatch'd with haste
(Each at his post in arms) a short repast.
Soon as the rosy morn had waked the day,
To the black ships Idæus bent his way;
There, to the sons of Mars, in council found,
He raised his voice: the host stood listening round:
  Ye sons of Atreus, and ye Greeks, give ear!
The words of Troy, and Troy's great monarch, hear.
Pleased may he hear (so heaven succeed my prayers)
What Paris, author of the war, declares.
The spoils and treasures he to Ilion bore,
(Oh had he perish'd ere they touch'd our shore!)
He proffers injured Greece; with large increase
Of added Trojan wealth to buy the peace;
But to restore the beauteous bride again,
This Greece demands, and Troy requests in vain;
Next, O ye chiefs! we ask a truce to burn
Our slaughter'd heroes and their bones inurn.
That done, once more the fate of war be try'd,
And whose the conquest, mighty Jove decide!
  The Greeks gave ear, but none the silence broke.
At length Tydides rose, and rising spoke:
Oh, take not, friends! defrauded of your fame,
Their proffer'd wealth, nor e'en the Spartan dame:
Let conquest make them ours: fate shakes their wall,
And Troy already totters to her fall.
  The admiring chiefs, and all the Grecian name,
With general shouts return'd him loud acclaim.
Then thus the king of kings rejects the peace:
Herald! in him thou hear'st the voice of Greece.
For what remains; let funeral flames be fed
With heroes' corpse; I war not with the dead:
Go search your slaughtered chiefs on yonder plain,
And gratify the manes of the slain.
Be witness, Jove, whose thunder rolls on high!
He said, and rear'd his sceptre to the sky.
  To sacred Troy, where all her princes lay
To wait the event, the herald bent his way.
He came, and, standing in the midst, explain'd
The peace rejected, but the truce obtain'd.
Straight to their several cares the Trojans move,
Some search the plain, some fell the sounding grove:
Nor less the Greeks, descending on the shore,
Hew'd the green forests, and the bodies bore,
And now from forth the chambers of the main
To shed his sacred light on earth again,
Arose the golden chariot of the day,
And tipp'd the mountains with a purple ray.
In mingled throngs the Greek and Trojan train
Through heaps of carnage search'd the mournful plain.
Scarce could the friend his slaughter'd friend explore,
With dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with gore.
The wounds they wash'd, their pious tears they shed
And, laid along their cars, deplored the dead.
Sage Priam check'd their grief: with silent haste
The bodies decent on their piles were placed:
With melting hearts their cold remains they burn'd;
And sadly slow to sacred Troy return'd.
Nor less the Greeks their pious sorrow shed
And decent on the pile dispose their dead:
The cold remains consume with equal care;
And slowly, sadly, to their fleet repair.
Now, ere the morn had streak'd with reddening light
The doubtful confines of the day and night,
About the dying flames the Greeks appear'd,
And round the pile a general tomb they rear'd.
Then to secure the camp and naval powers,
They raised embattled walls with lofty towers:
From space to space were ample gates around,
For passing chariots; and a trench profound,
Of large extent; and deep in earth, below,
Strong piles infix'd, stood adverse to the foe.
  So toil'd the Greeks: meanwhile the gods above
In shining circle round their father Jove,
Amazed beheld the wondrous works of man;
Then he, whose trident shakes the earth, began:
  What mortals henceforth shall our power adore,
Our fanes frequent, our oracles implore,
If the proud Grecians thus successful boast
Their rising bulwarks on the sea-beat coast?
See the long walls extending to the main,
No god consulted, and no victim slain!
Their fame shall fill the world's remotest ends,
Wide as the morn her golden beams extends;
While old Laomedon's divine abodes,
Those radiant structures raised by labouring gods,
Shall, razed and lost, in long oblivion sleep.
Thus spoke the hoary monarch of the deep.
  The Almighty Thunderer with a frown replies,
That clouds the world, and blackens half the skies:
Strong god of ocean! thou, whose rage can make

The solid earth's eternal basis shake!
What cause of fear from mortal works could move
The meanest subject of our realms above?
Where'er the sun's refulgent rays are cast,
Thy power is honour'd, and thy fame shall last;
But yon proud work no future age shall view,
No trace remain where once the glory grew.
The sapp'd foundations by thy force shall fall,
And, whelm'd beneath thy waves, drop the huge wall:
Vast drifts of sand shall change the former shore;
The ruin vanish'd, and the name no more.

Thus they in heaven: while o'er the Grecian train,
The rolling sun descending to the main
Beheld the finish'd work. Their bulls they slew:
Black from the tents the savoury vapours flew.
And now the fleet, arrived from Lemnos' strands,
With Bacchus' blessings cheer'd the generous bands.
Of fragrant wines the rich Eunæus sent
A thousand measures to the royal tent;
(Eunæus, whom Hypsipyle of yore
To Jason, shepherd of his people, bore).
The rest they purchased at their proper cost,
And well the plenteous freight supplied the host:
Each, in exchange, proportion'd treasures gave;
Some brass, or iron; some an ox, or slave.
All night they feast, the Greek and Trojan powers;
Those on the fields, and these within their towers.
But Jove averse the signs of wrath display'd,
And shot red lightnings through the gloomy shade:
Humbled they stood; pale horror seized on all,
While the deep thunder shook the aërial hall.
Each pour'd to Jove, before the bowl was crown'd;
And large libations drench'd the thirsty ground:
Then late, refresh'd with sleep from toils of fight,
Enjoy'd the balmy blessings of the night.

HOMER.

THE AMERICAN INDIAN.

[CHARLES SPRAGUE, an American poet and essayist, 1791-1875, was born and died in Boston, where he was a bank cashier. He early developed a fine taste for literature, wrote poetry, studied the old English classics and was noted for the good taste and polish of his literary productions. His collected writings appeared in 1841, and were re-published in 1876.]

Not many generations ago, where you now sit, circled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your heads, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate.

Here the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and helpless; the council-fire glared on the wise and daring. Now they dipped their noble limbs in the sedgy lake, and now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred: the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death-song, all were here; and when the tiger strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace.

Here, too, they worshipped; and from many a dark bosom went up a pure prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written His laws for them on tables of stone, but He had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in everything around.

He beheld Him in the star that sunk in beauty behind his lonely dwelling; in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his mid-day throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze; in the lofty pine, that defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler that never left its native grove; in the fearless eagle, whose untired pinion was wet in clouds; in the worm that crawled at his foot; and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light, to whose mysterious Source he bent in humble, though blind, adoration.

And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pilgrim-bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you; the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted, forever, from its face a whole peculiar people. Art has usurped the bowers of nature, and the anointed children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant.

Here and there, a stricken few remain; but how unlike their bold, untamed, untamable progenitors! The Indian of falcon glance and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone! and his degraded offspring crawl upon the soil where he walked in majesty, to remind us how miserable is man when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck.

As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council-fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war-cry is fast dying to the untrodden west. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is

pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave, which will settle over them forever.

Ages hence, the inquisitive white man, as he stands by some growing city, will ponder on the structure of their rude remains, and wonder to what manner of people they belonged. They will then live only in the songs and chronicles of their exterminators. Let these be faithful to their rude virtues as men, and pay due tribute to their unhappy fate as a people.

TO CÆSIUS BASSUS.

[Aulus Persius Flaccus, a Roman poet and knight, born in Etruria, A. D. 34, and died in his 28th year, at Rome. He was the friend of Lucan, and is described as a virtuous and pleasing youth. The works of Persius consist only of six short Satires, which have enjoyed great popularity. We give William Gifford's translation of the sixth Satire, addressed to his friend Bassus, the lyric poet.]

Say, have the wintry storms which round us beat,
Chased thee, my Bassus, to thy Sabine seat?
Does musick there thy sacred leisure fill,
While the strings quicken to thy manly quill?—
O skill'd, in matchless numbers, to disclose
How first from Night this fair creation rose;
And kindling, as the lofty themes inspire,
To smite, with daring hand, the Latian lyre!
Anon, with youth and youth's delights to toy,
And give the dancing chords to love and joy;
Or wake, with moral touch, to accents sage,
And hymn the heroes of a nobler age!
To me, while tempests howl and billows rise,
Liguria's coast a warm retreat supplies,
Where the large cliffs an ample front display;
And, deep within, recedes the sheltering bay.
The port of Luna, friends, is worth your note—
So, in his sober moments, Eunius wrote,
When, all his dreams of transmigration past,
He found himself plain Quintus, at the last!
Here to repose I give the cheerful day,
Careless of what the vulgar think or say;
Or what the South from Africk's burning air,
Unfriendly to the fold, may haply bear:
And careless still, though richer herbage crown
My neighbors' fields, or heavier crops embrown.
Nor, Bassus, though capricious Fortune grace,
Thus, with her smiles, a low-bred, low-born race,
Will e'er thy friend, for that, let Envy plough
One careful furrow on his open brow;
Give crooked age upon his youth to steal,
Defraud his table of one generous meal;
Or, stooping o'er the dregs of mothery wine,
Touch with suspicious nose, the sacred sign.
But inclinations vary:—and the Power
That beams, ascendant, on the natal hour,
Even Twins produces of discordant souls,
And tempers, wide asunder as the poles.
The One, on birth-days, and on those alone,
Prepares (but with a forecast all his own)
On tunny-pickle, from the shops, to dine,
And dips his wither'd pot-herbs in the brine;
Trembles the pepper from his hands to trust,
And sprinkles, grain by grain, the sacred dust.
The Other, large of soul, exhausts his hoard,
While yet a stripling, at the festive board.
To use my fortune, Bassus, I intend:
Nor, therefore, deem me so profuse, my friend,
So prodigally vain, as to afford,
The costly turbot, for my freedmen's board;
Or so expert in flavors, as to show
How, by the relish, thrush from thrush I know.
"Live to your means"—'tis wisdom's voice you hear—
And freely grind the produce of the year:
What scruple checks you? Ply the hoe and spade,
And lo! another crop is in the blade.
True; but the claims of duty caution crave.
A friend, scarce rescued from the Ionian wave,
Grasps a projecting rock, while, in the deep,
His treasures, with his prayers, unheeded sleep:
I see him stretch'd, desponding, on the ground,
His tutelary gods all wrecked around,
His bark dispers'd in fragments o'er the tide,
And sea-mews sporting on the ruins wide.
Sell then, a pittance ('tis my prompt advice,)
Of this your land, and send your friend the price;
Lest, with a pictured storm, forlorn and poor,
He asks cheap charity, from door to door.
"But then, my angry heir, displeased to find
His prospects lessen'd by an act so kind,
May slight my obsequies; and, in return,
Give my cold ashes to a scentless urn;
Reckless what vapid drugs he flings thereon,
Adulterate cassia, or dead cinnamon!—
Can I (bethink in time) my means impair,
And, with impunity, provoke my heir?
—Here Bestius rails—"A plague on Greece," he cries,
"And all her pedants!—there the evil lies;
For since their mawkish, their enervate lore,
With dates and pepper, curs'd our luckless shore,
Luxury has tainted all; and ploughmen spoil
Their wholesome barley-broth with luscious oil."
Heavens! can you stretch (to fears like these a slave)
Your fond solicitude beyond the grave?
Away!—
But thou, my heir, whoe'er thou art,
Step from the crowd and let us talk apart.
Hear'st thou the news? Cæsar has won the day,
(So, from the camp, his laurell'd missives say,)
And Germany is ours! The city wakes,
And from her altars the cold ashes shakes.—
Lo! from the imperial spoil, Cæsonia brings
Arms, and the martial robes of conquered kings,
To deck the temples; while, on either hand,

Chariots of war, and bulky captives stand,
In long array I too, my joy to prove,
Will to the emperor's genius, and to Jove,
Devote, in gratitude for deeds so rare,
Two hundred well-match'd fencers, pair by pair,
Who blames—who ventures to forbid me? You?
Woe to your future prospects! if you do.
—And, sir, not this alone; for I have vow'd
A supplemental largess, to the crowd,
Of corn and oil. What! muttering still? draw near,
And speak aloud for once, that I may hear.
"My means are not so low, that I should care
For that poor pittance, you may leave your heir."
Just as you please: but were I, sir, bereft
Of all my kin; no aunt, no uncle left;
No nephew, niece; were all my cousins gone,
And all my cousins' cousins, every one,
Aricia soon some Manius would supply,
Well pleased to take that "pittance," when I die.
"Manius! a beggar of the first degree,
A son of earth, your heir!" Nay, question me,
Ask who my grandsire's sire? I know not well,
And yet, on recollection, I might tell;
But urge me one step further—I am mute:
A son of earth, like Manius, past dispute.
Thus, his descent and mine are equal prov'd,
And we at last are cousins, though remov'd.
But why should you, who still before me run,
Require my torch, ere yet the race be won?
Think me your Mercury: Lo! here I stand,
As painters represent him, purse in hand:
Will you, or not, the proffer'd boon receive,
And take, with thankfulness, whate'er I leave?
Something, you murmur, of the heap is spent.
True: as occasion call'd, it freely went;
In life 'twas mine; but death your chance secures,
And what remains, or more, or less, is yours.
Of Tadius' legacy no questions raise,
Nor turn upon me with a grandsire-phrase,
"Live on the interest of your fortune, boy;
To touch the principal, is to destroy."
"What, after all, may I expect to have?"
Expect!—Pour oil upon my viands, slave,
Pour with unsparing hand! shall my best cheer,
On high and solemn days, be the singed ear
Of some tough, smoke-dried hog, with nettles drest;
That your descendant, while in earth I rest,
May gorge on dainties, and, when lust excites,
Give, to patrician beds, his wasteful nights?
Shall I, a hapless figure, pale and thin,
Glide by, transparent, in a parchment skin:
That he may strut with more than priestly pride,
And swag his portly paunch from side to side?
Go, truck your soul for gain! buy, sell, exchange;
From pole to pole, in quest of profit range.
Let none more shrewdly play the factor's part;
None bring his slaves more timely to the mart;
Puff them with happier skill, as caged they stand,
Or clap their well-fed sides with nicer hand.
Double your fortune—treble it—yet more—
'Tis four, six, ten-fold what it was before:
O bound the heap—you, who could yours confine,
Tell me, Chrysippus, how to limit mine!

—PERSIUS.

ODE TO SLEEP.

[FERNANDO DE HERRERA, born at Seville, Spain, about 1510, died about 1590. He was a fine classical scholar, a master of the Castilian, which he wrote with great purity and elegance, both in prose and poetry. His ode on the battle of Lepanto and the ode to Sleep given below, justify the panegyric of Cervantes, who said of Herrera: "The ivy of his fame will cling to the walls of immortality."]

Sweet Sleep, that through the starry path of night,
With dewy poppies crowned, pursu'st thy flight!
Stiller of human woes,
That shedd'st o'er Nature's breast a soft repose!
O, to these distant climates of the West
Thy slowly wandering pinions turn;
And with thy influence blest
Bathe these love-burdened eyes, that ever burn,
And find no moment's rest,
While my unceasing grief
Refuses all relief!
O, hear my prayer! I ask it by thy love,
Whom Juno gave thee in the realms above.
Sweet power, that dost impart
Gentle oblivion to the suffering heart,
Beloved Sleep, thou only canst bestow
A solace for my woe!
Thrice happy be the hour
My weary limbs shall feel thy sovereign power!
Why to these eyes alone deny
The calm thou pour'st on Nature's boundless reign?
Why, let thy votary all neglected die,
Nor yield a respite to a lover's pain?
And must I ask thy balmy aid in vain?
Hear, gentle power, O, hear my humble prayer,
And let my soul thy heavenly banquet share
Fresh from my summer bowers,
A crown of soothing flowers,
Such as thou lov'st, the fairest and the best,
I offer thee; won by their odors sweet,
The enamoured air shall greet
Thy advent: O, then, let thy hand
Express their essence bland,
And o'er my eyelids pour delicious rest!
Enchanting power, soft as the breath of Spring
Be the light gale that steers thy dewy wing!
Come, ere the sun ascends the purple east;
Come, end my woes! So, crowned with heavenly charms,
May fair Pasithea take thee to her arms!

A TRUE GHOST STORY.

[Rev. Norman Macleod, D.D., born at Campbeltown, 1812; died at Glasgow, 16th June, 1872. Educated at the Glasgow and Edinburgh Universities, and studied some time in Germany. Became minister of Loudoun, Ayrshire, 1838; of Dalkeith, 1843; and of the Barony parish, Glasgow, 1851. As a preacher and a man of letters he earned wide-spread and enduring popularity. He was one of the Deans of the Chapel-Royal, and one of Her Majesty's Chaplains for Scotland. His principal works are: *The Earnest Student; Wee Davie; Parish Papers; Eastward*, a book of travel; *The Old Lieutenant and his Son; The Starling; Reminiscences of a Highland Parish; The Gold Thread*, a story for the young; *Peeps at the Far East; Character Sketches*, from which the following is taken; *War and Judgment*, and other Sermons; &c. Isbister and Co., publishers.]

Granting for the present the truth of the alleged *facts* of spirit-rapping and of table-turning; yet after hearing them, and comparing them with some of the mysteries I have myself collected, chiefly in the Highlands, connected with second sight and ghostly apparitions, and with other similar phenomena noticed by me in some of the remoter valleys of the Harz and Black Forest, I cannot possibly admit the one without admitting the other. Both seem to me to rest on such evidence as must compel them to stand or fall together. Perhaps some day I may enlighten the world by recording some of these.

I have no wish whatever to bring any reader who has "made up his mind" on those mysterious topics, to my own way of thinking. I shall acknowledge it as a sign of progress in free thought if I am permitted to hold my own views without being condemned as a person devoid of all judgment or common sense.

But one fact is better than a thousand mere arguments in discussing such a question, and I shall therefore devote the rest of this paper to a narrative, which the reader may rest assured is *strictly true*, and then I shall leave him to judge for himself as to how far such mysterious phenomena as it records can be accounted for. To myself they are profoundly mysterious!

A friend of mine, a medical man, went on a fishing expedition with an old college acquaintance, an army surgeon, whom he had not met for many years, from his having been in India with his regiment. M'Donald, the army surgeon, was a thorough Highlander, and slightly tinged with what is called the superstition of his countrymen, and at the time I speak of was liable to rather depressed spirits from an unsound liver. His native air was, however, rapidly renewing his youth; and when he and his old friend paced along the banks of the fishing stream in a lonely part of Argyleshire, and sent their lines like airy gossamers over the pools, and touched the water over a salmon's nose, so temptingly that the best principled and wisest fish could not resist the bite, M'Donald had apparently regained all his buoyancy of spirit. They had been fishing together for about a week with great success, when M'Donald proposed to pay a visit to a family with which he was acquainted, that would separate him from his friend for some days. But whenever he spoke of their intended separation, he sank down into his old gloomy state, at one time declaring that he felt as if they were never to meet again. My friend tried to rally him, but in vain. They parted at the trouting stream, M'Donald's route being across a mountain pass, with which, however, he had been well acquainted in his youth, though the road was lonely and wild in the extreme. The doctor returned early in the evening to his resting-place, which was a shepherd's house lying on the very outskirts of the "settlements," and beside a foaming mountain stream. The shepherd's only attendants at the time were two herd lads and three dogs. Attached to the hut, and communicating with it by a short passage, was rather a comfortable room which "the Laird" had fitted up to serve as a sort of lodge for himself in the midst of his shooting-ground, and which he had put for a fortnight at the disposal of my friend.

Shortly after sunset on the day I mention the wind began to rise suddenly to a gale, the rain descended in torrents, and the night became extremely dark. The shepherd seemed uneasy, and several times went to the door to inspect the weather. At last he roused the fears of the doctor for M'Donald's safety, by expressing the *hope* that by this time he was "owre that awfu' black moss, and across the red burn." Every traveller in the Highlands knows how rapidly these mountain streams rise, and how confusing the moor becomes in a dark night. The confusion of memory once a doubt is suggested, the utter mystery of places, becomes, as I know from experience, quite indescribable. "The black moss and red burn" were words that were never after forgot by the doctor, from the strange feelings they produced when first heard that night; for there came into his mind terrible thoughts and forebodings about poor M'Donald, and reproaches for never having considered his

possible danger in attempting such a journey alone. In vain the shepherd assured him that he must have reached a place of safety before the darkness and the storm came on. A presentiment which he could not cast off made him so miserable that he could hardly refrain from tears. But nothing could be done to relieve the anxiety now become so painful.

The doctor at last retired to bed about midnight. For a long time he could not sleep. The raging of the stream below the small window, and the *thuds* of the storm, made him feverish and restless. But at last he fell into a sound and dreamless sleep. Out of this, however, he was suddenly roused by a peculiar noise in his room, not very loud, but utterly indescribable. He heard tap, tap, tap at the window; and he knew, from the relation which the wall of the room bore to the rock, that the glass could not be touched by human hand. After listening for a moment, and forcing himself to smile at his nervousness, he turned round, and began again to seek repose. But now a noise began, too near and loud to make sleep possible. Starting and sitting up in bed, he heard repeated in rapid succession, as if some one was spitting in anger, and close to his bed,—"Fit! fit! fit!" and then a prolonged "whir-r-r-r" from another part of the room, while every chair began to move, and the table to jerk! The doctor remained in breathless silence, with every faculty intensely acute. He frankly confessed that he heard his heart beating, for the sound was so unearthly, so horrible, and something seemed to come so near him, that he began seriously to consider whether or not he had some attack of fever which affected his brain—for, remember, he had not tasted a drop of the shepherd's small store of whisky! He felt his pulse, composed his spirits, and compelled himself to exercise calm judgment. Straining his eyes to discover anything he plainly saw at last a white object moving, but without sound, before him. He knew that the door was shut and the window also. An overpowering conviction then seized him, which he could not resist, that his friend M'Donald was dead! By an effort he seized a lucifer-box on a chair beside him, and struck a light. No white object could be seen. The room appeared to be as when he went to bed. The door was shut. He looked at his watch, and particularly marked that the hour was twenty-two minutes past three. But the match was hardly extinguished when, louder than ever, the same unearthly cry of "Fit! fit! fit!" was heard, followed by the same horrible whir-r-r-r, which made his teeth chatter. Then the movement of the table and every chair in the room was resumed with increased violence, while the tapping on the window was heard above the storm. There was no bell in the room, but the doctor, on hearing all this frightful confusion of sounds again repeated, and beholding the white object moving towards him in terrible silence, began to thump the wooden partition and to shout at the top of his voice for the shepherd, and having done so, he dived his head under the blankets!

The shepherd soon made his appearance, in his night-shirt, with a small oil-lamp, or "crusey," over his head, anxiously inquiring as he entered the room,—

"What is't, doctor? What's wrang? Pity me, are ye ill?"

"Very!" cried the doctor. But before he could give any explanation a loud whir-r-r was heard, with the old cry of "Fit!" close to the shepherd, while two chairs fell at his feet! The shepherd sprang back, with a half scream of terror! the lamp was dashed to the ground, and the door violently shut.

"Come back!" shouted the doctor. "Come back, Duncan, instantly, I command you!"

The shepherd opened the door very partially, and said, in terrified accents,—

"Gude be aboot us, that was awfu'! What under heaven is't?"

"Heaven knows, Duncan," ejaculated the doctor with agitated voice, "but do pick up the lamp, and I shall strike a light."

Duncan did so in no small fear; but as he made his way to the bed in the darkness, to get a match from the doctor, something caught his foot; he fell; and then, amidst the same noises and tumults of chairs, which immediately filled the apartment, the "Fit! fit! fit! fit!" was prolonged with more vehemence than ever! The doctor sprang up, and made his way out of the room, but his feet were several times tripped by some unknown power, so that he had the greatest difficulty in reaching the door without a fall. He was followed by Duncan, and both rushed out of the room, shutting the door after them. A new light having been obtained, they both returned with extreme caution, and, it must be added, real fear, in the hope of finding some cause or other for all those terrifying signs. Would it surprise our readers to hear that they searched the room in vain?—that, after minutely examining under the table, chairs, bed, everywhere, and with the door shut, not a trace could be found of anything? Would they believe that they heard during the day how poor M'Donald had staggered, half-dead from fatigue, into his

friend's house, and falling into a fit, had died at *twenty-two minutes past three* that morning? We do not ask any one to accept of all this as true. But we pledge our honour to the following facts:—

The doctor, after the day's fishing was over, had packed his rod so as to take it into his bed-room; but he had left a minnow attached to the hook. A white cat left in the room swallowed the minnow and was hooked. The unfortunate gourmand had vehemently protested against this intrusion into its upper lip by the violent "Fit! fit! fit!" with which she tried to spit the hook out; the reel added the mysterious whir-r-r-r; and the disengaged line, getting entangled in the legs of the chairs and table, as the hooked cat attempted to flee from her tormentor, set the furniture in motion, and tripped up both the shepherd and the doctor; while an ivy-branch kept tapping at the window! Will any one doubt the existence of ghosts and a spirit-world after this?

I have only to add that the doctor's skill was employed during the night in cutting the hook out of the cat's lip, while his poor patient, yet most impatient, was held by the shepherd in a bag, the head alone of puss, with hook and minnow, being visible. M'Donald made his appearance in a day or two, rejoicing once more to see his friend, and greatly enjoying the ghost story. As the doctor finished the history of his night's horrors, he could not help laying down a proposition very dogmatically to his half-superstitious friends, and as some amends for his own terror. "Depend upon it," said he, "if we could thoroughly examine into all the stories of ghosts and apparitions, spirit-rapping, *et hoc genus omne*, they would turn out to be every bit as true as my own visit from the world of spirits; that all that sort of thing is—*great humbug and nonsense.*"

We leave this sentiment with confidence in the hands of the illustrious dead, who spend so much time in disturbing furniture without even the apology of a hook and minnow. We have no doubt that Milton, Dante, Shakspeare, or Newton or Bacon, if properly invited, will cheerfully come as guests to any tea-party of true believers in London or Boston, to contradict in the most authoritative manner the doctor's profane scepticism. We shall be glad to hear the views of those distinguished men, who, it is alleged, though dead yet speak. We despair of the cat. She has been silent ever since her great *début* into spirit-land. Her lips though healed are sealed.

THE DREAM.

FROM THE SPANISH.

The morn was purple on the hills,
  The birds upon the boughs were singing,
In sparkling crystal flowed the rills,
  A thousand sweets the winds were winging:
Yet still I slept: a lovely dream
  Kept me still fettered in my chamber,
In spite of song, or breath, or beam
  That turned my curtains all to amber.

I saw a shape; pray Heaven some painter,
  Whose brush with gold and flowers is gushing,
May see the vision yet—no fainter
  Than when it stood before me blushing!
O, that some hand whose lute is sweeter
  Than ever mine was yet, may listen
To those sweet accents! by St. Peter
  They'd make a hermit's eyeballs glisten!

Her form was tall, yet not too tall;
  Her face was beauty in perfection;
The mouth half-smiling, ruby, small;
  The chin—but, poh!—no more dissection.
Let age descant on eyes and noses,
  Let youth be happier—ay, and wiser;
Who'd shiver diamonds?—break up roses?
  Take Woman all in all, and prize her.

She gave a look—a swift, sweet look,
  Made up of all her charms together,
That all my recreant reason shook,
  And wrapt my soul, the saints know whither.
It was not joy, it was not sadness,
  'Twas passion, deeply, deadly spoken;
By such has love been turn'd to madness,
  By such have noble hearts been broken.

She gazed: the splendour of her eye
  Lay on my senses like a spell:
She spoke; her voice was melody
  That search'd my bosom's inmost cell;
Her words were like her angel tone,
  Of love, that not even death could sever.
I woke! hill, dale, and river shone;
  I long'd to sleep and sleep for ever.

MARRIAGE.

Cries Sylvia to a reverend Dean,
  "What reason can be given,
Since marriage is a holy thing,
  That there is none in heaven?"

"There are no women," he replied.
  She quick returns the jest:—
"Women there are, but I'm afraid
  They cannot find a priest."

ROBERT DODSLEY (1703–1764).

GOVERNOR SANCHO PANZA.

[Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, born at Alcalá de Henares, 9th October, 1547; died at Madrid, on the same day that his contemporary Shakspeare died, 23d April, 1616. The greater part of his life was passed in the army. He was for four years held captive in Algiers (1576–1580), and was at last ransomed by a payment of 500 ducats. His experiences of captivity are narrated in his novel *El Cautivo* (The Captive). In 1584 he first became known as an author, and his chief works are *Galatea*, a pastoral romance in prose and verse; upwards of thirty dramas, which were acted with considerable applause, but of which only two have been preserved, namely, *El Trato de Argel* (Life in Algiers), and *La Numancia;* an account of the festivities with which Lord Howard, the ambassador of James I., was received at Valladolid, 1605; *Exemplary Tales*, 1613; *The Journey to Parnassus*, 1614; a collection of unacted comedies and interludes; *Persiles y Sigismunda*, a novel, 1617; and the immortal *Don Quixote*, of which the first part appeared in 1601, and the second in 1615. It is from Smollet's translation of the latter work that the following is taken. As a jest, Sancho has been appointed by the duke governor of an island.]

Sancho, with his whole retinue, arrived at a town containing about a thousand inhabitants, one of the best in the duke's possession; which they told Sancho was called the island Barataria, either because the name of the place was really Barataria, or because he had very cheaply purchased the government.[1] When he reached the gates of the town, which was walled, the magistratescame forth to receive him, the bells were set a ringing, and the inhabitants, with expressions of universal joy, conducted him with vast pomp to the great church, in order to return thanks to Heaven for his safe arrival; then, with some ridiculous ceremonies, they delivered to him the keys of the town, and admitted him as perpetual governor of the island Barataria.

The equipage, matted beard, corpulency, and diminutive stature of the new governor, furnished food for admiration to everybody who did not know the juggle of the contrivance; aye, and even to those acquainted with the mystery, who were not a few. In fine, they carried him from the church to the town-hall, and placing him upon the bench, the duke's steward addressed himself to the governor in these words:—

"It is an ancient custom in this famous island, my lord governor, that he who comes to take possession of it is obliged to answer some difficult and intricate question that shall be put to him, and by his response the inhabitants feel the pulse of their new governor's genius, according to which they rejoice or repine at his arrival."

While the steward pronounced this address, Sancho was contemplating a number of large letters written upon the wall that fronted his tribunal, and as he could not read, he desired to know the meaning of that painting on the wall.

"In that place, my lord," replied the steward, "is written and recorded the day on which your excellency has taken possession of this island, for the inscription runs, On such a day and such a month, Signior Don Sancho Panza took possession of this island, and long may he enjoy the government thereof."

"And whom do they call Don Sancho Panza?" said the governor.

"Who but your excellency," answered the steward; "for this island never saw any other Panza than him who sits on that tribunal."

"Take notice, then, brother," replied Sancho, "that Don belongs not to me, nor did it ever belong to any of my generation. Simple Sancho is my name; so was my father called, and so my grandfather; and they were all Panzas, without addition of Don or Donna; and I begin to imagine there are as many Dons as stones in this island; but no more of that: God knows my meaning; and peradventure, if my government lasts above three days, I shall weed out these Dons, which, from their swarms, must be as troublesome as vermin. But pray, Mr. Steward, proceed with your question, which I shall answer to the best of my understanding, whether the townsmen should repine or not repine."

At that instant two men entered the hall, one in the habit of a labouring man, and the other a tailor with shears in his hand, who, approaching the bench,

"My lord governor," said he, "this countryman and I are come before your lordship about an affair which I am going to explain. This honest man comes yesterday to my shop —for, saving your presence, I am an examined tailor, Heaven be praised! and putting a remnant of cloth in my hand, 'Gaffer,' said he, 'is there stuff enough here to make me a cap?' I, having handled the piece, replied, 'Yes.' Now he supposing, as I suppose, and to be sure it was a right supposition, that I wanted to cabbage part of the stuff, grounding his suspicion on his own deceit, and the bad character of us tailors, desired I would see if there was enough for two caps; and I, guessing his thoughts, answered, 'Yes.' And so my gentleman, persisting in his first and evil intention, went on adding cap to cap; and I

[1] *Barato*, signifies cheap.

proceeded to answer yes upon yes, until the number increased to five caps. This very moment he called for them, and when I produced them, he not only refused to pay me for my work, but even demanded that I should either restore the cloth, or pay him the price of it."

"Is this really the case, brother?" said Sancho.

"Yes, my lord," replied the countryman; "but I beg your lordship would order him to show what sort of caps he has made."

"With all my heart," cried the tailor; who immediately pulling out his hand from under his cloak, produced five small caps fixed upon the tops of his four fingers and thumb, saying, "Here are the five caps which this honest man desired me to make; as I shall answer to Heaven and my own conscience there is not a scrap of the stuff remaining, and I am willing to submit the work to the inspection of the masters of the company."

All the people in court laughed at the number of caps, and the novelty of the dispute, which Sancho having considered for a few moments, "Methinks," said he, "this suit requires no great discussion, but may be equitably determined out of hand: and therefore, my determination is, that the tailor shall lose his work, and the countryman forfeit his cloth; and that the caps shall be distributed among the poor prisoners without further hesitation."

If the sentence he afterwards passed upon the herdsman's purse excited the admiration of the spectators, this decision provoked their laughter: nevertheless, they executed the orders of their governor, before whom two old men now presented themselves, one of them having a cane, which he used as a walking-staff. The other making up to the governor,

"My lord," said he, "some time ago I lent this man ten crowns of gold, to oblige and assist him in an emergency, on condition that he should pay them upon demand; and for a good while I never asked my money, that I might not put him to greater inconvenience in repaying, than that which he felt when he borrowed the sum; but as he seemed to neglect the payment entirely, I have demanded the money again and again, and he not only refuses to refund, but also denies that I ever lent him the ten crowns; or, if I did, he says he is sure they were repaid: now, I having no witnesses to prove the loan, nor he evidence of the repayment, for indeed they never were repaid, I entreat your lordship to take his oath, and if he swears the money was returned I here forgive him the debt, in the presence of God."

"What have you to say to this charge, honest gaffer with the staff?" said Sancho.

"My lord," replied the senior, "I confess he lent me the money; and since he leaves the matter to my oath, if your lordship will lower your rod of justice, I will make affidavit that I have really and truly returned and repaid the sum I borrowed."

The governor accordingly lowering his wand, the defendant desired the plaintiff to hold his cane until he should make oath, because it encumbered him; then laying his hand upon the cross of the rod, he declared that the other had indeed lent him those ten crowns which he now demanded; but that he, the borrower, had returned them into the lender's own hand, and he supposed he dunned him in this manner because he had forgot that circumstance. This oath being administered, the great governor asked what farther the creditor had to say to the allegation of the other party. And he answered that doubtless the defendant had spoke the truth; for he looked upon him as an honest man and a good Christian; and that as he himself must have forgot the particulars of the payment, he would never demand it from thenceforward. Then the defendant, taking back his cane, and making his obeisance, quitted the court; while Sancho seeing him retire in this manner, and perceiving the resignation of the plaintiff, hung down his head a little, and laying the fore-finger of his right hand on one side of his nose, continued in this musing posture for a very small space of time: then, raising his head, he ordered them to call back the old man with the staff, who had retired: he was accordingly brought before Sancho; who said to him,

"Honest friend, lend me that staff, I have occasion for it."

"With all my heart, my lord," replied the elder, reaching it to the judge: then Sancho took and delivered it to the plaintiff, saying: "Now, go your ways, a-God's name! you are fully paid."

"How, my lord!" said the old man, "is this cane then worth ten crowns of gold?"

"Yes," replied the governor, "otherwise I am the greatest dunce in nature: and now it shall appear, whether or not I have a noddle sufficient to govern a whole kingdom." So saying, he ordered the cane to be broke in public; and when, in consequence of his command, it was split asunder, ten crowns of gold were found in the heart of it, to the astonishment of all the spectators, who looked upon their new governor as another Solomon. When he was asked how he could conceive that the

money was in the cane, he answered, that seeing the deponent give his staff to the other party before he made oath, then hearing him declare that he had really and truly returned the money; and lastly, perceiving that after his deposition he took back the staff, it came into his head that the money was concealed within the cane. And in this instance we see that governors, though otherwise fools, are sometimes directed in their decisions by the hand of God: besides, Sancho had heard such a story told by the curate of his village, and his memory was so tenacious in retaining everything he wanted to remember, that there was not such another in the whole island. Finally, the two old men went away, the one overwhelmed with shame, and the other miraculously repaid; the by-standers were astonished; and he whose province it was to record the sayings, actions, and conduct of Sancho, could not determine in his own mind whether he should regard and report him as a simpleton or a sage. . . .

The history relates, that from the town-hall Sancho Panza was conducted to a sumptuous palace, in the great hall of which was a royal table, most elegantly furnished. When the governor entered the waits struck up, and four pages came forth and presented him with water for his hands, which he received with great solemnity; then the music ceasing, he took his place at the upper end of the table, which was accommodated with one seat only, and a cover for himself alone: while close by him stood a personage, who afterwards proved to be a physician, with a rod of whalebone in his hand. They removed a very fine white cloth that covered the fruit and a great variety of dishes. One who looked like a student said grace; a page tucked a laced bib under Sancho's chin, and another person, who acted the part of sewer, set a plate of fruit before the governor; but scarce had he swallowed a mouthful, when the doctor touching the said plate with his wand, it was snatched from him in a twinkling: the sewer presented him with another dish, which the governor resolved to prove; but, before he could finger or taste it, the plate being also touched by the wand, one of the pages conveyed it away with incredible despatch, to the amazement of Sancho, who, looking round him, asked if he must be obliged to eat like a juggler, by slight of hand!

To this interrogation he of the wand replied: "My lord governor must, in eating, conform to the use and customs of other islands where governors reside. I, my lord, enjoy a salary as physician to the governors of this island, and take more care of their health than of my own; studying night and day, and considering the governor's constitution, that I may be able to cure him, in case he should be taken ill; but the principal part of my office is to be present at his meals, where I allow him to eat what I think will agree with his complexion, and restrain him from that which I conceive will be hurtful and prejudicial to his stomach. I therefore ordered the fruit to be removed, because it is dangerously moist; and likewise commanded the other dish be conveyed away, because it is excessively hot, as containing a number of spices which create thirst, and copious drinking drowns and destroys the radical moisture which is the essence of life."

"By that way of reasoning," said Sancho, "that there dish of roasted partridges, which seems to be very well seasoned, will do me no harm." To this hint the physician replied:

"Of these my lord governor shall not eat while there is breath in my body."

"And pray, for what reason?" said the governor.

"Because our master Hippocrates, the north star and luminary of physic, expressly says, in one of his aphorisms, '*Omnis saturatio mala, perdix autem pessima;*' that is, All repletion is bad, but that with partridge worst of all."

"If that be the case," said Sancho, "good Mr. Doctor, pray examine all the messes on the table so as to point out that which will do me least harm and most good, that I may eat without fear of conjuration; for, by the life of the governor, and as Heaven shall prolong it! I am ready to die of hunger; and to deny me victuals, even though Signior Doctor should prescribe fasting, and say a thousand things in its praise, will, instead of preserving my health, deprive me of life entirely."

"Your lordship is very much in the right," replied the physician, "and to begin, I would not have you touch these ragoold rabbits, because they are a sharp-haired food: of that veal, indeed, you might pick a little, if it was not roasted *a-la-daube;* but as it is, touch it not."

"The dish that smokes yonder," said Sancho, "seems to be an *olla podrida,* and considering the variety of ingredients of which these *ollas* are composed, surely I cannot fail to light on something that will be both savoury and wholesome."

"*Absit!*" cried the physician, "far from us be such a thought. There is not a more pernicious nutriment upon the face of the earth: leave your *ollas* to canons, rectors of colleges,

and country weddings, but let them never appear on the tables of governors, where elegance and neatness ought to reign. The reason is clear; at all times, in all places, and by all the learned, simple medicines are more esteemed than those that are compound: for in the first, no mistakes can be committed; whereas in the other, numberless errors may take place, in the quantity and proportion of the ingredients; but what I would advise my lord governor to eat at present, in order to preserve and corroborate his health, is about a hundred confected wafers, and a few thin slices of quinces, which will sit easy on his stomach, and assist digestion."

Sancho, hearing this prescription, threw himself backwards in his chair, and surveying the physician from head to foot, asked in a grave and solemn tone, "What was his name, and where he had studied?" To this question the other replied,

"I, my lord governor, am called Doctor Pedro Positive de Bode-well,[1] native of a place called Snatchaway, on the right hand between Caraquel and Almodobar del Campo; and I took my doctor's degree at the University of Ossuna." To this declaration Sancho replied, in a rage,

"Hark ye, then, Mr. Doctor Pedro Positive de Bode-ill, native of Snatchaway, which is on the right hand as we go from Caraquel to Almodobar del Campo, graduate of Ossuna, get out of my presence this instant, or by the body of the sun! I will snatch up a cudgel, and beginning with you, employ it in such a manner as not to leave a physician on the whole island; of those, I mean, who are ignorant fellows; as for the learned, virtuous, and discreet members of the faculty, I will place them on my head, in token of respect, and honour them as things divine. But, I say again, be gone, Doctor Pedro Positive, or positively I will take up this chair on which I sit, and make immediate application to your skull; and should I be called to account for it when I resign my government, I will exculpate myself by proving that I have done service to God in slaying a wicked physician, who was a scandal to the commonwealth. Let me have something to eat, therefore, or take back your government; for a post that will not afford victuals is not worth a pease-cod."

The doctor was frightened at seeing the governor in such a passion, and was going to snatch himself away from his presence; when, at the very instant their ears were saluted with the noise of a post-boy's horn in the street; and the gentleman sewer going to the window, informed the governor that there was a courier arrived from my lord duke, with some despatches of importance. Accordingly the messenger entered the hall, sweating, with marks of consternation in his countenance; and, taking a packet out of his bosom, delivered it into the hands of the governor, who gave it to the steward, with orders to read the superscription, which ran thus:

"To Don Sancho Panza, governor of the island Barataria, to be delivered into his own hand, or that of his secretary." Sancho hearing the direction,

"Who is my secretary?" said he. One of the people who were present answered, "I am secretary, my lord; for I can read and write, and am a Biscayan."

"Nay, with that addition," said Sancho, "you might be secretary to the emperor himself: open this packet, and see what it contains."

The new-born secretary obeyed the command, and having perused the contents, told his excellency it was business for his private ear. Then Sancho ordered everybody to quit the place, except the steward and gentleman sewer: accordingly the rest retired, with the doctor at their head: and the secretary recited the letter to this effect—

"I have received information, Signior Don Sancho Panza, that certain enemies of mine and of the island intend one of these nights to give you a furious assault; you will therefore be vigilant and alert, that they may not find you unprepared. I am likewise informed, by trusty spies, that four persons in disguise have entered the town, with intention to take away your life, as they dread the extent of your abilities: be upon your guard, therefore, examine every person who comes to speak with you, and taste nothing that comes in a present. I will take care to reinforce you should you stand in need of assistance; meanwhile, you will act in everything according to the good opinion I have of your understanding. Your friend,—THE DUKE.

"From my castle, August 16th, at 4 in the morning."

This epistle overwhelmed Sancho with astonishment, which the rest pretended to share; and turning to the steward,

"What is to be done," said he, "and that immediately, is to confine Doctor Positive in a dungeon; for if anybody has a design to take away my life, he is the man; ay, and by the most pitiful and worst of all deaths, namely, hunger."

"True," replied the gentleman sewer, "and, in my opinion, your lordship ought not to eat

[1] The Spanish name is Pedro Rezio de Aguero, which, together with Tirte Afuera, the place of his nativity, I have translated into English, that the humour may be better understood.

any of the victuals now on the table, for they were a present from certain nuns; and, as the saying is, The devil skulks behind the cross."

"That is a truth not to be denied," said Sancho; "but, in the meantime, let me have a luncheon of bread, and about four pounds of raisins, which cannot be poisoned; for really and truly, I cannot live without eating; and, if we must be prepared for those battles with which we are threatened, at least let us be well fed; for the stomach supports the heart, and not the heart the stomach. You, secretary, must write an answer to my lord duke, and tell him his commands shall be obeyed to a tittle. You shall likewise make my compliments to my lady duchess; beseeching her, in my name, to remember to send an express, with my letter and bundle, to my wife Teresa Panza; in so doing she will lay me under great obligation, and I shall take care to be her humble servant to the utmost of my power. By-the-by you may thrust in a how d'ye to my master, Don Quixote de la Mancha, that he may see I am not of an ungrateful leaven; you, as a faithful secretary and honest Biscayan, may add what you shall think proper, and most likely to turn out to advantage. At present, take away these things, and let me have something to eat; and I shall manage any spies, murderers, and enchanters, that may presume to attack me or my island."

Here he was interrupted by a page, who, coming into the hall, told him there was a countryman without, who wanted to speak with his lordship upon some business of the utmost importance.

"Those people of business are strange fellows," said Sancho; "is it possible they are so ignorant as not to see that this is not a proper hour for the transaction of business? Mayhap they think we governors and judges are not made of flesh and blood, and therefore require no time for refreshment, any more than if we were created of marble. As I shall answer to Heaven! if my government holds (though I begin to perceive it will not be of long duration) I will sit upon the skirts of more than one of these men of business.[1] At present, tell that honest man to come; but, first of all, take care that he is not one of the spies or murderers."

"There is no occasion, my lord," answered the page; "for he seems to be a simple soul, and either I am very much mistaken, or he is as honest as a well-weighed loaf."

"While we are present," said the steward, "there is nothing to fear."

"Mr. Sewer," said Sancho, "now that Doctor Pedro Positive is not here, might not I eat something substantial, even though it should be nothing better than a luncheon of bread and an onion?"

"This night your supper shall make amends for the defect of dinner, so as that your lordship shall be perfectly well pleased and satisfied," replied the sewer.

"Lord grant I may be so!" quoth the governor.

At that instant the countryman entered the hall, of a goodly presence, and indeed one might have seen that he was an honest soul, even at the distance of a thousand leagues. The first thing he said was, "Which of all this company is my lord governor?"

"Who should be governor," replied the secretary, "but he who sits in the chair?"

"Then I humble myself before him," said the peasant; who, falling on his knees, begged leave to kiss his lordship's hand. This request, however, Sancho would not grant; but ordered him to rise and explain his business. Accordingly, the countryman getting up,

"My lord," said he, "I am a husbandman belonging to Miguel Turra, a place about two leagues from Cividad Real."

"What! have we got another Snatchaway?" cried Sancho: proceed, brother; for I can tell you, that I am very well acquainted with Miguel Turra, which is not far from our own village."

"This here, then, is the case, my lord," said the countryman; "by the mercy of God I was married in peace, and in the face of the holy Roman Catholic Church; and I have two sons now at college, the youngest of whom is to be a bachelor, and the eldest is intended for a licentiate. I am a widower; for my wife died, or rather she was killed by a wicked physician."

"So then," said Sancho, "if your wife had not died, or been killed, in all likelihood you should not now be a widower."

"No, my lord, by no manner of means," answered the countryman.

"Agad!" cried Sancho, "we are in a thriving way! Pray go on, brother, for this is an hour more proper for sleep than for business."

"Well, then," replied the countryman, "this son of mine who is to be bred a bachelor became enamoured of a young lady of the same town, called Clara Paralina,[2] daughter of

[1] The original, *Ponga en pretina*, signifies, I will put in my girdle.

[2] She is in the original called Perlerina, which I have changed into Paralina in order to preserve the subsequent play on the words.—T. S.

Andrew Paralino, a very wealthy yeoman; and this name of Paralino does not come from their pedigree or any family descent; but they have acquired it because the whole race of them is paralytic; and so, in order to improve the sound, they are called Paralino; though, to say the truth, the young lady is a perfect oriental pearl, and when you look at her, on her right side, seems to be a very flower of the field; on the left, indeed, she is not quite so amiable, being blind of an eye, which she lost in the smallpox; and although the pits in her face are very large and numerous, her admirers say that these are not pits, but graves, in which the hearts of her lovers are buried. Then she is so cleanly, that to prevent her face from being defiled, she carries her nose cocked up, as the saying is, so that it seems to be running away from her mouth; yet, for all that, she is extremely beautiful, for she has a very wide mouth, and if she did not want some ten or a dozen teeth, might pass for a very phœnix of beauty. Of her lips I shall say nothing, but they are so thin and delicate, that if it was the custom to reel lips, they might be made up into a skein; but as they are of a different colour from common lips, they appear quite miraculous; for they contain a mixture of blue, green, and orange tawny. My lord governor will pardon me for painting so exactly the parts of her who is to be my daughter, for I love her exceedingly, and like to dwell upon the subject."

"Paint what you will," said Sancho, "for my own part I am hugely delighted with your description, and if I had dined, should not desire a better dessert than the picture you have drawn."

"That shall be always at your service," replied the countryman; "and though we are not at present known to each other, the time will come when we shall be better acquainted. And now, my lord, if I could describe her genteel deportment and tall stature, you would be struck with admiration; but that is an impossible task, because she is so doubled and bent that her knees touch her mouth; and yet, for all that, one may see with half an eye, that if she could stand upright, her head would touch the ceiling; and she would have given her hand in marriage to my bachelor before this time, if she could have stretched it out, but it happens to be shrunk and withered; though, by the long-channelled nails, one may easily perceive the beauty of its form and texture."

"Very well," said Sancho. "Now, brother, let us suppose you have painted her from head to foot; tell me what is your request, and come to the point without going about the bush, through lanes and alleys with a parcel of scraps and circumlocutions."

"Well then, my lord," replied the countryman, "my request is, that you would give me a letter of recommendation to the young lady's father, entreating him to give his consent to the match, as the parties are pretty equal in the gifts of fortune and of nature; for, to say the truth, my lord governor, my son is possessed, and scarce a day passes but he is three or four times tormented by the foul fiend; and, in consequence of having once fallen into the fire, his face is shrivelled up like a skin of parchment, and his eyes are bleared, and run woundily; but yet he has the temper of an angel, and if he did not beat and buffet himself, he would be a perfect saint."

"Do you want anything else, honest friend?" replied Sancho.

"I did want something else," said the countryman, "but I dare not be so bold as to mention it: but out it shall go. Why then, my lord, I wish your lordship would bestow three or six hundred ducats, to help to set up my bachelor; I mean, to furnish his house; for the truth is, the young couple are to live by themselves, without being subject to the peevishness of us old folks."

"Consider if you want anything else," said Sancho, "and speak without bashfulness or restraint."

"Truly, I want nothing else," replied the countryman. Scarce had he pronounced these words when, the governor starting up, and laying hold on the chair that was under him, exclaimed, "I vow, you Don lubberly, rascally rustic, if you don't get you gone, and abscond from my presence this instant, I will with this chair demolish your skull, you knavish rascal, and painter for the devil himself; is this a time to come and demand six hundred ducats? Where the devil should I find them, you stinkard? or, if I had found them, why the devil should I give them to you, you idiotical scoundrel? What have I to do with Miguel Turra, or any of the generation of the Paralino's? Begone, I say, or, by the life of my lord duke, I'll be as good as my word; thou art no native of Miguel Turra, but some fiend sent to torment me; hark ye, miscreant, I have been governor but a day and a half, and you would have me already in possession of six hundred ducats!"

The gentleman sewer made signs to the countryman to leave the place; and he accordingly quitted the hall, hanging his head, and

seemingly afraid that the governor would execute his threats; for the rogue acted his part to admiration. . . .

We left the great governor out of humour, and enraged at that same painting country wag, who had received his cue from the duke's steward and gentleman sewer, sent thither on purpose to make merry at his expense: nevertheless, he held out toughly against the whole combination, Rude, and brood, and simple as he stood; and addressing himself to all present, and among the rest to Doctor Pedro Positive, who, after the duke's letter was read, had returned to the hall: "Now," said he, "I am fully convinced that judges and governors are, or ought to be, made of brass, so as that they may not feel the importunity of people of business, who expect to be heard and despatched at all hours and at all seasons, come what will, attending only to their own affairs; and if the poor devil of a judge does not hear and despatch them, either because it is not in his power, or it happens to be an unseasonable time for giving audience, then they grumble and backbite, gnaw him to the very bones, and even bespatter his whole generation. Ignorant man of business! foolish man of business! be not in such a violent hurry; wait for the proper season and conjuncture, and come not at meals and sleeping time; for judges are made of flesh and blood, and must give to nature that which nature requires, excepting myself, unhappy wretch that I am! who cannot indulge my appetite, thanks to Doctor Pedro Positive Snatchaway here present, who intends that I shall die of hunger, and affirms that such a death is good living, which I pray may fall to the share of him and all of his kidney! I mean, bad physicians; as for the good, they deserve palms and laurel.

Everybody who knew Sancho was struck with admiration at hearing him talk so elegantly, and could not account for his improvement any other way than by supposing that posts and places of importance enlarge the faculties of some, while they stupify the understanding of others. Finally, Doctor Pedro Positive Bodewell de Snatchaway promised to indulge his excellency with a plentiful supper at night, even though he should transgress all the aphorisms of Hippocrates. The governor rested satisfied with this declaration, waiting for the approach of night and supper with great impatience; and although time seemed to stand stock-still, the wished-for hour at length arrived, when they treated him with an hachis of beef well onioned, and some calves' feet not very fresh: nevertheless he attacked these dishes with more relish than if he had been served with Milan godwits, Roman pheasants, Sorrento veal, partridges of Moron, or geese of Lavajos: and, in the midst of supper, turning towards his physician,

"Take notice, doctor," said he, "that from henceforth you need not take the trouble to provide dainties and delicate dishes for me; they will only serve to unhinge my stomach, which is used to goat's flesh, cow beef, and bacon, with turnips and onions; and, if by accident it chances to receive any of your titbits, it contains them with loathing, and sometimes throws them up: but Master Sewer may bring me those dishes called *olla podridas*,[1] and the staler they are, so much the better. In one of these he may crowd and cram all the eatables he can think of, and I will thank him for his pains; nay, one day or other I shall make him amends; and let no man play the rogue with me: either we are or we are not; let us live and eat in harmony and peace; for, when God sends the morning, the light shines upon all. I will govern this island without favour or corruption: and let everybody keep a good look-out, and mind his own affairs; for, I would have you to know, the devil's in the dice; and if you give me cause, you shall see wonders—yes, yes; make yourself honey, and the flies will bite."

"Assuredly, my lord governor," said the steward, "your lordship has said nothing but the truth; and I promise, in the name of all the islanders of this island, to serve your lordship with perfect love, benevolence, and punctuality: for the agreeable sample of government which your lordship hath given in the beginning leaves us no room to do, or even to conceive anything that shall redound to the disgust and detriment of your honour."

"I believe what you say," replied Sancho; "and indeed they must be fools to think or act any otherwise. And I say again, let the maintenance of me and my Dapple be taken care of; for that is the main point in this business: and when the time comes, let us go and make the round; my intention is to clear the island from all sort of filth, such as vagabonds, idlers, and immoral people; for I would have you to know, my friends, that your idle and lazy fellows are the same in a commonwealth as drones in a bee-hive, that consume the honey which the industrious labourers have made. My resolution is to protect the farmers and handicraftsmen, maintain the prerogative

[1] *Podrida* signifies rotten or mortified, hence the *olla podrida* is in French styled *pot-pourri*.

of gentlemen, reward virtue, and, above all things, respect religion and the honour of the clergy. Tell me, my friends, what is your opinion of my plan? Does it smack of something? Or do I thresh my skull to no purpose?"

"My lord governor," said the steward, "your lordship speaks so much to the purpose, that I am struck with admiration to hear a man so illiterate as your worship (for I believe you do not know your letters) make so many observations full of sagacity, and give counsel so much above everything that was expected from your lordship's capacity by those who sent us, as well as by ourselves who are come hither. Every day produces something new: jokes are turned into earnest, and the biters are bit." . . .

To think the affairs of this life will always remain in the same posture is a wild supposition; on the contrary, everything goes in a round; I mean goes round. Spring succeeds winter, summer follows spring, autumn comes after summer, and winter comes in the rear of autumn; then spring resumes its verdure, and time turns round on an incessant wheel. The life of man alone runs lightly to its end, unlike the circle of time without hope of renewal, except in another life, which knows no bounds. Thus moralizes Cid Hamet, the Mahometan philosopher: for the knowledge of the frailty and instability of the present life, together with the eternal duration of that which we expect, many, without the light of faith, by natural instinct have attained. But here our author makes the observation on account of the celerity with which Sancho's government was finished, consumed, destroyed, and dissolved into smoke and vapour.

This poor governor being abed on the seventh night of his administration, not crammed with bread and wine, but fatigued with sitting in judgment, passing sentence, and making statutes and regulations; and sleep, maugre and in despite of hunger, beginning to weigh down his eye-lids, his ears were saluted with a terrible noise of bells and cries, as if the whole island had been going to wreck.

Sitting up in his bed he listened attentively, in hope of comprehending the meaning and cause of such a mighty uproar: however, he not only failed in his expectation, but the noise of the cries and the bells being reinforced by that of an infinite number of drums and trumpets, he remained more terrified, confounded, and aghast than ever. Then starting up, he put on his slippers, on account of the dampness of the ground; though without wrapping himself up in his morning-gown, or in any other sort of apparel, and opening the door of his apartment, saw above twenty persons running through the gallery with lighted torches, and naked swords in their hands, exclaiming aloud, and all together,

"Arm, arm, my lord governor, arm! a vast number of the enemy has landed on the island; and we are lost and undone unless protected by your valour and activity."

With this clamour, fury, and disturbance, they rushed towards Sancho, who stood astonished and perplexed at what he saw and heard; and when they came up to the spot, one of them accosting him,

"Arm, my lord," said he, "unless you want to perish and see the whole island destroyed."

"For what should I arm?" replied Sancho; "I neither know the use of arms, nor can I give you protection. These matters had better be left to my master, Don Quixote, who in the turning of a straw would despatch the whole affair, and put everything in safety; but for me, as I am a sinner, I understand nothing of these hurly-burlys!"

"How! my lord governor," cried another, "What despondence is this? Put on your armour, signior; here we have brought arms offensive and defensive; come forth to the market place, and be our guide and our general, seeing of right that place belongs to you, as being our governor."

"Arm me, then," replied Sancho. At that instant they took two large bucklers they had brought along with them, and putting over his shirt (for they would not give him time to clothe himself) one buckler before and another behind, they pulled his arms through certain holes they had made in the targets, and fastened them well together with cords, in such a manner that the poor governor remained quite inclosed, and boarded up as straight as a spindle, without being able to bend his knees, or move one single step; and in his hands they put a lance, with which he supported himself as he stood. Having cooped him up in this manner, they desired him to march out, and conduct and animate his people; in which case, he being the north star, their lanthorn, and Lucifer, their affairs would be brought to a prosperous issue.

"How should I march, unfortunate wight that I am," said Sancho, "when my very knee-pans have not room to play, so much am I cramped by those boards, which are squeezed into my very flesh? Your only way is to take me up in your arms, and lay me across, or set

me upright in some postern, which I will defend either with this lance or this carcass."

"Come, my lord governor," replied the other, "you are more hampered by fear than by your bucklers. Make haste and exert yourself, for it grows late; the enemies swarm, the noise increases, and the danger is very pressing."

In consequence of this persuasion and reproach the poor governor endeavoured to move, and down he came to the ground with such a fall that he believed himself split to pieces. There he lay like a tortoise covered with its shell, or a flitch of bacon between two trays; or, lastly, like a boat stranded with her keel uppermost. Yet his fall did not excite the compassion of those unlucky wags; on the contrary, extinguishing their torches, they renewed the clamour, and repeated the alarm with such hurry and confusion, trampling upon the unhappy Sancho, and bestowing a thousand strokes upon the bucklers, that if he had not gathered and shrunk himself up, with drawing his head within the targets, the poor governor would have passed his time but very indifferently; shrunk as he was within that narrow lodging, he sweated all over with fear and consternation, and heartily recommended himself to Heaven that he might be delivered from the danger that encompassed him. Some stumbled, and others fell over him; nay, one of the party stood upon him for a considerable time, and thence, as from a watch-tower, gave orders to the army, exclaiming with a loud voice,

"This way, my fellow-soldiers, for here the enemy make their chief effort! Guard this breach; shut that gate; down with those scaling ladders; bring up the fire-pots, with the kettles of melted pitch, rosin, and boiling oil; barricade the streets with woolpacks?"

In a word, he named with great eagerness all the implements, instruments, and munitions of war, used in the defence of a city assaulted; while the bruised and battered Sancho, who heard the din, and suffered grievously, said within himself,

"O! would it please the Lord that the island were quickly lost, that I might see myself either dead or delivered from this distress!"

Heaven heard his petition, and when he least expected such relief his ears were saluted with a number of voices crying,

"Victory! victory! the enemy is overcome! Rise, my lord governor, and enjoy your conquest, and divide the spoil taken from the foe by the valour of your invincible arm."

The afflicted Sancho, with a plaintive voice, desired them to lift him up; and when they helped him to rise, and set him on his legs again,

"I wish," said he, "the enemy I have conquered were nailed to my forehead. I want to divide no spoils, but I beg and supplicate some friend, if any such I have, to bring me a draught of wine; and that he will wipe me dry of this sweat, which has turned me into water."

They accordingly wiped him clean, brought the wine, untied the bucklers, and seated him upon his bed, where he fainted away through fear, consternation, and fatigue. Those concerned in the joke now began to be sorry for having laid it on so heavy; but Sancho's recovery moderated their uneasiness at his swooning. He asked what it was o'clock, and they answered it was daybreak: then, without speaking another syllable, he began to dress himself in the most profound silence; and all present gazed upon him with looks of expectation, impatient to know the meaning of his dressing himself so earnestly. At length, having put on his clothes very leisurely, for his bruises would not admit of precipitation, he hied him to the stable, attended by all the by-standers, where, advancing to Dapple, he embraced him affectionately, and gave him the kiss of peace upon the forehead, saying, while the tears trickled from his eyes,

"Come hither, my dear companion! my friend, and sharer of all my toil and distress; when you and I consorted together, and I was plagued with no other thoughts than the care of mending your furniture and pampering your little body, happy were my hours, my days, and my years! but since I quitted you, and mounted on the towers of pride and ambition, my soul has been invaded by a thousand miseries, a thousand toils, and four thousand disquiets."

While he uttered this apostrophe, he was employed in putting the pack-saddle on his ass, without being interrupted by any living soul; and Dapple being equipped for the road, he made shift to mount him, with great pain and difficulty: then, directing his words and discourse to the steward, secretary, sewer, Doctor Pedro, and many others who were present,

"Make way, gentlemen," said he, "and let me return to my ancient liberty; let me go in quest of my former life, that I may enjoy a resurrection from this present death: I was not born to be a governor, or to defend islands and cities from the assaults of their enemies. I am better versed in ploughing and delving, in pruning and planting vines, than in enacting laws, and defending pro-

vinces and kingdoms. I know St. Peter is well at Rome—that is, every one does well in following the employment to which he was bred; a sickle becomes my hand better than a governor's sceptre, and I would rather fill my belly with soup-meagre than undergo the misery of an impertinent physician who starves me to death. I would much rather solace myself under the shade of an oak in summer, and clothe myself with a sheepskin jacket in the winter, being my own master, than indulge, under the subjection of a government, with Holland sheets and robes of sables.—God be with you, gentlemen; and pray tell my lord duke, Naked I was born, and naked I remain; and if I lose nothing, as little I gain. That is, I would say, Penniless I took possession of this government, and penniless I resign my office; quite the reverse of what is usually the case with governors of other islands. Make way, therefore, and let me go and be plaistered; for I believe all my ribs are crushed, thanks to the enemies who have this night passed and repassed over my carcass."

"It must not be so, my lord governor," said Doctor Positive: "I will give your worship a draught, calculated for falls and bruises, that will instantly restore you to your former health and vigour; and with respect to the article of eating, I promise your lordship to make amends, and let you eat abundantly of everything you desire."

"Your promise comes too late," answered Sancho; "and I will as soon turn Turk as forbear going. These are no jokes to be repeated. I will as soon remain in this, or accept of any other government, even though it should be presented in a covered dish, as I will fly to Heaven without the help of wings. I am of the family of the Panzas, who are all headstrong, and if once they say odds, odds it must be, though in fact it be even, in spite of all the world. In this stable I leave the wings that carried me up into the clouds, to make me a pray to martlets and other birds; and now let us alight, and walk softly and securely on the ground, and if my feet are not adorned with pinked shoes of Cordovan leather, they shall not want coarse sandals of cord or rushes, Let ewe and wether go together, and, Nobody thrust his feet beyond the length of his sheet. Now, therefore, let me pass, for it grows late."

To this address the steward replied, "We shall freely allow your lordship to go, although we shall be great sufferers in losing you, whose ingenuity and Christian conduct, oblige us to desire your stay, but it is well known that every governor is obliged before he quits his government to submit his administration to a scrutiny, and if your lordship will give an account of yours during the seven days you have stood at the helm, you may depart in peace."

"Nobody can call me to an account," said Sancho, "but such as are appointed by my lord duke. Now to him am I going, and to him will I render it fairly and squarely; besides, there is no occasion for any other proof than my leaving you naked as I am, to show that I have governed like an angel."

"The great Sancho is in the right," cried Doctor Positive, "and in my opinion, we ought to let him retire; for the duke will be infinitely rejoiced to see him."

All the rest assented to the proposal, and allowed him to pass, after having offered to bear him company, and provide him with everything he should want for entertainment of his person, and the convenience of his journey. Sancho said he wanted nothing but a little barley for Dapple, and half a cheese, with half a loaf for himself, the journey being so short that he had no occasion for any better or more ample provision. All the company embraced him, and were in their turns embraced by the weeping Sancho, who left them equally astonished at his discourse as at his resolute and wise determination.

A LOVE-LETTER.

[Edward Robert Bulwer, Lord Lytton, born 8th November, 1831; the only son of the late Lord Lytton. Educated at Harrow and at Bonn. In 1849 he went as attaché to his uncle Sir H. L. Bulwer, then British minister at Washington; and since that date he has held important appointments in the government service at Florence, Paris, the Hague, Vienna, Copenhagen, Athens, Lisbon, Madrid, &c. He was some years Governor-General of India. As a poet, and under the *nom de plume* of Owen Meredith, he has earned high reputation at home and abroad. His works are: *Clytemnestra*, and other Poems (1855); *The Wanderer*, a Collection of Poems in Many Lands—one of which we quote; *Lucille*, a novel in verse; *Serbske Pesme*, a collection of the national songs of Servia; *The Ring of Amasis*, a romance; *Chronicles and Characters*, chiefly poems on historical subjects; *Orval, or the Fool of Time*, a dramatic poem, paraphrased from the Polish, with other paraphrases in verse from the Greek, Latin, Italian, and Danish literatures. An edition of his poetical works, in five volumes, is published by Chapman & Hall. He died in 1891.]

My love,—my chosen,—but not mine! I send
My whole heart to thee in these words I write;
So let the blotted lines, my soul's sole friend,
Lie upon thine, and there be blest at night.

This flower, whose bruisèd purple blood will stain
The page now wet with the hot tears that fall,—
(Indeed, indeed, I struggle to restrain
This weakness, but the tears come, spite of all!)

I pluck'd it from the branch you used to praise,
The branch that hides the wall. I tend your flowers.
I keep the paths we paced in happier days.
How long ago they seem, those pleasant hours!

The white laburnum's out. Your judas-tree
Begins to shed those crimson buds of his.
The nightingales sing—ah, too joyously!
Who says those birds are sad? I think there is

That in the books we read, which deeper wrings
My heart, so they lie dusty on the shelf.
Ah me, I meant to speak of other things
Less sad. In vain! they bring me to myself.

I know your patience. And I would not cast
New shade on days so dark as yours are grown
By weak and wild repining for the past,
Since it is past for ever, O mine own!

For hard enough the daily cross you bear,
Without that deeper pain reflection brings;
And all too sore the fretful household care,
Free of the contrast of remember'd things.

But ah! it little profits, that we thrust
From all that's said, what both must feel, unnamed.
Better to face it boldly, as we must,
Than feel it in the silence, and be shamed.

Irene, I have loved you, as men love
Light, music, odour, beauty, love itself;—
Whatever is apart from, and above
Those daily needs which deal with dust and pelf.

And I had been content, without one thought
Our guardian angels could have blushed to know,
So to have lived and died, demanding nought
Save, living dying, to have loved you so.

My youth was orphan'd, and my age will be
Childless. I have no sister. None to steal
One stray thought from the many thoughts of thee,
Which are the source of all I think and feel.

My wildest wish was vassal to thy will:
My haughtiest hope, a pensioner on thy smile,
Which did with light my barren being fill,
As moonlight glorifies some desert isle.

I never thought to know what I have known,—
The rapture, dear, of being loved by you:
I never thought, within my heart, to own
One wish so blest that you should share it too:

Nor ever did I deem, contemplating
The many sorrows in this place of pain,
So strange a sorrow to my life could cling,
As, being thus loved, to be beloved in vain.

But now we know the best, the worst. We have
Interr'd, and prematurely, and unknown,
Our youth, our hearts, our hopes, in one small grave,
Whence we must wander, widow'd, to our own.

And if we comfort not each other, what
Shall comfort us, in the dark days to come?
Not the light laughter of the world, and not
The faces and the firelight of fond home.

And so I write to you; and write, and write,
For the mere sake of writing to you, dear.
What can I tell you, that you know not? Night
Is deepening thro' the rosy atmosphere

About the lonely casement of this room,
Which you have left familiar with the grace
That grows where you have been. And in the gloom
I almost fancy I can see your face.

Not pale with pain, and tears restrain'd for me,
As when I last beheld it; but as first,
A dream of rapture and of poesy,
Upon my youth, like dawn on dark, it burst.

Perchance I shall not ever see again
That face. I know that I shall never see
Its radiant beauty as I saw it then,
Save by this lonely lamp of memory,

With childhood's starry graces lingering yet
I' the rosy orient of young womanhood;
And eyes like woodland violets newly wet;
And lips that left their meaning in my blood!

I will not say to you what I might say
To one less worthily loved, less worthy love.
I will not say. . . "Forget the past. Be gay.
And let the all ill-judging world approve

"Light in your eyes, and laughter on your lip!"
I will not say. . . "Dissolve in thought for ever
Our sorrowful, but sacred, fellowship."
For that would be to bid you, dear, dissever

Your nature from its nobler heritage
In consolations register'd in heaven,
For griefs this world is barren to assuage,
And hopes to which, on earth, no home is given.

But I would whisper, what for evermore
My own heart whispers thro' the wakeful night, . . .
"This grief is but a shadow, flung before,
From some refulgent substance out of sight."

Wherefore it happens, in this riddling world,
That where sin came not, sorrow yet should be;
Why Heaven's most hurtful thunders should be hurl'd
At what seems noblest in humanity;

And we are punish'd for our purest deeds,
And chasten'd for our holiest thoughts; . . . alas!
There is no reason found in all the creeds,
Why these things are, nor whence they come to pass.

But in the heart of man, a secret voice
There is, which speaks, and will not be restrain'd,
Which cries to Grief, "Weep on, while I rejoice,
Knowing that, somewhere, all will be explain'd."

I will not cant that commonplace of friends,
Which never yet hath dried one mourner's tears,
Nor say that grief's slow wisdom makes amends
For broken hearts and desolated years.

For who would barter all he hopes from life,
To be a little wiser than his kind?
Who arm his nature for continued strife,
Where all he seeks for hath been left behind?

But I would say, O pure and perfect pearl
Which I have dived so deep in life to find,
Lock'd in my heart thou liest. The wave may curl,
The wind may wail above us. Wave and wind,

What are their storm and strife to me, and you?
No strife can mar the pure heart's inmost calm.
This life of ours, what is it? A very few
Soon-ended years, and then,—the ceaseless psalm,

And the eternal Sabbath of the soul!
Hush! . . . While I write, from the dim Carminè
The midnight angelus begins to roll,
And float athwart the darkness up to me.

My messenger, (a man by danger tried)
Waits in the courts below and ere our star
Upon the forehead of the dawn hath died,
Belovëd one, this letter will be far

Athwart the mountain, and the mist, to you.
I know each robber hamlet. I know all
This mountain people. I have friends, both true
And trusted, sworn to aid whate'er befall.

I have a bark upon the gulf. And I,
If to my heart I yielded in this hour,
Might say. . . "Sweet fellow-sufferer, let us fly!
I know a little isle which doth embower

"A home where exiled angels might forbear
A while to mourn for Paradise!" . . . But no!
Never, whate'er fate now may bring us, dear,
Shalt thou reproach me for that only woe

Which even love is powerless to console;
Which dwells where duty dies: and haunts the tomb
Of life's abandon'd purpose in the soul;
And leaves to hope, in heaven itself, no room.

Man cannot make, but may ennoble, fate,
By nobly bearing it. So let us trust
Not to ourselves but God, and calmly wait
Love's orient, out of darkness and of dust.

Farewell, and yet again farewell, and yet
Never farewell—if farewell means to fare
Alone and disunited. Love hath set
Our days in music, to the selfsame air;

And I shall feel, wherever we may be,
Even tho' in absence and an alien clime,
The shadow of the sunniness of thee
Hovering, in patience, thro' a clouded time.

Farewell! The dawn is rising, and the light
Is making, in the east, a faint endeavour
To illuminate the mountain peaks. Good night.
Thine own, and only thine, my love, for ever.

GRANDMOTHER ASLEEP.

BY A. WHITELAW.

"Sleeps the sleep that knows no waking."—
Scott.

The sympathy that exists between old age and childhood is one of the most beautiful and touching traits of humanity. Here "extremes meet" and mingle in blessed harmony. The old man who has exhausted life in all its stages, seeks at last, with hoary head and bended back, the society of children, and joins in their prattle and gambols! The child, again, who is but beginning the mysterious round of life, turns, with corresponding sympathy, to "the world's gray fathers," and seeks support and protection rather from the palsied hand of eld than the strong arm of manhood! Tottering infancy clings to tottering age—and age finds in infancy a boon companion!

There can be no earthly affection more pure than that of a grandmother to her grandchildren. A mother's affection may often be nothing more than animal instinct, and like all instincts have its source in selfishness; but a grandmother's love must be the perfection of disinterested attachment. It is the noblest of all passions. There is no *grandmotherism* among beasts. It is the farthest removed from self and the senses that we can conceive. It can count on no equivalent return, for long before the child has reached manhood, the grandmother must be beyond his assistance. It cannot even promise itself the hope of living to witness the result of all its tender assiduities. It can never see the little twig which it nurses so carefully, become a full-grown tree, far less can it ever reap the fruit of its labours. It plants and waters for other ages than its own.

We knew or have heard of an old woman who was left, at an advanced age, to protect and support the orphaned boy and girl of her only son. The story is a mere anecdote, but it may be worth telling, as it contains a good moral. This old woman, though born to con-

siderable affluence, was, by the mysterious hand of Providence, fated to spend her life and her treasure in the service of others—and never did human being perform the will of her Master with more divine sweetness! Her husband turned out a profligate; and, after having exhausted her fortune and his own constitution, died of a lingering disease in her arms. Her son—an only child—was reared with the fondest care; but he followed the footsteps of his father—married young—broke his wife's heart—and finally died, leaving his two little children, a boy and girl, in the hands of his aged and impoverished mother. A life annuity of fifteen pounds was all that the old woman had to support herself and rear the children; but there was surely a blessing with it, for it went farther than many people's fifties, and upon it alone she contrived to maintain a decent appearance and proud independence. She rented a small cottage in the vicinity of Govan, on the banks of the Clyde; and there, with her little orphans, and scanty means, and meek deportment, presented a picture of true greatness, nobler far than what is to be found in castle or palace.

Though her life had been one of adversity, and her best feelings had been outraged by those who were dearest to her, the original benevolence of her nature was neither soured nor diminished. She was full of divine charity—not the charity of distributing from a store of worldly superfluities—for she had not even the widow's mite to spare—but the charity which thinketh no evil and speaketh no guile, and which looks with loving-kindness on every fellow-creature. The sweetness of her disposition, connected with a knowledge of her misfortunes and difficulties, made her venerated by all the villagers; and, for her sake, her grandchildren were often fondled on the knee, or treated to little delicacies which their desolate lot in life could never otherwise have procured them. The children themselves were models of beauty and innocence—graceful, modest, and affectionate in all that they said or did, for to an originally kind and tractable disposition were superadded the valuable example and instruction of their grandmother.

Neither of the little ones had reached their fifth year, when they were destined to experience a great change in their condition. It was one night in the fall of the year, when autumn was giving way to winter, that they had gone to bed early as usual, after saying their evening prayer with their head in grandmother's lap, and receiving her blessing. Age is wakeful—and the old woman was in the habit of sitting up for hours after they were asleep, reading her Bible, or plying her distaff. Sometimes the children would wake from their sleep, and receive from her tender hand a bit of bread or cup of water. Or sometimes they would start from a terrifying dream, and then her kind voice was ever near them, to assure them of safety, and soothe them into renewed repose. In one of those frightful dreams, to which even the most innocent-minded, carefully nurtured, and healthy children are liable, Catherine, the eldest child, had wakened, and cried with a scream for her grandmother. But her cry was not, as it ever before had been, responded to on this occasion by her assiduous and watchful guardian. She repeated her cry; but grandmother came not—spoke not. Her little brother was wakened by her agitation, and then she had confidence to open her eyes and look about the apartment. There she saw grandmother sitting apparently sound asleep in her chair. Her distaff lay at her feet, and her cruse was nearly extinguished, but the fire still burned briskly, and a full moon shed its hallowed light through the lattice.

"O waken, grandmother! and come to me, for I have had a fearsome dream," cried the poor girl.

"Grandma is asleep, and will not waken," said her little brother.

The stern silence of the old woman was so unusual, that, after repeated cries, the children in alarm jumped from bed, and ran to their grandmother's knee.

"Waken, grandmother, waken! Speak to me! Kiss me!" cried Catherine, getting more terrified.

"Kiss sister, grandma," said the little boy, "and we will say our prayers."

"Listen, grandmother! I saw a ghost in a winding-sheet in the minister's pulpit, and all the kirk-yard was crowded with ghosts—and it was always your face that I saw—that face!—O grandmother, will you not speak?"

"Speak to sister, grandma, for she is frightening me," said the boy.

"Speak! speak!" repeated the girl. "And kiss me! And here is little Willy to kiss too! Only speak, and we will be good children."

But, alas! that ear was now deaf which had ever been open to their cry, and that voice now dumb, which had ever spoke in tenderness to them. She, who had all her life ministered to the wants of others, and had hung in undecaying love over the death-bed of an undeserving husband and son, had died without a kind eye to watch her, but the eye of HIM who neither slumbers nor sleeps!

It was long before the forlorn orphans could comprehend their situation, but when the dreadful truth came across their minds, they clapped their little hands, and screamed in terror and dismay. There was no house beside them; the frightful churchyard stood between them and their nearest neighbour; yet they could not stay within, but rushed to the roadside, and wailed beneath the silent face of heaven. At that moment the hand of mercy was upon them, and their deliverance was wrought even from the depth of their desolation. A gentleman passing on horseback was attracted by their cries, and inquired into the cause. He proved to be one of the princely merchants of Glasgow, with a heart as liberal as his means were unbounded. The case was fitted to his generous spirit. He not only gave immediate help, and saw the grandmother decently interred, but took the little ones under his own roof, and reared them, without distinguishing them from his own family. Thus was good brought out of apparent evil, and when the hand of Providence seemed to fall heaviest on the orphans, it was but "tempering the wind to the shorn lamb," for had the grandmother been carried away under ordinary circumstances, the fate of the grandchildren might have been very different. The result of the matter is not the least pleasing point of the anecdote, for Catherine is at this hour the happy wife of her benefactor's eldest son, and her brother conducts an important branch of his business in a foreign land.

SPRING TIME.

BY WILLIAM SAWYER.

Apple blossoms, falling sweet
In a rosy rain,
With your breath my darling greet,
Shed a splendour round her feet,
Comes she here again.

Birds that on the branches sing,
Blossom-tufts among,
Stint not in your carolling,
She should, even as the Spring,
Brim your hearts with song.

Flowers, that springing in the night,
Take the hues of morn,
Cluster round her dewy bright,
Thrilling with a new delight
Of her coming born.

Where the branches interlace
In a flush of green,
Oh! to look upon her face!
Oh! to mark her Dryad grace,
And her gracious mien!

Brighter eyes or bluer ne'er
To the light awake;
And the glooms the glosses snare,
In the ripples of her hair,
And its glory make.

Fresher is she than the day,
When the leaves are new;
Daintier than the buds of May,
When the greening branches sway,
And the buds are few.

Fall, then, blooms, in rosy rain;
Birds, your sweetest sing;
Flowers, you blossom not in vain,
For my darling comes again—
Comes embodied Spring!

KNOWLEDGE.

[Rev. Robert Hall, born at Arnsby, Leicester, 2d May, 1764; died at Broadmead, Bristol, 21st February, 1831. Baptist minister; and author of *Christianity Consistent with a Love of Freedom; An Apology for the Freedom of the Press; Modern Infidelity Considered;* and other sermons. He attained remarkable influence and popularity as a preacher. His works are published by Bell & Son. The following extract is from his sermon on Proverbs xix. 2: "That the soul be without knowledge, it is not good."]

Let me request your attention to a few remarks on the utility of knowledge in general. It must strike us, in the first place, that the extent to which we have the faculty of acquiring it, forms the most obvious distinction of our species. In inferior animals it subsists in so small a degree, that we are wont to deny it to them altogether; the range of their knowledge, if it deserves the name, is so extremely limited, and their ideas so few and simple. Whatever is most exquisite in their operations is referred to an instinct, which, working within a narrow compass, though with undeviating uniformity, supplies the place, and supersedes the necessity, of reason. In inferior animals, the knowledge of the whole species is possessed by each individual of the species, while man is distinguished by numberless diversities in the scale of mental improvement.

Now, to be destitute, in a remarkable degree, of an acquisition which forms the appropriate possession of human nature, is degrading to that nature, and must proportionably disqualify it for reaching the end of its creation.

As the power of acquiring knowledge is to be ascribed to reason, so the attainment of it mightily strengthens and improves it, and thereby enables it to enrich itself with further acquisitions. Knowledge, in general, expands the mind, exalts the faculties, refines the taste of pleasure, and opens numerous sources of intellectual enjoyment. By means of it we become less dependent for satisfaction upon the sensitive appetites, the gross pleasures of sense are more easily despised, and we are made to feel the superiority of the spiritual to the material part of our nature. Instead of being continually solicited by the influence and irritation of sensible objects, the mind can retire within herself, and expatiate in the cool and quiet walks of contemplation. The Author of nature has wisely annexed a pleasure to the exercise of our active powers, and particularly to the pursuit of truth, which, if it be in some instances less intense, is far more durable than the gratifications of sense, and is, on that account, incomparably more valuable. Its duration, to say nothing of its other properties, renders it more valuable. It may be repeated without satiety, and pleases afresh on every reflection upon it. These are self-created satisfactions, always within our reach, not dependent upon events, not requiring a peculiar combination of circumstances to produce or maintain them; they rise from the mind itself, and inhere, so to speak, in its very substance. Let the mind but retain its proper functions, and they spring up spontaneously, unsolicited, unborrowed, and unbought. Even the difficulties and impediments which obstruct the pursuit of truth, serve, according to the economy under which we are placed, to render it more interesting. The labour of intellectual search resembles and exceeds the tumultuous pleasures of the chase; and the consciousness of overcoming a formidable obstacle, or of lighting on some happy discovery, gives all the enjoyment of a conquest, without those corroding reflections by which the latter must be impaired. Can we doubt that Archimedes, who was so absorbed in his contemplations as not to be diverted by the sacking of his native city, and was killed in the very act of meditating a mathematical problem, did not, when he exclaimed Ευρηκα! ευρηκα! I have found it! I have found it! feel a transport as genuine as was ever experienced after the most brilliant victory.

But to return to the moral good which results from the acquisition of knowledge: it is chiefly this, that by multiplying the mental resources it has a tendency to exalt the character, and, in some measure, to correct and subdue the taste for gross sensuality. It enables the possessor to beguile his leisure moments (and every man has such) in an innocent, at least, if not in a useful, manner. The poor man who can read, and who possesses a taste for reading, can find entertainment at home, without being tempted to repair to the public-house for that purpose. His mind can find him employment when his body is at rest; he does not lie prostrate and float on the current of incidents, liable to be carried whithersoever the impulse of appetite may direct. There is in the mind of such a man an intellectual spring urging him to the pursuit of *mental* good; and if the minds of his family also are a little cultivated, conversation becomes the more interesting, and the sphere of domestic enjoyment enlarged. The calm satisfaction which books afford, puts him into a disposition to relish more exquisitely the tranquil delight inseparable from the indulgence of conjugal and parental affection; and as he will be more respectable in the eyes of his family than he who can teach them nothing, he will be naturally induced to cultivate whatever may preserve, and to shun whatever would impair, that respect. He who is inured to reflection will carry his views beyond the present hour; he will extend his prospect a little into futurity, and be disposed to make some provision for his approaching wants; whence will result an increased motive to industry, together with a care to husband his earnings, and to avoid unnecessary expense. The poor man who has gained a taste for good books will in all likelihood become thoughtful; and when you have given the poor a habit of thinking, you have conferred on them a much greater favour than by the gift of a large sum of money, since you have put them in possession of the *principle* of all legitimate prosperity.

I am persuaded that the extreme profligacy, improvidence, and misery, which are so prevalent among the labouring classes in many countries, are chiefly to be ascribed to the want of education. In proof of this we need only cast our eyes on the condition of the Irish, compared with that of the peasantry in Scotland. Among the former you behold nothing but beggary, wretchedness, and sloth: in Scotland, on the contrary, under the disadvantages of a worse

climate and more unproductive soil, a degree of decency and comfort, the fruit of sobriety and industry, are conspicuous among the lower classes. And to what is this disparity in their situation to be ascribed, except to the influence of education? In Ireland, the education of the poor is miserably neglected; very few of them can read, and they grow up in a total ignorance of what it most befits a rational creature to understand: while in Scotland the establishment of free schools in every parish, an essential branch of the ecclesiastical constitution of the country, brings the means of instruction within the reach of the poorest, who are there inured to decency, industry, and order.

Some have objected to the instruction of the lower classes, from an apprehension that it would lift them above their sphere, make them dissatisfied with their station in life, and, by impairing the habits of subordination, endanger the tranquillity of the state; an objection devoid surely of all force and validity. It is not easy to conceive in what manner instructing men in their duties can prompt them to neglect those duties, or how that enlargement of reason which enables them to comprehend the true grounds of authority and the obligation to obedience, should indispose them to obey. The admirable mechanism of society, together with that subordination of ranks which is essential to its subsistence, is surely not an elaborate imposture, which the exercise of reason will detect and expose. The objection we have stated, implies a reflection on the social order, equally impolitic, invidious, and unjust. Nothing in reality renders legitimate governments so insecure, as extreme ignorance in the people. It is this which yields them an easy prey to seduction, makes them the victims of prejudices and false alarms, and so ferocious withal, that their interference in a time of public commotion is more to be dreaded than the eruption of a volcano.

The true prop of good government is the opinion, the perception, on the part of the subject, of benefits resulting from it; a settled conviction, in other words, of its being a public good. Now, nothing can produce or maintain that opinion but knowledge, since opinion is a form of knowledge. Of tyrannical and unlawful governments, indeed, the support is fear, to which ignorance is as congenial as it is abhorrent from the genius of a free people. Look at the popular insurrections and massacres in France: of what description of persons were those ruffians composed, who, breaking forth like a torrent, overwhelmed the mounds of lawful authority? Who were the cannibals that sported with the mangled carcasses and palpitating limbs of their murdered victims, and dragged them about with their teeth, in the gardens of the Tuileries? Were they refined and elaborated into these barbarities by the efforts of a too polished education? No; they were the very scum of the people, destitute of all moral culture, whose atrocity was only equalled by their ignorance, as might well be expected, when the one was the legitimate parent of the other. Who are the persons who, in every country, are most disposed to outrage and violence, but the most ignorant and uneducated of the poor? to which class also chiefly belong those unhappy beings who are doomed to expiate their crimes at the fatal tree; few of whom, it has recently been ascertained on accurate inquiry, are able to read, and the greater part utterly destitute of all moral or religious principle.

"A HUNTING WE WILL GO."

BY HENRY FIELDING.

The dusky night rides down the sky,
And ushers in the morn;
The hounds all join in glorious cry,
The huntsman winds his horn,
And a hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throws
Her arms to make him stay;
"My dear, it rains, it hails, it blows,
You cannot hunt to-day."
Yet a hunting we will go.

Away they fly to 'scape the rout,
Their steeds they soundly switch;
Some are thrown in, some are thrown out,
And some are thrown in the ditch.
Yet a hunting we will go.

Sly Reynard now like lightning flies,
And sweeps across the vale;
And when the hounds too near he spies,
He drops his bushy tail.
Then a hunting we will go.

Fond Echo seems to like the sport,
And join the jovial cry;
The woods, the hills, the sound retort,
And music fills the sky,
When a hunting we do go.

At last his strength to faintness worn,
Poor Reynard ceases flight;
Then hungry, homewards we return,
To feast away the night.
And a drinking we do go.

Ye jovial hunters in the morn
Prepare then for the chase;
Rise at the sounding of the horn,
And health with sport embrace,
When a hunting we do go.

A LOVE SCENE.

[Anthony Trollope, born 1815. One of the most popular and most prolific of modern novelists. He is the second son of the late Thomas Adolphus Trollope, barrister, and of Mrs. Frances Trollope, novelist and miscellaneous writer. From 1834 till 1867 Mr. Anthony Trollope was engaged in the post-office. *The Warden* and *Barchester Towers* (we quote from the latter) are two of his best works, and are published by Longmans, Green, & Co. Of his numerous other works the most important are: *Framley Parsonage; Doctor Thorne; The Bertrams; Castle Richmond; Tales of All Countries; North America; Orley Farm; Can you Forgive Her; Ralph the Heir; Last Chronicle of Barset; The Golden Lion of Grandpere; The Eustace Diamonds; Lady Anne*, &c. &c. His greatest successes have been attained by his pictures of clerical life. He died in 1882.]

Mr. Arabin had heard from his friend of the probability of Eleanor's marriage with Mr. Slope with amazement, but not with incredulity. It has been said that he was not in love with Eleanor, and up to this period this certainly had been true. But as soon as he heard that she loved some one else, he began to be very fond of her himself. He did not make up his mind that he wished to have her for his wife; he had never thought of her, and did not now think of her, in connection with himself; but he experienced an inward indefinable feeling of deep regret, a gnawing sorrow, an unconquerable depression of spirits, and also a species of self-abasement that he—he, Mr. Arabin—had not done something to prevent that other he, that vile he, whom he so thoroughly despised, from carrying off this sweet prize.

Whatever man may have reached the age of forty unmarried without knowing something of such feelings must have been very successful or else very cold-hearted.

Mr. Arabin had never thought of trimming the sails of his bark, so that he might sail as convoy to this rich argosy. He had seen that Mrs. Bold was beautiful, but he had not dreamt of making her beauty his own. He knew that Mrs. Bold was rich, but he had had no more idea of appropriating her wealth than that of Dr. Grantly. He had discovered that Mrs. Bold was intelligent, warm-hearted, agreeable, sensible, all, in fact, that a man could wish his wife to be; but the higher were her attractions, the greater her claims to consideration, the less had he imagined that he might possibly become the possessor of them. Such had been his instinct rather than his thoughts, so humble and so diffident. Now his diffidence was to be rewarded by his seeing this woman, whose beauty was to his eyes perfect, whose wealth was such as would have silenced him had he not been so deterred, by his seeing her become the prey of——Obadiah Slope!

On the morning of Mrs. Bold's departure he got on his horse to ride over to St. Ewold's. As he rode he kept muttering to himself a line from Van Artevelde,

> "How little flattering is woman's love."

And then he strove to recall his mind and to think of other affairs, his parish, his college, his creed—but his thoughts would revert to Mr. Slope and the Flemish chieftain.—

> "When we think upon it,
> How little flattering is woman's love,
> Given commonly to whosoe'er is nearest
> And propped with most advantage."

It was not that Mrs. Bold should marry any one but him; he had not put himself foward as a suitor; but that she should marry Mr. Slope—and so he repeated over again—

> "Outward grace
> Nor inward light is needful—day by day
> Men wanting both are mated with the best
> And loftiest of God's feminine creation,
> Whose love takes no distinction but of gender,
> And ridicules the very name of choice."

And so he went on, troubled much in his mind.

He had but an uneasy ride of it that morning, and little good did he do at St. Ewold's.

The necessary alterations in his house were being fast completed, and he walked through the rooms, and went up and down the stairs, and rambled through the garden; but he could not wake himself to much interest about them. He stood still at every window to look out and think upon Mr. Slope. At almost every window he had before stood and chatted with Eleanor. She and Mrs. Grantly had been there continually, and while Mrs. Grantly had been giving orders, and seeing that orders had been complied with, he and Eleanor had conversed on all things appertaining to a clergyman's profession. He thought how often he had laid down the law to her, and how sweetly she had borne with his somewhat dictatorial decrees. He remembered her listening intelligence, her gentle but quick replies, her interest in all that concerned the church, in all that concerned him; and then he struck his riding whip against the window sill, and declared to himself that it was impossible that Eleanor Bold should marry Mr. Slope.

And yet he did not really believe, as he should have done, that it was impossible. He should have known her well enough to feel that

it was truly impossible. He should have been aware that Eleanor had that within her which would surely protect her from such degradation. But he, like so many others, was deficient in confidence in woman. He said to himself over and over again that it was impossible that Eleanor Bold should become Mrs. Slope, and yet he believed that she would do so. And so he rambled about, and could do and think of nothing. He was thoroughly uncomfortable, thoroughly ill at ease, cross with himself, and everybody else, and feeding in his heart on animosity towards Mr. Slope. This was not as it should be, as he knew and felt; but he could not help himself. In truth, Mr. Arabin was now in love with Mrs. Bold, though ignorant of the fact himself. He was in love, and, though forty years old, was in love without being aware of it. He fumed and fretted, and did not know what was the matter, as a youth might do at one-and-twenty. And so having done no good at St. Ewold's, he rode back much earlier than was usual with him, instigated by some inward unacknowledged hope that he might see Mrs. Bold before she left.

Eleanor had not passed a pleasant morning. She was irritated with every one, and not least with herself. She felt that she had been hardly used, but she felt also that she had not played her own cards well. She should have held herself so far above suspicion as to have received her sister's innuendoes and the archdeacon's lecture with indifference. She had not done this, but had shown herself angry and sore, and was now ashamed of her own petulance, and yet unable to discontinue it.

The greater part of the morning she had spent alone; but after a while her father joined her. He had fully made up his mind that, come what might, nothing should separate him from his younger daughter. It was a hard task for him to reconcile himself to the idea of seeing her at the head of Mr. Slope's table; but he got through it. Mr. Slope, as he argued to himself, was a respectable man and a clergyman; and he, as Eleanor's father, had no right even to endeavour to prevent her from marrying such a one. He longed to tell her how he had determined to prefer her to all the world, how he was prepared to admit that she was not wrong, how thoroughly he differed from Dr. Grantly; but he could not bring himself to mention Mr. Slope's name. There was yet a chance that they were all wrong in their surmise! and, being thus in doubt, he could not bring himself to speak openly to her on the subject.

He was sitting with her in the drawing-room, with his arm round her waist, saying every now and then some little soft words of affection, and working hard with his imaginary fiddle-bow, when Mr. Arabin entered the room. He immediately got up, and the two made some trite remarks to each other, neither thinking of what he was saying, while Eleanor kept her seat on the sofa mute and moody. Mr. Arabin was included in the list of those against whom her anger was excited. He, too, had dared to talk about her acquaintance with Mr. Slope; he, too, had dared to blame her for not making an enemy of his enemy. She had not intended to see him before her departure, and was now but little inclined to be gracious.

There was a feeling through the whole house that something was wrong. Mr. Arabin, when he saw Eleanor, could not succeed in looking or in speaking as though he knew nothing of all this. He could not be cheerful, and positive, and contradictory with her, as was his wont. He had not been two minutes in the room before he felt that he had done wrong to return; and the moment he heard her voice he thoroughly wished himself back at St. Ewold's. Why, indeed, should he have wished to have aught further to say to the future wife of Mr. Slope?

"I am sorry to hear that you are to leave us so soon," said he, striving in vain to use his ordinary voice. In answer to this she muttered something about the necessity of her being in Barchester, and betook herself most industriously to her crochet work.

Then there was a little more trite conversation between Mr. Arabin and Mr. Harding; trite, and hard, and vapid, and senseless. Neither of them had anything to say to the other, and yet neither at such a moment liked to remain silent. At last Mr. Harding, taking advantage of a pause, escaped out of the room, and Eleanor and Mr. Arabin were left together.

"Your going will be a great break-up to our party," said he.

She again muttered something which was all but inaudible; but kept her eyes fixed upon her work.

"We have had a very pleasant month here," said he; "at least, I have; and I am sorry it should be so soon over."

"I have already been from home longer than I intended," said she; "and it is time that I should return."

"Well, pleasant hours and pleasant days must come to an end. It is a pity that so few of them are pleasant, or perhaps, rather"——

"It is a pity, certainly, that men and women do so much to destroy the pleasantness of their

days," said she, interrupting him. "It is a pity that there should be so little charity abroad."

"Charity should begin at home," said he; and he was proceeding to explain that he as a clergyman could not be what she would call charitable at the expense of those principles which he considered it his duty to teach, when he remembered that it would be worse than vain to argue on such a matter with the future wife of Mr. Slope. "But you are just leaving us," he continued, "and I will not weary your last hour with another lecture. As it is, I fear I have given you too many."

"You should practise as well as preach, Mr. Arabin?"

"Undoubtedly I should. So should we all. All of us who presume to teach are bound to do our utmost towards fulfilling our own lessons. I thoroughly allow my deficiency in doing so; but I do not quite know now to what you allude. Have you any special reason for telling me now that I should practise as well as preach?"

Eleanor made no answer. She longed to let him know the cause of her anger, to upbraid him for speaking of her disrespectfully, and then at last to forgive him, and so part friends. She felt that she would be unhappy to leave him in her present frame of mind; but yet she could hardly bring herself to speak to him of Mr. Slope. And how could she allude to the innuendo thrown out by the archdeacon, and thrown out, as she believed, at the instigation of Mr. Arabin? She wanted to make him know that he was wrong, to make him aware that he had ill-treated her, in order that the sweetness of her forgiveness might be enhanced. She felt that she liked him too well to be contented to part with him in displeasure: and yet she could not get over her deep displeasure without some explanation, some acknowledgment on his part, some assurance that he would never again so sin against her.

"Why do you tell me that I should practise what I preach?" continued he.

"All men should do so."

"Certainly. That is as it were understood and acknowledged. But you do not say so to all men, or to all clergymen. The advice, good as it is, is not given except in allusion to some special deficiency. If you will tell me my special deficiency, I will endeavour to profit by the advice."

She paused for a while, and then, looking full in his face, she said, "You are not bold enough, Mr. Arabin, to speak out to me openly and plainly, and yet you expect me, a woman, to speak openly to you. Why did you speak calumny of me to Dr. Grantly behind my back?"

"Calumny!" said he, and his whole face became suffused with blood; "what calumny? If I have spoken calumny of you, I will beg your pardon, and his to whom I spoke it, and God's pardon also. But what calumny have I spoken of you to Dr. Grantly?"

She also blushed deeply. She could not bring herself to ask him whether he had not spoken of her as another man's wife. "You know that best yourself," said she; "but I ask you as a man of honour, if you have not spoken of me as you would not have spoken of your own sister; or rather I will not ask you," she continued, finding that he did not immediately answer her. "I will not put you to the necessity of answering such a question. Dr. Grantly has told me what you said."

"Dr. Grantly certainly asked me for my advice, and I gave it. He asked me"——

"I know he did, Mr. Arabin. He asked you whether he would be doing right to receive me at Plumstead, if I continued my acquaintance with a gentleman who happens to be personally disagreeable to yourself and to him?"

"You are mistaken, Mrs. Bold. I have no personal knowledge of Mr. Slope; I never met him in my life."

"You are not the less individually hostile to him. It is not for me to question the propriety of your enmity; but I had a right to expect that my name should not have been mixed up in your hostilities. This has been done, and been done by you in a manner the most injurious and the most distressing to me as a woman. I must confess, Mr. Arabin, that from you I expected a different sort of usage."

As she spoke, she with difficulty restrained her tears; but she did restrain them. Had she given way and sobbed aloud, as in such cases a woman should do, he would have melted at once, implored her pardon, perhaps knelt at her feet and declared his love. Everything would have been explained, and Eleanor would have gone back to Barchester with a contented mind. How easily would she have forgiven and forgotten the archdeacon's suspicions had she but heard the whole truth from Mr. Arabin. But then where would have been my novel? She did not cry, and Mr. Arabin did not melt.

"You do me an injustice," said he. "My advice was asked by Dr. Grantly, and I was obliged to give it."

"Dr. Grantly has been most officious, most impertinent. I have as complete a right to form my acquaintance as he has to form his.

What would you have said, had I consulted you as to the propriety of my banishing Dr. Grantly from my house because he knows Lord Tattenham Corner? I am sure Lord Tattenham is quite as objectionable an acquaintance for a clergyman as Mr. Slope is for a clergyman's daughter."

"I do not know Lord Tattenham Corner."

"No; but Dr. Grantly does. It is nothing to me if he knows all the young lords on every racecourse in England. I shall not interfere with him; nor shall he with me."

"I am sorry to differ with you, Mrs. Bold; but as you have spoken to me on this matter, and especially as you blame me for what little I said on the subject, I must tell you that I do differ from you. Dr. Grantly's position as a man in the world gives him a right to choose his own acquaintances, subject to certain influences. If he chooses them badly, those influences will be used. If he consorts with persons unsuitable to him, his bishop will interfere. What the bishop is to do Dr. Grantly, Dr. Grantly is to you."

"I deny it. I utterly deny it," said Eleanor, jumping from her seat, and literally flashing before Mr. Arabin, as she stood on the drawing-room floor. He had never seen her so excited, he had never seen her look half so beautiful.

"I utterly deny it," said she. "Dr. Grantly has no sort of jurisdiction over me whatsoever. Do you and he forget that I am not altogether alone in the world? Do you forget that I have a father? Dr. Grantly, I believe, always has forgotten it."

"From you, Mr. Arabin," she continued, "I would have listened to advice, because I should have expected it to have been given as one friend may advise another; not as a schoolmaster gives an order to a pupil. I might have differed from you; on this matter I should have done so; but had you spoken to me in your usual manner and with your usual freedom I should not have been angry. But now — — was it manly of you, Mr. Arabin, to speak of me in this way ——, so disrespectful—so ——? I cannot bring myself to repeat what you said. You must understand what I feel. Was it just of you to speak of me in such a way, and to advise my sister's husband to turn me out of my sister's house, because I chose to know a man of whose doctrine you disapprove?"

"I have no alternative left to me, Mrs. Bold," said he, standing with his back to the fire-place, looking down intently at the carpet pattern, and speaking with a slow measured voice, "but to tell you plainly what did take place between me and Dr. Grantly."

"Well," said she, finding that he paused for a moment.

"I am afraid that what I may say may pain you."

"It cannot well do so more than what you have already done," said she.

"Dr. Grantly asked me whether I thought it would be prudent to receive you in his house as the wife of Mr. Slope, and I told him that I thought it would be imprudent. Believing it to be utterly impossible that Mr. Slope and ——"

"Thank you, Mr. Arabin, that is sufficient. I do not want to know your reasons," said she, speaking with a terribly calm voice. "I have shown to this gentleman the common-place civility of a neighbour; and because I have done so, because I have not indulged against him in all the rancour and hatred which you and Dr. Grantly consider due to all clergymen who do not agree with yourselves, you conclude that I am to marry him;—or rather you do not conclude so—no rational man could really come to such an outrageous conclusion without better ground;—you have not thought so—but, as I am in a position in which such an accusation must be peculiarly painful, it is made in order that I may be terrified into hostility against this enemy of yours."

As she finished speaking, she walked to the drawing-room window and stepped out into the garden. Mr. Arabin was left in the room, still occupied in counting the pattern on the carpet. He had, however, distinctly heard and accurately marked every word that she had spoken. Was it not clear from what she had said, that the archdeacon had been wrong in imputing to her any attachment to Mr. Slope? Was it not clear that Eleanor was still free to make another choice? It may seem strange that he should for a moment have had a doubt; and yet he did doubt. She had not absolutely denied the charge; she had not expressly said that it was untrue. Mr. Arabin understood little of the nature of a woman's feelings, or he would have known how improbable it was that she should make any clearer declaration than she had done. Few men do understand the nature of a woman's heart, till years have robbed such understanding of its value. And it is well that it should be so, or men would triumph too easily.

Mr. Arabin stood counting the carpet, unhappy, wretchedly unhappy, at the hard words that had been spoken to him; and yet happy, exquisitely happy, as he thought that after all the woman whom he so regarded was not to become the wife of the man whom he so

much disliked. As he stood there he began to be aware that he was himself in love. Forty years had passed over his head, and as yet woman's beauty had never given him an uneasy hour. His present hour was very uneasy.

Not that he remained there for half or a quarter of that time. In spite of what Eleanor had said, Mr. Arabin was, in truth, a manly man. Having ascertained that he loved this woman, and having now reason to believe that she was free to receive his love, at least if she pleased to do so, he followed her into the garden to make such wooing as he could.

He was not long in finding her. She was walking to and fro beneath the avenue of elms that stood in the archdeacon's grounds, skirting the churchyard. What had passed between her and Mr. Arabin had not, alas, tended to lessen the acerbity of her spirit. She was very angry; more angry with him than with any one. How could he have so misunderstood her? She had been so intimate with him, had allowed him such latitude in what he had chosen to say to her, had complied with his ideas, cherished his views, fostered his precepts, cared for his comforts, made much of him in every way in which a pretty woman can make much of an unmarried man without committing herself or her feelings! She had been doing this, and while she had been doing it he had regarded her as the affianced wife of another man.

As she passed along the avenue, every now and then an unbidden tear would force itself on her cheek, and as she raised her hand to brush it away, she stamped with her little foot upon the sward with very spite to think that she had been so treated.

Mr. Arabin was very near to her when she first saw him, and she turned short round and retraced her steps down the avenue, trying to rid her cheeks of all trace of the tell-tale tears. It was a needless endeavour, for Mr. Arabin was in a state of mind that hardly allowed him to observe such trifles. He followed her down the walk, and overtook her just as she reached the end of it.

He had not considered how he would address her; he had not thought what he would say. He had only felt that it was wretchedness to him to quarrel with her, and that it would be happiness to be allowed to love her. And yet he could not lower himself by asking her pardon. He had done her no wrong. He had not calumniated her, not injured her, as she had accused him of doing. He could not confess sins of which he had not been guilty. He could only let the past be past, and ask her as to her and his hopes for the future.

"I hope we are not to part as enemies?" said he.

"There shall be no enmity on my part," said Eleanor; "I endeavour to avoid all enmities. It would be a hollow pretence were I to say that there can be true friendship between us after what has just passed. People cannot make their friends of those whom they despise."

"And am I despised?"

"*I* must have been so before you could have spoken of me as you did. And I was deceived, cruelly deceived. I believed that you thought well of me; I believed that you esteemed me."

"Thought well of you and esteemed you!" said he. "In justifying myself before you, I must use stronger words than those." He paused for a moment, and Eleanor's heart beat with painful violence within her bosom as she waited for him to go on. "I have esteemed, do esteem you, as I never yet esteemed any woman. Think well of you! I never thought to think so well, so much of any human creature. Speak calumny of you! Insult you! Wilfully injure you! I wish it were my privilege to shield you from calumny, insult, and injury. Calumny! ah, me. 'Twere almost better that it were so. Better than to worship with a sinful worship; sinful and vain also." And then he walked along beside her, with his hands clasped behind his back, looking down on the grass beneath his feet, and utterly at a loss how to express his meaning. And Eleanor walked beside him determined at least to give him no assistance.

"Ah me!" he uttered at last, speaking rather to himself than to her. "Ah me! these Plumstead walks were pleasant enough, if one could have but heart's ease; but without that the dull dead stones of Oxford were far preferable; and St. Ewold's too; Mrs. Bold, I am beginning to think that I mistook myself when I came hither. A Romish priest now would have escaped all this. Oh, Father of heaven! how good for us would it be, if thou couldest vouchsafe to us a certain rule."

"And have we not a certain rule, Mr. Arabin?"

"Yes—yes, surely; 'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.' But what is temptation? what is evil? Is this evil,—is this temptation?"

Poor Mr. Arabin! It would not come out of him, that deep true love of his. He could not bring himself to utter it in plain language that would require and demand an answer. He knew not how to say to the woman by his side, "Since the fact is that you do not love that other man, that you are not to be his wife,

can you love me, will you be my wife?" These were the words which were in his heart, but with all his sighs he could not draw them to his lips. He would have given anything, everything for power to ask this simple question; but glib as was his tongue in pulpits and on platforms, now he could not find a word wherewith to express the plain wish of his heart.

And yet Eleanor understood him as thoroughly as though he had declared his passion with all the elegant fluency of a practised Lothario. With a woman's instinct she followed every bend of his mind, as he spoke of the pleasantness of Plumstead and the stones of Oxford, as he alluded to the safety of the Romish priest and the hidden perils of temptation. She knew that it all meant love. She knew that this man at her side, this accomplished scholar, this practised orator, this great polemical combatant, was striving and striving in vain to tell her that his heart was no longer his own.

She knew this, and felt a sort of joy in knowing it; and yet she would not come to his aid. He had offended her deeply, had treated her unworthily, the more unworthily seeing that he had learned to love her, and Eleanor could not bring herself to abandon her revenge. She did not ask herself whether or no she would ultimately accept his love. She did not even acknowledge to herself that she now perceived it with pleasure. At the present moment it did not touch her heart; it merely appeased her pride and flattered her vanity. Mr. Arabin had dared to associate her name with that of Mr. Slope, and now her spirit was soothed by finding that he would fain associate it with his own. And so she walked on beside him inhaling incense, but giving out no sweetness in return.

"Answer me this," said Mr. Arabin, stopping suddenly in his walk, and stepping forward so that he faced his companion. "Answer me this one question. You do not love Mr. Slope? you did not intend to be his wife?"

Mr. Arabin certainly did not go the right way to win such a woman as Eleanor Bold. Just as her wrath was evaporating, as it was disappearing before the true warmth of his untold love, he re-kindled it by a most useless repetition of his original sin. Had he known what he was about he should never have mentioned Mr. Slope's name before Eleanor Bold, till he had made her all his own. Then, and not till then, he might have talked of Mr. Slope with as much triumph as he chose.

"I shall answer no such question," said she; "and what is more, I must tell you that nothing can justify your asking it. Good morning!"

And so saying she stepped proudly across the lawn, and passing through the drawing-room window joined her father and sister at lunch in the dining-room. Half an hour afterwards she was in the carriage, and so she left Plumstead without again seeing Mr. Arabin.

His walk was long and sad among the sombre trees that overshadowed the churchyard. He left the archdeacon's grounds that he might escape attention, and sauntered among the green hillocks under which lay at rest so many of the once loving swains and forgotten beauties of Plumstead. To his ears Eleanor's last words sounded like a knell never to be reversed. He could not comprehend that she might be angry with him, indignant with him, remorseless with him, and yet love him. He could not make up his mind whether or no Mr. Slope was in truth a favoured rival. If not, why should she not have answered his question?

Poor Mr. Arabin—untaught, illiterate, boorish, ignorant man! That at forty years of age you should know so little of the workings of a woman's heart!

A RUSTIC SCENE.

A green and silent spot amid the hills,
A small and silent dell! O'er stiller place
No singing skylark ever poised himself.
The hills are heathy, save that swelling slope,
Which hath a gay and gorgeous covering on,
All golden with the never-bloomless furze,
Which now blooms most profusely; but the dell,
Bathed by the mist, is fresh and delicate
As vernal corn-field, or the unripe flax,
When, through its half-transparent stalks, at eve,
The level sunshine glimmers with green light.
Oh, 'tis a quiet spirit-healing nook!
Which all, methinks, would love: but chiefly he,
The humble man, who, in his youthful years,
Knew just so much of folly as had made
His early manhood more securely wise!
Here he might lie on fern or withered heath,
While from the singing lark (that sings unseen
The minstrelsy that solitude loves best),
And from the sun, and from the breezy air,
Sweet influences trembled o'er his frame;
And he, with many feelings, many thoughts,
Made up a meditative joy, and found
Religious meanings in the forms of nature!
And so, his senses gradually wrapt
In a half sleep, he dreams of better worlds,
And dreaming, hears thee still, O singing lark,
That singest like an angel in the clouds!

S. T. Coleridge.

WILLIAM HOGARTH.

[Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford;[1] born 5th October, 1717; died in London 2d March, 1797. Son of the statesman Sir Robert Walpole, Earl of Orford, by whose influence he obtained three sinecure offices, which enabled him to gratify his artistic tastes by the erection of the famous Strawberry Hill mansion, and the collection there of many valuable works of art. He sat in Parliament first for Callington and subsequently for King's Lynn. He wrote numerous miscellaneous sketches; but his most important works are: *Letter from Xo-Ho, a Chinese Philosopher at London, to his Friend Lien-Chi at Pekin; Fugitive Pieces in Verse and Prose; Royal and Noble Authors of England; Anecdotes of Painting in England* (from which we quote); *The Castle of Otranto*, a Gothic romance; *The Mysterious Mother*, a tragedy; *Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of Richard III.*: *Essay on Modern Gardening; Letters and Correspondence; Memoirs and Journal;* &c. &c.]

Having despatched the herd of our painters in oil, I reserved to a class by himself that great and original genius, Hogarth; considering him rather as a writer of comedy with a pencil, than as a painter. If catching the manners and follies of an age *living as they rise*, if general satire on vices, and ridicules, familiarized by strokes of nature heightened by wit, and the whole animated by proper and just expressions of the passions, be comedy, Hogarth composed comedies as much as Molière: in his Marriage à la Mode there is even an intrigue carried on throughout the piece. He is more true to character than Congreve; each personage is distinct from the rest, acts in his sphere, and cannot be confounded with any other of the *dramatis personæ*. The alderman's footboy, in the last print of the set I have mentioned, is an ignorant rustic; and if wit is struck out from the characters in which it is not expected, it is from their acting conformably to their situation, and from the mode of their passions, not from their having the wit of fine gentlemen. Thus there is wit in the figure of the alderman, who, when his daughter is expiring in the agonies of poison, wears a face of solicitude—but it is to save her gold ring, which he is drawing gently from her finger. The thought is parallel to Molière's, where the miser puts out one of the candles as he is talking. Molière, inimitable as he has proved, brought a rude theatre to perfection. Hogarth had no model to follow and improve upon. He created his art; and used colours instead of language. His place is between the Italians, whom we may consider as epic poets and tragedians, and the Flemish painters, who are as writers of farce and editors of burlesque nature. They are the Tom Browns of the mob. Hogarth resembles Butler; but his subjects are more universal, and amidst all his pleasantry he observes the true end of comedy, reformation; there is always a moral to his pictures. Sometimes he rose to tragedy, not in the catastrophe of kings and heroes, but in marking how vice conducts insensibly and incidentally to misery and shame. He warns against encouraging cruelty and idleness in young minds, and discerns how the different vices of the great and the vulgar lead by various paths to the same unhappiness. The fine lady in Marriage à la Mode, and Tom Nero in The Four Stages of Cruelty, terminate their story in blood—she occasions the murder of her husband, he assassinates his mistress. How delicate and superior too is his satire, when he intimates, in The College of Physicians and Surgeons that preside at a dissection, how the legal habitude of viewing shocking scenes hardens the human mind, and renders it unfeeling. The president maintains the dignity of insensibility over an executed corpse, and considers it but as the object of a lecture. In the print of The Sleeping Judges, this habitual indifference only excites our laughter.

It is to Hogarth's honour, that, in so many scenes of satire or ridicule, it is obvious that ill-nature did not guide his pencil. His end is always reformation, and his reproofs general. Except in the print of The Times, and the two portraits of Mr. Wilkes and Mr. Churchill that followed, no man, amidst such a profusion of characteristic faces, ever pretended to discover or charge him with the caricatura of a real person; except of such notorious characters as Chartres and Mother Needham, and a very few more, who are acting officially and suitably to their professions. As he must have observed so carefully the operation of the passions on the countenance, it is even wonderful that he never, though without intention, delivered the very features of any identical person. It is at the same time a proof of his intimate intuition into nature; but had he been too severe, the humanity of endeavouring to root out cruelty to animals would atone for many satires. It is another proof that he drew all his stores from nature and the force of his own genius, and was indebted neither to models nor books for his style, thoughts, or hints, that he never succeeded when he designed for the works of other men. I do not speak of his early per-

[1] He succeeded to the title on the death of his nephew George, third Earl of Orford; he affected to despise his new honours, never took his seat in the House of Lords, and in letters sometimes signed himself (to avoid the title) Uncle of the late Earl of Orford.

formances at the time when he was engaged by booksellers, and rose not above those they generally employ; but in his maturer age, when he had invented his art, and gave a few designs for some great authors, as Cervantes, Gulliver, and even Hudibras, his compositions were tame, spiritless, void of humour, and never reach the merits of the books they were designed to illustrate. He could not bend his talents to think after anybody else. He could think like a great genius rather than after one. I have a sketch in oil that he gave me, which he intended to engrave. It was done at the time (in 1729. Brit. Top. vol. i. p. 636) that the House of Commons appointed a committee to inquire into the cruelties exercised on prisoners in the Fleet to extort money from them. The scene is the committee; on the table are the instruments of torture. A prisoner in rags, half-starved, appears before them; the poor man has a good countenance that adds to the interest. On the other hand is the inhuman jailer. It is the very figure that Salvator Rosa would have drawn for Iago in the moment of detection. Villany, fear, and conscience are mixed in yellow and livid on his countenance, his lips are contracted by tremor, his face advances as eager to lie, his legs step back as thinking to make his escape; one hand is thrust precipitately into his bosom, the fingers of the other are catching uncertainly at his button-holes. If this was a portrait, it is the most speaking that ever was drawn; if it was not, it is still finer.

It is seldom that his figures do not express the character he intended to give them. When they wanted an illustration that colours could not bestow, collateral circumstances, full of wit, supply notes. The nobleman in Marriage à la Mode has a great air—the coronet on his crutches, and his pedigree issuing out of the bowels of William the Conqueror add his character. In the breakfast, the old steward reflects for the spectator. Sometimes a short label is an epigram, and is never introduced without improving the subject. Unfortunately, some circumstances that were temporary will be lost to posterity, the fate of all comic authors; and if ever an author wanted a commentary that none of his beauties might be lost, it is Hogarth—not from being obscure (for he never was that but in two or three of his first prints, where transient national follies, as lotteries, freemasonry, and the South Sea were his topics), but for the use of foreigners, and from a multiplicity of little incidents, not essential to, but always heightening, the principal action. Such is the spider's web extended over the poor's box in a parish church; the blunders in architecture, in the nobleman's seat seen through the window, in the first print of Marriage à la Mode, and a thousand in The Strollers dressing in a barn, which for wit and imagination, without any other end, I think the best of all his works; as for useful and deep satire, that on the Methodists is the most sublime. The scenes of bedlam and the gaming-house are inimitable representations of our serious follies or unavoidable woes; and the concern shown by the lord-mayor when the companion of his childhood is brought before him as a criminal, is a touching picture, and big with humane admonition and reflection.

Another instance of this author's genius is his not condescending to explain his moral lessons by the trite poverty of allegory. If he had an emblematic thought, he expressed it with wit rather than by a symbol. Once indeed he descended to use an allegoric personage, and was not happy in it; in one of his election prints Britannia's chariot breaks down, while the coachman and footman are playing at cards on the box. Sometimes, too, to please his vulgar customers, he stooped to low images and national satire, as in the two prints of France and England, and that of The Gates of Calais. The last, indeed, has great merit, though the caricatura is carried to excess. In all these the painter's purpose was to make his countrymen observe the ease and affluence of a free government, opposed to the wants and woes of slaves. In Beer Street, the English butcher tossing a Frenchman in the air with one hand is absolute hyperbole; and, what is worse, was an afterthought, not being in the first edition. The Gin Alley is much superior, horridly fine, but disgusting.

His Bartholomew Fair is full of humour; the March to Finchley, of nature; the Enraged Musician tends to farce. The Four Parts of the Day, except the last, are inferior to few of his works. The Sleeping Congregation, the Lecture on the Vacuum, the Laughing Audience, the Consultation of Physicians, as a coat of arms, and the Cockpit, are perfect in their several kinds. The prints of Industry and Idleness have more merit in the intention than execution.

Towards his latter end he now and then repeated himself, but seldomer than most great authors who executed so much.

It may appear singular, that of an author whom I call comic, and who is so celebrated for his humour, I should speak in general in so serious a style; but it would be suppressing the merits of his heart to consider him only as a promoter of laughter. I think I have shown that his views were more generous and exten-

sive. Mirth coloured his pictures, but benevolence designed them. He smiled like Socrates, that men might not be offended at his lectures, and might learn to laugh at their own follies. When his topics were harmless, all his touches were marked with pleasantry and fun. He never laughed, like Rabelais, at nonsense that he imposed for wit; but, like Swift, combined incidents that divert one from their unexpected encounter, and illustrate the tale he means to tell. Such are the hens roosting on the upright waves in the scene of The Strollers, and the devils drinking porter on the altar. The manners or costume are more than observed in every one of his works. The very furniture of his rooms describes the characters of the persons to whom they belong: a lesson that might be of use to comic authors. It was reserved to Hogarth to write a scene of furniture. The rake's levee room, the nobleman's dining-room, the apartments of the husband and wife in Marriage à la Mode, the alderman's parlour, the poet's bed-chamber, and many others, are the history of the manners of the age.

But perhaps too much has been said of this great genius as an author; it is time to speak of him as a painter, and to mention the circumstances of his life, in both of which I shall be more brief. His works are his history; as a painter he had but slender merit.

He was born in the parish of St. Bartholomew, London, the son of a low tradesman, who bound him to a mean engraver of arms[1] on plate; but before his time was expired he felt the impulse of genius, and felt it directed him to painting, though little apprised at that time of the mode nature had intended he should pursue. His apprenticeship was no sooner expired, than he entered into the academy in St. Martin's Lane, and studied drawing from the life, in which he never attained to great excellence. It was character, the passions, the soul, that his genius was given him to copy. In colouring he proved no greater a master; his force lay in expression, not in tints and chiaroscuro. At first he worked for booksellers, and designed and engraved plates for several books; and, which is extraordinary, no symptom of genius dawned in those plates. His Hudibras was the first of his works that marked him as a man above the common; yet what made him then noticed now surprises us, to find so little humour in an undertaking so congenial to his talents. On the success, however, of those plates he commenced painter, a painter of portraits: the most ill-suited employment imaginable to a man whose turn certainly was not flattery, nor his talent adapted to look on vanity without a sneer. Yet his facility in catching a likeness, and the method he chose of painting families and conversations in small, then a novelty, drew him prodigious business for some time. It did not last: either from his applying to the real bent of his disposition, or from his customers apprehending that a satirist was too formidable a confessor for the devotees of self-love. He had already dropped a few of his smaller prints on some reigning follies; but as the dates are wanting on most of them, I cannot ascertain which; though those on the South Sea and Rabbit Woman prove that he had early discovered his talent for ridicule, though he did not then think of building his reputation or fortune on its powers.

His Midnight Modern Conversation was the first work that showed his command of character; but it was The Harlot's Progress, published in 1729 or 1730, that established his fame. The pictures were scarce finished, and no sooner exhibited to the public, and the subscription opened, than above twelve hundred names were entered on his book. The familiarity of the subject and the propriety of the execution made it tasted by all ranks of people. Every engraver set himself to copy it, and thousands of imitations were dispersed all over the kingdom. It was made into a pantomime, and performed on the stage. The Rake's Progress, perhaps superior, had not so much success, from want of novelty; nor indeed is the print of The Arrest equal in merit to the others.

The curtain was now drawn aside, and his genius stood displayed in its full lustre. From time to time he continued to give those works that should be immortal, if the nature of his art will allow it. Even the receipts for his subscriptions had wit in them. Many of his plates he engraved himself, and often expunged faces etched by his assistants when they had not done justice to his ideas.

Not content with shining in a path untrodden before, he was ambitious of distinguishing himself as a painter of history. But not only his colouring and drawing rendered him unequal to the task; the genius that had entered so feelingly into the calamities and crimes of familiar life deserted him in a walk that called for dignity and grace. The burlesque turn of his mind mixed itself with the most serious subjects. In his Danaë, the old nurse tries a coin of the golden shower with her teeth to see if it is true gold; in the Pool of Bethesda, a servant

[1] This is wrong; it was to Mr. Gamble, an eminent silversmith. Nichol's Biog. Remarks.

of a rich ulcerated lady beats back a poor man that sought the same celestial remedy. Both circumstances are justly thought, but rather too ludicrous. It is a much more capital fault that Danaë herself is a mere nymph of Drury. He seems to have conceived no higher idea of beauty.

So little had he eyes to his own deficiencies, that he believed he had discovered the principle of grace. With the enthusiasm of a discoverer he cried, "Eureka!" This was his famous line of beauty, the ground-work of his *Analysis*, a book that has many sensible hints and observations, but that did not carry the conviction nor meet the universal acquiescence he expected. As he treated his contemporaries with scorn, they triumphed over this publication, and imitated him to expose him. Many wretched burlesque prints came out to ridicule his system. There was a better answer to it in one of the two prints that he gave to illustrate his hypothesis. In The Ball, had he confined himself to such outlines as compose awkwardness and deformity, he would have proved half his assertion; but he has added two samples of grace in a young lord and lady that are strikingly stiff and affected. They are a Bath beau and a county beauty.

But this was the failing of a visionary. He fell afterwards into a grosser mistake. From a contempt of the ignorant virtuosi of the age, and from indignation at the impudent tricks of picture-dealers, whom he saw continually recommending and vending vile copies to bubble-collectors, and from having never studied, indeed having seen, few good pictures of the great Italian masters, he persuaded himself that the praises bestowed on those glorious works were nothing but the effects of prejudice. He talked this language till he believed it; and having heard it often asserted, as is true, that time gives a mellowness to colours and improves them, he not only denied the proposition, but maintained that pictures only grew black and worse by age, not distinguishing between the degrees in which the proposition might be true or false. He went farther; he determined to rival the ancients, and unfortunately chose one of the finest pictures in England as the object of his competition. This was the celebrated Sigismonda of Sir Luke Schaub, now in the possession of the Duke of Newcastle, said to be painted by Correggio, probably by Furino, but no matter by whom. It is impossible to see the picture, or read Dryden's inimitable tale, and not feel that the same soul animated both. After many essays Hogarth at last produced *his* Sigismonda, but no more like Sigismonda than I to Hercules. Hogarth's performance was more ridiculous than anything he had ever ridiculed. He set the price of £400 on it, and had it returned on his hands by the person for whom it was painted. He took subscriptions for a plate of it, but had the sense at last to suppress it. I make no more apology for this account than for the encomiums I have bestowed on him. Both are dictated by truth, and are the history of a great man's excellencies and errors. Milton, it is said, preferred his *Paradise Regained* to his immortal poem.

The last memorable event of our artist's life was his quarrel with Mr. Wilkes; in which, if Mr. Hogarth did not commence direct hostilities on the latter, he at least obliquely gave the first offence by an attack on the friends and party of that gentleman. This conduct was the more surprising, as he had all his life avoided dipping his pencil in political contests, and had early refused a very lucrative offer that was made to engage him in a set of prints against the head of a court party. Without entering into the merits of the cause, I shall only state the fact. In September, 1762, Mr. Hogarth published his print of The Times. It was answered by Mr. Wilkes in a severe *North Briton*. On this the painter exhibited the caricatura of the writer. Mr. Churchill, the poet, then engaged in the war, and wrote his epistle to Hogarth, not the brightest of his works, and in which the severest strokes fell on a defect that the painter had neither caused nor could amend—his age; and which, however, was neither remarkable nor decrepit, much less had it impaired his talents, as appeared by his having composed but six months before one of his most capital works, the satire on the Methodists. In revenge for this epistle, Hogarth caricatured Churchill under the form of a canonical bear, with a club and a pot of porter—Et vitulâ tu dignus et hic. Never did two angry men of their abilities throw mud with less dexterity.

Mr. Hogarth, in the year 1730, married the only daughter of Sir James Thornhill, by whom he had no children. He died of a dropsy in his breast at his house in Leicester Fields, October 26, 1764.

He sold about twenty-four of his principal pictures by auction in 1745. Mr. Vincent Bourne addressed a copy of Latin hendecasyllables to him on his chief pictures, and Roquetti, the enameller, published a French explanation, though a superficial one, of many of his prints, which it was said he had drawn up for the use of Marshal Belleisle, then a prisoner in England.

"THE BEACON."[1]

BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

. . . . . .

BASTIANI. TERENTIA.

Bast. He's in a blessed mood: what so disturbs him?

Ter. What has disturb'd him long, as well thou knowest:
Aurora's persevering fond belief
That her beloved Ermingard still lives,
And will return again. To guide his bark
Upon our dangerous coast she nightly kindles
Her watch-fire, sitting by the lonely flame;
For so she promised, when he parted from her,
To watch for his return.

Bast. Ulrick in wisdom should have married them
Before he went, for then the chance had been
She had not watch'd so long.
Your widow is a thing of more docility
Than your lorn maiden.—Pardon, fair Terentia.

Ter. Thy tongue wags freely. Yet, I must confess,
Had Ulrick done what thou call'st wisely, he
The very thing had done which as her kinsman
He was in duty bound to. But alas!
A wayward passion warp'd him from the right,
And made him use his power ungenerously
Their union to prevent.

. . . . . .

AURORA. TERENTIA. EDDA.

Ter. Here you will find a more refreshing air;
The western sun beats fiercely.

Aur. Western sun!
Is time so far advanced? I left my couch
Scarcely an hour ago.

Ter. You are deceived.
Three hours have pass'd, but pass'd by you unheeded;
Who have the while in silent stillness been,
Like one forlorn, that has no need of time.

Aur. In truth I now but little have to do
With time or any thing besides. It passes;
Hour follows hour; day follows day; and year,
If I so long shall last, will follow year:
Like drops that through the cavern'd hermit's roof
Some cold spring filters; glancing on his eye
At measured intervals, but moving not
His fix'd unvaried notice.

Ed. Nay, dearest lady, be not so depress'd.
You have not ask'd me for my song to day—
The song you praised so much. Shall I not sing it?
I do but wait your bidding.

Aur. I thank thy kindness; sing it if thou wilt.

SONG.

Where distant billows meet the sky,
A pale dull light the seamen spy,
As spent they stand and tempest-tost,
Their vessel struck, their rudder lost;
While distant homes where kinsmen weep,
And graves full many a fathom deep,
By turns their fitful, gloomy thoughts portray:
"'Tis some delusion of the sight,
Some northern streamer's paly light."
"Fools!" saith roused Hope with generous scorn,
"It is the blessed peep of morn,
And aid and safety come when comes the day."
And so it is; the gradual shine
Spreads o'er heaven's verge its lengthen'd line:
Cloud after cloud begins to glow
And tint the changeful deep below;
Now sombre red, now amber bright,
Till upward breaks the blazing light;
Like floating fire the gleamy billows burn:
Far distant on the ruddy tide,
A blackening sail is seen to glide;
Loud bursts their eager joyful cry,
Their hoisted signal waves on high,
And life, and strength, and happy thoughts return.

Ter. Is not her voice improved in power and sweetness?

Ed. It is a cheering song.

Aur. It cheers those who are cheer'd.
[*After a pause.*
Twelve years are past;
Their daughters matrons grown, their infants youths,
And they themselves with aged furrows mark'd;
But none of all their kin are yet return'd,
No, nor shall ever.

Ter. Still run thy thoughts upon those hapless women
Of that small hamlet, whose advent'rous peasants
To Palestine with noble Baldwin went,
And ne'er were heard of more?

Aur. They perish'd there; and of their dismal fate
No trace remain'd—none of them all return'd.
Didst thou not say so?—Husbands, lovers, friends,—
Not one returned again.

Ter. So I believe.

Aur. Thou but believest then?

Ter. As I was told.

Ed. Thou hast the story wrong.
Four years gone by, one did return again;
But marr'd, and maim'd, and changed,—a woeful man.

Aur. And what though every limb were hack'd and maim'd,
And roughen'd o'er with scars?—he did return.
[*Rising lightly from her seat.*
I would a pilgrimage to Iceland go,
To the Antipodes or burning zone,
To see that man who did return again,
And her who did receive him.—Did receive him!
O what a moving thought lurks here!—How was't?
Tell it me all: and oh, another time,
Give me your tale ungarbled.—

Enter VIOLA.

Ha! Viola! 'tis my first sight of thee
Since our long vigil. Thou hast had, I hope,
A sound and kindly sleep.

[1] One of the "Plays on the Passions:" this one being in illustration of Hope.

Viol. Kindly enough, but somewhat cross'd with dreams.

Aur. How cross'd? What was thy dream? O tell it me!
I have an ear that craves for every thing
That hath the smallest sign or omen in it.
It was not sad?

Viol. Nay, rather strange; methought
A christening feast within your bower was held;
But when the infant to the font was brought,
It proved a full-grown man in armour clad.

Aur. A full-grown man!
O blessing on thy dream!
From death to life restored is joyful birth.
It is, it is! come to my heart, sweet maid!
[*Embracing* VIOLA.
A blessing on thyself and on thy sleep!
I feel a kindling life within me stir,
That doth assure me it has shadow'd forth
A joy that soon shall be.

Ter. So may it prove!
But trust not such vain fancies, nor appear
Too much elated; for unhappy Ulrick
Swears that your Beacon, after this night's watch,
Shall burn no more.

Aur. He does! Then will we have
A noble fire. This night our lofty blaze
Shall through the darkness shoot full many a league
Its streamy rays, like to a bearded star
Preceding changeful—ay, and better times.
It may in very truth.—O if his bark
(For many a bark within their widened reach
The dark seas traverse) should our light descry!
Should this be so—it may; perhaps it will.
O that it might!—We'll have a rousing blaze!
Give me your hands.

[*Taking* VIOLA *and* TERENTIA *gaily by the hands.*
So lightly bounds my heart,
I could like midnight goblins round the flame
Unruly orgies hold.—Ha! think ye not,
When to the font our mail-clad infant comes,
Ulrick will a right gracious gossip prove?
Nay, nay, Terentia, look not so demure,
I needs must laugh.—

Ter. Indeed you let your fancy wildly run,
And disappointment will but prove the sharper.

Aur. Talk not of disappointment: be assured
Some late intelligence hath Ulrick prompted
To these stern orders. On our sea there sails,
Or soon will sail, some vessel, which right gladly
He would permit to founder on the coast,
Or miss its course. But no; it will not be:
In spite of all his hatred, to the shore,
Through seas as dark as subterraneous night,
It will arrive in safety.

Ter. Nay, sweet Aurora, feed not thus thy wishes
With wild unlikely thoughts; for Ulrick surely
No such intelligence hath had, and thou
But makest thy after-sorrow more acute,
When these vain fancies fail.

Aur. And let them fail: though duller thoughts succeed,
The bliss e'en of a moment, still is bliss.

Viol. [*To* TER.] Thou wouldst not of her dewdrops spoil the thorn,
Because her glory will not last till noon;
Nor still the lightsome gambols of the colt,
Whose neck to-morrow's yoke will gall. Fye on't!
If this be wise, 'tis cruel.

Aur. Thanks, gentle Viola! Thou art ever kind.
We'll think to-morrow still hath good in store,
And make of this a blessing for to-day,
Though good Terentia there may chide us for it.

Ter. And thus a profitable life you'll lead,
Which hath no present time, but is made up
Entirely of to-morrows.

Aur. Well, taunt me as thou wilt, I'll worship still
The blessed morrow, storehouse of all good
For wretched folks. They who lament to-day,
May then rejoice: they who in misery bend
E'en to the earth, be then in honour robed.
O! who shall reckon what its brighten'd hours
May of returning joy contain? To-morrow!
The bless'd to-morrow! Cheering, kind to-morrow!
I were a heathen not to worship thee.
[*To* TER.] Frown not again; we must not wrangle now.

Ter. Thou dost such vain and foolish fancies cherish,
Thou forcest me to seem unkind and stern.

Aur. Ah! be not stern. Edda will sing the song
That makes feet beat and heads nod to its tune;
And even grave Terentia will be moved
To think of pleasant things.

SONG.

Wish'd-for gales, the light vane veering,
Better dreams the dull night cheering,
Lighter heart the morning greeting,
Things of better omen meeting!
Eyes each passing stranger watching,
Ears each feeble rumour catching,
Say he existeth still on earthly ground,
The absent will return, the long, long lost be found.

In the tower the ward-bell ringing,
In the court the carols singing,
Busy hands the gay board dressing,
Eager steps the threshold pressing,
Open'd arms in haste advancing;
Joyful looks through blind tears glancing,
The gladsome bounding of his aged hound,
Say he in truth is here, our long, long lost is found.

Hymned thanks and beadsmen praying,
With sheathed sword the urchin playing,
Blazon'd hall with torches burning,
Cheerful morn in peace returning,
Converse sweet that strangely borrows
Present bliss from former sorrows;
O who can tell each blessed sight and sound
That says, he with us bides, our long, long lost is found.

Aur. I thank thee: this shall be our daily song.
It cheers my heart, although these foolish tears
Seem to disgrace its sweetness.

Enter PAGE.

Viol. [*To* AUR.] Here comes your page with lightly bounding steps,
As if he brought good tidings.
Ed. Grant he may!
Aur. [*Eagerly*] What brings thee hither, boy?
Page. [*To* AUR.] A noble stranger of the legate's train,
Come from the Holy Land, doth wait without,
Near to the garden gate, where I have left him;
He begs to be admitted to your presence;
Pleading for such indulgence as the friend
Of Ermingard; for so he bade me say.
Aur. The friend of Ermingard! The Holy Land!

[*Pausing for a moment, and then tossing up her arms in ecstasy.*]

O God! It is himself!
[*Catching hold of* TERENTIA.
My head is dizzy grown; I cannot go.
Haste, lead him hither, boy.
Fly; hear'st thou not? [*Exit* PAGE.
Ter. Be not so greatly moved. It is not likely
This should be Ermingard. The boy has seen him,
And would have known him. 'Tis belike some friend.
Aur. No; every thrilling fibre of my frame
Cries out 'It is himself.' [*Looking out.*
He comes not yet; how strange! how dull! how tardy!
Ter. Your page hath scarce had time to reach the gate,
Though he hath run right quickly.
Aur. [*Pausing and looking out*]
He comes not yet. Ah! if it be not he,
My sinking heart misgives me.
O now he comes! the size and air are his.
Ter. Not to my fancy: there is no resemblance.
Aur. Nay, but there is. And see, he wears his cloak
As he was wont to do; and o'er his cap
The shading plume so hangs.—It is! it is!

Enter GARCIO, *and she, breaking from* TERENTIA, *runs towards him.*

My lost, my found, my bless'd! conceal thee not,

[*Going to catch him in her arms, when* GARCIO *takes off his plumed cap and bows profoundly: she utters a faint cry, and shrinks back.*]

Gar. Lady, I see this doff'd cap hath discover'd
A face less welcome than the one you look'd for.
Pardon a stranger's presence; I've presumed
Thus to intrude, as friend of Ermingard,
Who bade me—
Aur. Bade thee! is he then at hand?
Gar. Ah, would he were!
As we have learn'd, the Knights of bless'd St. John
Did from the field of dying and of wounded
Many convey, who in their house of charity
All care and solace had: but with the names,
Recorded as within their walls received,
His is not found; therefore we must account him
With those who, shrouded in an unknown fate,
Are as the dead lamented, as the dead,
For ever from our worldly care dismiss'd.
Aur. Lamented he shall be! but from my care
Dismiss'd as are the dead—that is impossible.
Ter. Nay, listen to advice so wise and needful—
It is the friend of Ermingard who says,
Let him within thy mind be as the dead.
Aur. My heart repels the thought: it cannot be.
No, till his corse, bereft of life, is found,—
Till this is sworn, and proved, and witness'd to me,—
Within my breast he shall be living still.
Ter. Wilt thou yet vainly watch night after night
To guide his bark who never will return?
Aur. Who never will return! And thinkest thou
To bear me down with such presumptuous words?
Heaven makes me strong against thee:
There is a Power above that calms the storm,
Restrains the mighty, gives the dead to life:
I will in humble faith my watch still keep;
Force only shall restrain me.
Gar. Force never shall, thou noble, ardent spirit!
Thy gen'rous confidence would almost tempt me
To think it will be justified.
Aur. Ha! say'st thou so? A blessing rest upon thee
For these most cheering words! Some guardian power
Whispers within thee.—No; we'll not despair.

. . . . . .

AURORA. TERENTIA. VIOLA.

Viol. A rousing light! Good Stephen hath full well
Obey'd your earnest bidding.—Fays and witches
Might round its blaze their midnight revelry
Right fitly keep.
Ter. Ay; thou lov'st wilds and darkness,
And fire and storms, and things unsooth and strange:
This suits thee well. Methinks, in gazing on it,
Thy face a witch-like eagerness assumes.
Viol. I'll be a goblin then, and round it dance.
Did not Aurora say we thus should hold
This nightly vigil? Yea, such were her words.
Aur. They were like bubbles of some mantling thought,
That now is flat and spiritless and yet,
If thou art so inclined, ask not my leave,
Dance if thou wilt.
Viol. Nay, not alone, sweet sooth!
Witches, themselves, some fiend-like partners find.
Ter. And so may'st thou. Look yonder; near the flame
A crested figure stands. That is not Stephen.
Aur. [*Eagerly*] A crested figure! Where? O call to it!

[BAST. *comes forward.*]

Ter. 'Tis Bastiani.
Aur. Ay; 'tis Bastiani:
'Tis he, or any one; 'tis ever thus;
So is my fancy mock'd.

Bast. If I offend you, madam, 'tis unwillingly.
Stephen has for a while gone to the beach,
To help some fishermen, who, as I guess,
Against the tide would force their boat to land.
He'll soon return; meantime, I did entreat him
To let me watch his Beacon. Pardon me;
I had not else intruded; though full oft
I've clamber'd o'er these cliffs, even at this hour,
To see the ocean from its sabled breast
The flickering gleam of these bright flames return.

Aur. Make no excuse, I pray thee. I am told
By good Terentia thou dost wish me well,
Though Ulrick long has been thy friend. I know
A wanderer on the seas in early youth
Thou wast, and still canst feel for all storm-toss'd
On that rude element.

Bast. 'Tis true, fair lady: I have been, ere now,
Where such a warning light, sent from the shore,
Had saved some precious lives; which makes the task,
I now fulfil, more grateful.

Aur. How many leagues from shore may such a light
By the benighted mariner be seen?

Bast. Some six or so, he will descry it faintly,
Like a small star, or hermit's taper, peering
From some caved rock that brows the dreary waste;
Or like the lamp of some lone lazar-house,
Which through the silent night the traveller spies
Upon his doubtful way.

Viol. Fie on such images!
Thou shouldst have liken'd it to things more seemly.
Thou mightst have said the peasant's evening fire,
That from his upland cot, through winter's gloom,
What time his wife their evening meal prepares,
Blinks on the traveller's eye, and cheers his heart;
Or signal-torch, that from my lady's bower
Tells wandering knights the revels are begun;
Or blazing brand, that from the vintage-house
O' long October nights, through the still air
Looks rousingly.—To have our gallant Beacon
Ta'en for a lazar-house!

Bast. Well, maiden, as thou wilt: thy gentle mistress
Of all these things may choose what likes her best,
To paint more clearly how her noble fire
The distant seamen cheer'd, who bless the while
The hand that kindled it.

Aur. Shall I be bless'd—
By wandering men returning to their homes?
By those from shipwreck saved, again to cheer
Their wives, their friends, their kindred? Bless'd by those!
And shall it not a blessing call from Heaven?
It will; my heart leaps at the very thought:
The seamen's blessing rests upon my head,
To charm my wanderer home.—
Heap on more wood:
Let it more brightly blaze.—Good Bastiani,
Hie to thy task, and we'll assist thee gladly.

[*As they begin to occupy themselves with the fire, the sound of distant voices, singing in harmony, is heard as if ascending the cliff.*]

Aur. What may it be?
Viol. The songs of paradise,
But that our savage rocks and gloomy night
So ill agree with peaceful soothing bliss.

Ter. No blessed spirits in these evil days
Hymn, through the stilly darkness, strains of grace.

Aur. Nay, list; it comes again.
[*Voices heard nearer.*

Ter. The mingled sound comes nearer, and betrays
Voices of mortal men.

Viol. In such sweet harmony!
I never heard the like.

Aur. They must be good and holy who can utter
Such heavenly sounds.

Bast. I've surely heard before
This solemn chorus chanted by the knights,
The holy brothers of Jerusalem.
It is a carol sung by them full oft,
When saved from peril dire of flood or field.

Aur. The Knights of bless'd St. John from Palestine!
Alas! why feel I thus? knowing too well
They cannot bring the tidings I would hear.
[*Chorus rises again very near.*

Viol. List, list! they've gain'd the summit of the cliff:
They are at hand; their voices are distinct;
Yea, even the words they sing.

[*A solemn song or hymn, sung in harmony, heard without.*]

Men preserved from storm and tide,
And fire and battle, raging wide;
What shall subdue our steady faith,
Or of our heads a hair shall scath?
Men preserved, in gladness weeping,
Praise him, who hath alway our souls in holy keeping.

And wheresoe'er in earth or sea
Our spot of rest at last shall be;
Our swords, in many a glorious field,
Surviving heroes still shall wield,
While we our faithful meed are reaping
With him, who hath alway our souls in holy keeping.

Enter SIX KNIGHTS of ST. JOHN of JERUSALEM *in procession, with their followers.*

Aur. Speak to them, Bastiani; thou'rt a soldier;
Thy mind is more composed.—I pray thee do.

Bast. This lady, noble warriors, greets you all,
And offers you such hospitality
As this late hour and scanty means afford.
Wilt please ye round this blazing fire to rest?
After such perilous tossing on the waves,
You needs must be forspent.

1*st Knight.* We thank you, sir, and this most noble dame,
Whose Beacon hath from shipwreck saved us. Driven

By adverse winds too near your rocky coast,
Warn'd by its friendly light, we stood to sea:
But soon discovering that our crazy bark
Had sprung a dangerous leak, we took our boat
And made for shore. The nearest point of land
Beneath this cliff, with peril imminent,
By help of some good fishermen we gained;
And here, in God's good mercy, safe we are
With grateful hearts.

Aur. We praise that mercy also
Which hath preserved you.

1*st Knight.* Lady, take our thanks.
And may the vessel of that friend beloved,
For whom you watch, as we have now been told,
Soon to your shore its welcome freight convey!

Aur. Thanks for the wish; and may its prayers be heard!
Renowned men ye are; holy and brave;
In every field of honour and of arms
Some of your noble brotherhood are found:
Perhaps the valiant knights I now behold,
Did on that luckless day against the Souldan
With brave De Villeneuve for the cross contend.
If this be so, you can, perhaps, inform me
Of one who in the battle fought, whose fate
Is still unknown.

1*st Knight.* None of us all, fair dame, so honour'd were
As in that field to be, save this young knight.
Sir Bertram, wherefore, in thy mantle wrapt,
Stand'st thou so far behind? Speak to him, lady:
For in that battle he right nobly fought,
And may, belike, wot of the friend you mention'd.

Aur. [*Going up eagerly to the young Knight*]
Didst thou there fight? then surely thou didst know
The noble Ermingard, who from this isle
With valiant Conrad went:—
What fate had he upon that dismal day?

Young Kt. Whate'er his fate in that fell fight might be,
He now is as the dead.

Aur. Is as the dead! ha! then he is not dead:
He's living still. O tell me—tell me this!
Say he is still alive; and though he breathe
In the foul pest-house; though a wretched wanderer,
Wounded and maim'd; yea, though his noble form
With chains and stripes and slavery be disgraced,
Say he is living still, and I will bless thee.
Thou know'st—full well thou know'st, but wilt not speak.
What means that heavy groan? For love of God,
Speak to me!

[*Tears the mantle from his face, with which he had concealed it.*]

My Ermingard! My blessed Ermingard!
The very living self restored again!
Dear, dear!—so dear! most dear!—my lost, my found!

NYMPHS.

[Mrs. Eliza Lynn Linton, born at Keswick, Cumberland, 1822. She is a daughter of the Rev. J. Lynn, vicar of Crosthwaite, Keswick, and grand-daughter of Bishop Goodenough of Carlisle. She began her literary career when only twenty-three, and speedily established herself as a regular contributor to the principal magazines and reviews. Her works are: *Azeth, the Egyptian; Amymone*, a romance of the days of Pericles; *Realities; Witch Stories; The Lake Country*, illustrated by her husband, Mr. W. J. Linton; *Grasp your Nettle; Lizzie Lorton of Greyrigg; Sowing the Wind; Ourselves*, essays; and *Patricia Kemball*. The series of remarkable articles in the *Saturday Review* on the "Girl of the Period" and kindred subjects, and the novel entitled *The True History of Joshua Davidson* are attributed to Mrs. Lynn Linton. She writes with rare vigour, sincerity, and humour—a kindly and appreciative nature apparent in all her work. We are permitted to quote the following from the *Saturday Review*.]

Between the time of the raw school-girl and that of the finished young lady is the short season of the nymph, when the physical enjoyment of life is perhaps at its keenest, and a girl is not afraid to use her limbs as nature meant her to use them, nor ashamed to take pleasure in her youth and strength. This is the time when a sharp run down a steep hill, with the chance of a tumble midway, is an exercise by no means objected to; when clambering over gates, stiles, and even crabbed stone walls is not refused because of the undignified display of ankle which the adventure involves; when leaping a ditch comes in as one of the ordinary accidents of a marshland walk; and when the fun of riding is infinitely enhanced if the horse is only half broken or bare-backed. The nymph, an out-of-door, breezy, healthy girl, more after the pattern of the Greek Oread than the Amazon, is found only in the country; and for the most part only in the remoter districts of the country. In the town she degenerates into fastness, according to the law which makes evil merely the misdirection of force, as dirt is only matter in the wrong place. But among the mountains, in the secluded midland villages, or out on the thinly-populated moorland tracts, the nymph may be found in the full perfection of her nature. And a very beautiful kind of nature it is; though it is to be feared that certain ladies of the stricter sort would call her "tomboy," and that those of a still narrower way of thought, unable to distinguish between unconventionality and vulgarity, would hold her to be decidedly vulgar—which she is not—and would wonder at her mother for "letting her go on so." You fall

upon the nymph at all hours and in all seasons. Indeed, she boasts that no weather ever keeps her indoors, and prefers a little roughness of the elements to anything too luscious or sentimental. A fresh wind, a sharp frost, a blinding fall of snow, or a pelting shower of rain are all high jinks to the nymph, to whom it is rare fun to come in like a water-dog, dripping from every hair, or shaking the snow in masses from her hat and cloak. She prefers this kind of thing to the most suggestive beauty of the moonlight, or to the fervid heats of summer, and thinks a long walk in the crisp sharp frost, with the leaves crackling under her feet, worth all the nightingales in the wood. And yet she loves the spring and summer too, for the sake of the flowers and the birds and the beasts and the insects they bring forth; for the nymph is almost always a naturalist of the perceptive and self-taught kind, and has a marvellous faculty for finding out nests and rare habitats, and for tracking unusual trails to their hidden homes.

There is no prettier sight among girls than the nymph when thoroughly at her ease, and enjoying herself in her own peculiar way. That wonderful grace of unconsciousness which belongs to savages and animals belongs to her also, and she moves with a supple freedom which affectation or shyness would equally destroy. To see her running down a green field, with the sunlight falling on her, her light dress blown into coloured clouds by the wind, her step a little too long for the correct town-walk, but so firmly planted and yet so light, so swift and so even, her cheeks freshly flushed by exercise, her eyes bright and fearless, her teeth just shown below her lip as she comes forward with a ringing laugh, carrying a young bird which she has just caught, or a sheaf of wild flowers for which she has been perilling her neck, is to see a beautiful and gracious picture which one remembers with pleasure all one's life after. Or you meet her quite alone on a wide bleak moor, with her hat in her hand and her hair blowing across her face, looking for plovers' eggs, or ferns and orchids down in the damp hollows. She is by no means dressed according to the canons of *Le Follet*, and yet she always manages to have something picturesque about her—something that would delight an artist's taste, and that is in perfect harmony with herself and her surroundings, which she wears with a profound ignorance as to how well it suits her, or at least with only an instinctive knowledge that it is the right thing for her. She may be shy as she meets you; if she is passing out of the nymph state into that of conscious womanhood, she will be shy; but if still a nymph with no disturbing influences at work, she will probably look at you with a fixed, perplexing, half-provoking look of frank curiosity, which you can neither notice nor take advantage of; the trammels of conventional life fettering one side heavily, if not the other. Shocking as it is to say, the nymph may sometimes be met on the top of a hay-cart, and certainly in the hay-field, where she is engaged in scattering the "cocks," if not in raising them, and where even the hay-makers themselves—and they are not a notably romantic race—do not grumble at the extra trouble she gives them, because of her evident delight in her misdeeds. Besides, she has a bright word for them as she passes; for the nymph has democratic tendencies, and is frank and "affable" to all classes alike. She needs to be a little looked after in this direction, not for mischief but for manners; for, if not judiciously checked, she may become in time coarse. There are seamy sides to everything, and the nymph does not escape the general law.

If the nymph condescends to any game at all, it is croquet, at which she is inexorably severe. She knows nothing of the little weakness which makes her elder sisters overlook the patent spooning of the favourite curate, even though he is opposed to them—nothing of the tender favouritism which pushes on an awkward partner by deeds of helping outside the law. The nymph, who has no weakness or tenderness of that kind, knows only the game; and the game has not elastic boundaries. Therefore she is inflexible in her justice to one side and the other. Is it not the game? she says, when reproached with being disagreeable and unamiable. But even croquet is slow to the nymph, who has been known to handle a bat not discreditably, and who is an adept at firing at a mark with real powder and ball. If she lives near a lake, a river, or the sea, she is first-rate at boating, can feather her oar and back water with the skill of a veteran oarsman, and can reef a sail or steer close without the slightest hesitation or nervousness. She is also a famous swimmer, and takes the water like a duck; and at an ordinary summer seaside resort, if by chance she ever profanes herself by showing off there, attracts quite a crowd of beach loungers to watch her feats by the bathing machines. She is a great walker wherever she lives; and, if a mountaineer, is a clever cragswoman, making it a point of honour to go to the top of the most difficult and dangerous mountains in her neighbour-

hood, and coaxing her brothers to let her join them and their friends in expeditions which require both nerve and strength. Her greatest sphere of social glory is a picnic, where she always heads the exploring party, clambering up the rocks of the waterfall, or diving down into the close-smelling caves, or scaling the crumbling walls of the ruin before any one else can come up to her. She is specially happy at old ruins, where she flits in and out among the broken columns, and under the mouldering arches, like a spirit of the place disturbed unduly. Sometimes she climbs up by unseen means, till she reaches a point where it makes one dizzy to see her; and sometimes she startles her company by the sudden bleating of a sheep, or the wild hoot of an owl. For she can imitate the sounds of animals for the most part with wonderful accuracy; though she can also sing simple ballads without music, with sweetness, and correctly. She is fond of all animals, and fears none. She will pass through a field thronged with wild-looking cattle without the least hesitation; and makes friends even with the yelping farm-dogs that come snapping and snarling at her heels. In winter she feeds the wood-birds by flocks, and always takes care that the horses have a handful of corn or a lump of carrot when she goes to see them, and that the cows are the better for her visit by a bunch of lucerne, or a fat fresh cabbage leaf. The home beasts show their pleasure when they hear her fleet footstep on the paved yard; and her favourite pony whinnies to her in a peculiar voice as she passes his stable door. These are her friends, and their love for her is her reward.

In her early days the nymph was notorious for her dilapidated attire, perplexing mother and nurse to mend, or to understand why or how it had come about. But as her favourite hiding-place was in a forked branch midway up an old tree in the shrubbery, or a natural arbour which she had cut out for herself in the very heart of the underwood, it was scarcely to be wondered at if cloth and cotton testified to the severity of her retreats. She has still mysterious rents in her skirts, got no one knows how; and her mother still laments over her aptitude for rags, and wishes she could be brought to see the beauty of unstained apparel. She is given to early rising—to fits indeed of rising at some quite wild hour in the morning, for walks before breakfast, and the like innocent insanities. Sometimes she takes it in hand to educate herself in certain stoicisms, and goes without butter at breakfast, or without breakfast altogether, if she thinks that thereby she will grow stronger, or less inclined to self-indulgence. For drink she will never touch wine or beer; but she likes new milk, and is great in her capacity for water.

The nymph is almost always of the middle-classes. It is next to impossible, indeed, that she should be found in the higher ranks, where girls are not left to themselves, and where no one lives in far-away country places out of the reach of public opinion, and beyond the range of public overlooking. Some years ago, before the railroads and monster hotels had made the mountain districts like Hampstead or Richmond on a Sunday afternoon, the nymph was to be found in great abundance down in Cumberland and Westmoreland. By the more remote lakes, like Buttermere and Hawes Water, and in the secluded valleys running up from the larger lakes, you would come upon square stuccoed houses, generally abominably ugly, where the nymph was mistress of the situation. She might be met riding about alone in a flapping straw hat, long before hats were fashionable head-gear for women, and in a blue baize skirt for all the riding-habit thought necessary; or she might be encountered on the wild fell sides, or on the mountain heights, or in her boat sculling among the lonely lake islets, or gathering water-lilies in the bays. In the desolate stretch of moorland country to the north of Skiddaw, the whole female population a few years ago was of the nymph kind; but railroads and the penny post, cheap trains, fashion, and fine-ladyism have penetrated even into the heart of the wild mountains, and now the nymph there is only a transitional type—not, as formerly, a fixed class.

The nymph is the very reverse of a flirt. She has no inclination that way, and looks shy and awkward at the men who pay her compliments, or attempt anything like sentimentality. But she is not superior to boys, who are her chosen companions and favourites. A bold, brave boy, who just overtops her in skill and daring, is her delight; but anything over twenty is "awfully old," while forty and sixty are so remote that the lines blur and blend together, and have no distinction. By-and-by the nymph becomes a staid young woman, and marries. If she goes into a close town and has children, very often her vigorous health gives way, and we see her in a few years nervous, emaciated, consumptive, and with a pitiful yearning for "home" more pathetic than all the rest. But if she remains where she is, in the fresh pure air of her native place, she retains her youth and strength long after

the age when ordinary women lose theirs, and her children are celebrated as magnificent specimens of the future generation. We often see in country places matrons of over forty who are still like young women, both in looks and bearing, both in mental innocence and physical power. They have the shy and innocent look of girls; they blush like girls; they know less evil than almost any town-bred girl of eighteen, mothers of stalwart youths though they may be; they can walk, and laugh, and take pleasure in their lives like girls; and their daughters find them as much sisters as mothers. It is not quite the same thing if they do not marry; for among the saddest sights of social life is that terrible fading and withering away of comely, healthy, vigorous young country girls, who slowly pass from nymphs, full of grace and beauty, of happiness and power, to antiquated virgins, soured, useless, debilitated, and out of nature. Of these, too, there are plenty in country places; but perhaps some scheme will be some day set afoot which shall redress the overweighted balance, and bring to the service of the future some of the healthiest and best of our women. Meanwhile the fresh, innocent, breezy nymph is a charming study; and may the time be far distant which shall see her tamed and civilized out of existence altogether.

A-TAE.

A CHINESE LOVE-STORY.

[Edward Greey, born at Sandwich, Kent, 1st December, 1835, served some time in the royal navy, and spent a number of years in China and Japan. He then settled in the United States, where, under the *nom de plume* of Sung-Tie, he has earned considerable reputation by his novels and contributions to the principal magazines. His chief works are: *The Queen's Sailors; Two Kisses; John and I; Church Music Afloat;* &c. The following is taken from *The Queen's Sailors*, a novel which is admirably told in the rollicking spirit of a sailor, and in which the author has turned to good account his experience of Chinese life. The hero of the incident is Jerry Thompson, a blithe-hearted seaman, who has been captured by Tartar bannermen, has made his escape, and is pursued by two soldiers, Păng and Yung.]

After going a short distance, he (Jerry Thompson) fell in with a party of tea-gatherers, who invited him to join them. As he had no definite plan for the future, he accepted their offer, and, receiving a basket, was soon toiling up the hillside. The business was one which required the labourers to be at work by sunrise, as the kind of tea they were gathering is not picked when the sun gets too far up. A light fog hung about the hills, and the faces of most of the women were enveloped in wrappers, but as the day broke they took off these cloths, and revealed some very pretty countenances.

Upon their arrival at the plantation to which the party were bound, the leader appointed the pickers and carriers: the former were expert young girls who had been trained to the business from childhood, while the latter consisted of the "dull-heads," or men; and as the sailor was supposed to be a poor Cantonese, and as such could know nothing about picking tea, he was directed to hold the basket for a sprightly girl named A-tae.

Now, it is usual for the girl who picks the finer kinds of tea to be dressed in much better clothes than her basket-holder, and as A-tae was a beauty, and tolerably well-off, she was smartly attired; true, her garments were not very costly, but they were new and jauntily worn. Her dress consisted of two pieces, the usual loose blue trousers and wide-sleeved jacket, her hair being braided in queues which descended to her waist, while her head was protected from the sun by an immensely wide bamboo-hat.

When the overseer directed the sailor to bear her basket she had not cast eyes upon the latter, having been listening to the silly story of a companion, so, thinking it was the usual "dull-head," she waved him to follow her, and turned into one of the rows; then, dexterously grasping a handful of leaves, she cried, "Come here!" and upon his placing the sieve-like basket under her hands, showered the leaves into it with marvellous rapidity. Having exhausted one bush, she was moving towards another, when, catching sight of her attendant, she uttered a little scream, and coquettishly turned away her head. Seeing her agitation, the enamoured basket-holder inquired if she were unwell.

"No! I'm— Come here, you fright!"

The girl worked like lightning, ordering her holder about in a most imperious manner. At last curiosity overcame her, and she demanded the name of her slave.

"I have no name."

"No! How shall I call you then?"

"Call me Să" (ugly of the sort).

"Oh no! oh no! that would be cruel."

"Call me Cha-tëë" (a mean fellow).

"No, no, for you are not mean."

"What will you name me, then?" said Jerry, looking as though he could devour her. "What you call me shall be my name."

A-tae trembled as she cast a timorous glance towards her basket-bearer, and replied, "I call you Shŏ" (beautiful eyes), saying which she laughed, and added, "but surely you will not take that name?"

"I'll call myself anything you choose to name me."

"Then I give you this,—Yung-Yung" (good-humoured face).

"And what may I call you?"

"Me! Don't you know?" said the pretty girl, looking at Yung-Yung in a manner which made his heart bump again. "What! not know my name?"

"I do not. I am a wanderer and a stranger here."

"Poor fellow. Have you no friends?"

"None here. Will you be my friend?"

"You don't know my name, yet ask me to be your friend. Speak lower, and look down while you talk, or the overseer will send some one else with me to-morrow."

"What is your name?"

"A-tae."

After casting his eyes about in order to ascertain if any of the pickers were watching, he bent over the girl, who was very deeply engaged in removing some fine shoots from the lower part of a plant, and when she rose, as her cheek came quite close to his, he kissed it gently, and said,

"A-tae, I love you."

The girl gave a nervous little laugh, then asked him what he meant.

"I want to marry you."

"Where do you come from, Yung-Yung-Shŏ, that you speak thus? Would I could be given to one like you; but I shall be, like other girls, sent off to slave for some man of my own class, or sold to a mandarin." (It will be perceived that A-tae was, although a Chinese, an advocate for woman's rights.) "Oh, Yung-Yung-Shŏ, do you think Buddha knows how badly they treat us poor girls?"

"Can't you run away with me?" observed the sailor; "slip off in the night, and go away to a country where the women are thought as much of as the men."

"That's where Buddha is, Yung-Yung-Shŏ. *There* we shall be men. I know all about that, and have my Tieh papers at home. I'm not as stupid as most girls. You are a benevolent man thus to listen to the nonsense of little me. But why do those Yuen-chae (police-runners) point this way? Are you wanted? If so, flee. That way, that way; up among the rocks, and hide in the caves."

Jerry had little time to say farewell, as he noticed the two soldiers [Corporal Păng and Yung], accompanied by police-runners, making towards him; so, after bestowing a fervent kiss upon the lips of the astonished A-tae, he sprang over the tea-plants, and sped away like the wind. The poor girl sunk upon the ground, cried, and wrung her hands like one demented. Her companions gathered round, and finding she was in trouble, prevailed upon her to go home. Meanwhile the soldiers and their party chased the agile sailor, running until they got out of breath; and when they last spied him he was darting into a wood, which was set apart for the use of Buddhist priests, and where they felt sure of bagging him during the course of the day.

A-tae walked home like one in a dream, and was questioned by her mother, who anxiously inquired if she had "seen a spirit," she looked so scared and pale. She had seen one, the recollection of whom would never again be absent from her mind. She was in love, had been spoken too by a being, one of the opposite sex, who neither commanded nor treated her like an inferior animal. Was it not a dream? Was he not one of those genii who, assuming the appearance of gods, use their fatal beauty to destroy all whom they fell in with? What could he be?

Poor little girl! She was sorely tried; so taking a few sticks of incense, she burned them before the picture of the Kitchen god, in order if possible to get *him* on her side. But she didn't tell her mother about Yung-Yung-Shŏ.

Towards the evening she became very ill; and by night her anxious parents sent for a doctor, who, after writing a prescription, submitted it to them.

"How much will it cost?" demanded the father.

"Two hundred cash," gravely replied the man of physic.

"Can't you do it a little cheaper? we are poor people."

"I don't think I can. Let me see. I can leave out the dried rats' tails—they are costly—and the alligators' blood may be omitted. Well, say one hundred cash."

The mother was a clever woman, and didn't believe in the doctor's nostrums, so she demanded how much the gentleman wanted for the prescription.

"Fifty cash."

"Pay him and let him go, my lord," she observed to her husband, who thereupon handed over the cash, and the doctor departed. When he was out of sight the old woman nodded

shrewdly towards her husband, as much as to infer, "trust me for being smart," then having prostrated herself before the picture of the Kitchen god, gravely burned the prescription, and pouring some warm tea upon the ashes, carried the drink to her daughter, and compelled her to swallow it, saying soothingly, "You'll be all right to-morrow."

"Oh, my heart, my heart," moaned the poor little girl.

"Oh, it is not your heart, A-tae, it's your brain that has become oiled by the sun. You'll be all right now, as it will congeal again;" and having delivered herself of this very Chinese opinion, the old lady withdrew, leaving the poor child to combat a disease as old as the hills, and for which there has never been but one cure since the world began. Nothing but the possession of the loved one will satisfy the poor souls, who, like A-tae, suffer from this awful affliction. No doctor can cure them,—possibly the priest may,—but not the man of medicine.

When the girl's mother saw her husband the latter did not ask how fared his darling A-tae. She was but a girl, and her death would not cause him to shed a tear, but the mother made up her mind to one thing, as she informed her help. "If that girl gets a little better, I'll take her to Nan-woo," a very sanctified Buddhist bonze, who lived in a hole in a rock situated in the Buddhist grove, distant about eight li from her house. But A-tae became worse, so they bled her. This took away what little strength she had left, and the gossips said she would soon salute heaven. Upon the afternoon of the fifth day some of the women round her bed were speaking about the hunt after the stranger who had been working with A-tae upon the day she was taken sick, and after observing that "he must have bewitched the child," they mentioned something which had a wonderful effect upon the girl, and which caused her to rally from that moment.

Jerry, having distanced his pursuers, determined to search for the caves of which A-tae had spoken. . . .

It was a smart chase, as the runners knew every inch of the ground; and after having sighted him several times, but to lose him again the next moment, one of them saw him disappear up a sort of ravine, from which they were certain he could not escape.

"It is the retreat of Nan-woo, a very holy bonze, and he is as safe in that hole as a rat is in a bottle," observed one of the police.

"He is a wizard, and will fly out if all other means fail him. Oh, I know we shan't catch him," grumbled Yung.

"How can we fail, your excellency?" replied one of the attendants. "That path leads to a high rock, in which is a small hole, where Nan-woo entered fifty years ago. On each side of the path is a precipitous rock, which no man can climb; therefore your foreign devil, upon finding the path leads to *nowhere*, will retrace his steps. Let us, therefore, crouch down upon either side of the rocks at the entrance, place a cord across the pathway, await his return, and when he arrives we will lift the line, and trip him up."

"Capital, capital!" cried the soldiers. Thereupon the party divided, and crouching down behind the gigantic boulders which lay beside the entrance to the gulch, string in hand, awaited the return of the sailor. They calculated he would possibly have a little chat with the bonze, then, finding there was no other outlet, would fall into their hands, and be captured without difficulty. Every now and then some noise, probably caused by rabbits, would make them start and clutch their line, but after waiting a considerable time, hunger reminded them that they had started upon the expedition without taking breakfast, and they determined to proceed up the ravine, and boldly bring the "eccentric one to bay."

Having explored nearly the entire length of the place, they turned a bend in the pathway, and found themselves before the retreat of Nan-woo; but where was the sailor?

"I expect he is in there along with the bonze," whispered Yung.

"Bosh! How could he get in there? Why, it is five feet from the ground, and the hole is too small."

"Ask the hermit if he has seen a man?" put in one of the runners.

Upon this Pang, who did not believe in Buddhism, and consequently had little respect for its bonzes, advanced to the opening, and rapping his sword-handle against the screen, demanded if the old gentleman inside had seen a fellow trying to climb up the rocks which surrounded his cell.

Fumbling at the slab of limestone which formed the screen before the entrance or pigeon-hole of his cell, repeating as he did so the words "o-mi-tu-fuh, o-mi-tu-fuh," the old bonze at last succeeded in pushing the panel into a hole cut out for its reception in the side of the rock, and then asked the soldier what he wanted, upon which the latter repeated his question.

The old bonze looked at his interrogator for

some moments; at length appearing to understand him, replied, "My son, since first I entered this abode, these eyes have never beheld a man attempt to scale those rocks—o-mi-tu-fuh, o-mi-tu-fuh."

"Come along, Păng; he's cracked. Let us seek the fellow in some other place; or, better still, we will return, or join the first party of rebels we come across, as it will never do for us to go back to our native town and say we have lost him."

After a strict search they gave the matter up, and dismissing the police-runners, proceeded to the nearest rebel town, where they were received with open arms by Ma-chow-wang, who commanded the insurgents in that district.

When the sailor entered the ravine, he imagined it had another outlet, but upon discovering the small oven-like opening in the rock at the end (the same being open at the time), he, taking it for the entrance to a burial-vault, after running to give himself impetus, sprang up, clutched the ledge with his hands, then forcing in his head and shoulders, wriggled through, and dropped upon the floor.

Nan-woo was slumbering, but in his sleep repeating the words "o-mi-tu-fuh;" upon which Jerry shook him, then prostrated himself, and, to the best of his ability, repeated the same words to the astonished bonze, who looked at him with horror, and quaveringly demanded who he was.

"Oh, my tooth full! oh, my tooth full!" ejaculated the prostrate sailor. However, at length he got up, and, in his best Chinese, prayed the bonze would save his life, and hide him from his enemies.

Nan-woo was a merciful man, and as he had long desired an assistant, or disciple, agreed to shelter the fugitive. Having instructed him to hold his tongue, the old bonze took his position behind the screen, and awaited the arrival of the soldiers; how he got rid of them has been described.

When night came the bonze lit a lamp, and Thompson had an opportunity of seeing what his quarters were like. The cell was an irregular apartment, cut out of the solid limestone rock. There was no furniture, but an old mat, while a water-jar, and an earthen chatty, containing a few handsful of dry rice, were the only kitchen articles the bonze possessed.

Jerry surveyed the latter for a few moments, then asked if that was what he lived on? upon which the old man nodded, and taking a handful of rice, threw a few grains into his mouth, then drank a sup of water.

"Well," exclaimed the sailor in his native language, "here's a go. I've been and signed articles to a toad in a hole, and got to live in a box office, on dry rice and water."

Their frugal meal having been partaken of, the bonze chin-chinned his disciple, and with the assurance that no man would dare come up the gully at night (as he had declared it was haunted), the old gentleman dropped down upon his knees, and o-mi-tu-fuh'd at such a rate that Jerry set it to music, and joined in a sort of chorus.

"I wonder what the deuce it means? I used to hear poor Jow a-saying of it. Oh my tooth full (stretching himself, and yawning); don't I wish I had a toothful of grog."

When the sailor awoke the next morning he found the old bonze still at it,—"o-mi-tu-fuh, o-mi-tu-fuh!" and he kept it up all day, repeating the words in a mechanical sort of manner, which at times greatly irritated his companion.

About ten o'clock a woman came, and asked what she should do to obtain luck.

"Bring a dish of boiled rice and some tea, and place them in the road before my cell, as an offering to the evil spirits. Do this daily for a week."

When she had departed another arrived, and the sailor amused himself, and improved his knowledge of the language, by listening to their wants. At last one came whose story caused the man to be all ears. It was A-tae's mother, who thus detailed her daughter's symptoms.

"She has devils in her brain, who speak for her, and I fear she will die."

Nan-woo, who had great faith in a youthful constitution, gave the afflicted mother two slips of bamboo, upon one of which was written, "Decline present benefit, and receive greater reward in future;" while the other ran as follows: "Ten thousand devils are not as tormenting as a bad heart."

A-tae's mamma read these, and accepted them as the words of an oracle, of course torturing their meaning to suit her daughter's case.

"When A-tae gets well, what shall she do?"

"Bring me every morning, for one month, a basket of fruit and some young tea, then I will assure her perfect health."

Jerry gave a sigh of relief. "I'll see her again somehow," he thought.

It was a few days after this that the gossips were chatting around A-tae's mat, and what they said was this: "Oh, Mrs. So-and-so, have you heard the news? You remember how two soldiers hunted the man who frightened this

poor child so? Well, they chased him to Nan-woo's hermitage, and the bonze told them that as soon as the thing saw him, it burst into a flame and vanished."

"Did you ever?" cried one gossip.

"*Bless* us!" said another.

And little A-tae winked behind their backs.

"Oh, splendid Yung-Yung-Shŏ, I shall see you again, my lord, my emperor, my deity. I shall live if I can only look upon you now and then. We will be like the Neih, who enjoy sublime love by merely glancing at each other. O dazzling Shŏ! You shall be my god, and I will burn incense to you day and night. My whole frame thrills with exquisite delight when I hear your voice. My eyes light up like lamps at night when I view you, Shŏ. Oh, my absorbing god, never look coldly upon A-tae. You will always speak gently to me, will you not? Always be so kind and tender to your little A-tae, who loves you from your queue to your shoes." Thus apostrophized the happy girl, and it was no wonder old Nan-woo's charms worked, for Cupid was directing them; and as musk overpowers every other odour, so, beside love, all pleasures in this life are utterly dwarfed and lost. 'Twas love nearly caused the death of A-tae, and the same potent spell restored her to life and hope.

"Now, whether you like it or not, you shall visit Nan-woo next week," observed the girl's mother.

"I'll try," dutifully replied A-tae. "I'll go, mother, even if it kills me. I'd rather die than displease my parents." Cunning little A-tae!

Little A-tae improved wonderfully in health, and within five days after her mother's visit to Nan-woo announced that she was ready to set out for the sacred grove. Her parent did not content herself with sending only some fruit and tea, but added sweetmeats and sundry delicacies, including a little rock-salt, which she packed in a neat bamboo basket, and gave her daughter, with many minute instructions as to her deportment.

It was a lovely autumnal day; and as the girl bent her steps towards the hill she mechanically sang a very old Chinese ditty called "The life of a leaf," while her thoughts, wandering more fleetly on, were already with her beloved Yung-Yung-Shŏ. Strange to say, after the first few stanzas she altered the words in a manner which would have puzzled any Celestial who overheard her. The original song ran as follows:—

"Of the young bud, covered with down,
Soft as the breath of a zephyr,
Unfolding to the sun, a leaf appears,
Tender as the cheek of an infant.
At first thin, delicate, transparent,
Developing quickly, veined like the hand of a maiden,
From first to last always beautiful.
After reclining in the light of the golden sun,
And coquetting with the silver moon
For many days,
The early (eager, forward) frost kisses it gently,
Gemming it with beauty.
It blushes at the embrace;
Emboldened, the touch is repeated,
When lo, the ruddy colour flies, and
The leaf, pale and trembling,
Drops upon the bosom of the earth."

That was what she should have sung, but she altered it in this manner, for after uttering the words,

"From first to last always beautiful,"

pouring her heart out in melody, she sang,

"Oh! charming Yung-Yung-Shŏ,
By day my sun, by night my moon,
Always thus to remain.
I cannot forget the gentle embrace
You gave me in the tea-field.
My face burns with happiness,
But you will never repeat it?
Oh! will you?
Soon again I shall behold the bright light of your eyes!
Ah me! then pale and trembling
Shall I sink upon the earth,
And die of very happiness."

As she sang this her eyes sparkled, and a smile illuminated her face. Was she not going to meet her true love, her own Yung-Yung-Shŏ? Under those circumstances even a plain girl would have looked charming, and little A-tae appeared happy as a bird and bright as a diamond.

The girl proceeded at a brisk rate until she came to the entrance of the ravine, upon which she stopped and tormented herself with surmises. "He has fled. He *was* killed, for my mother did not mention him. I am devoured with affliction; I must go back," she thought, but after a while summoned courage, and walking up the pathway, found herself before the hole in the wall.

"Ahem!" said a voice, which she knew did not belong to Nan-woo.

A-tae blushed, cast down her eyes, and lifting the tribute basket placed it gently upon the ledge, but was too much agitated to speak.

"Ahem!" repeated the person inside.

"Shŏ," timidly whispered the girl, still looking at the ground; and ere she could raise her eyes the stone screen was pushed back, and

Jerry, thrusting forth his arms, seized her, and lifting her up, imprinted a burning kiss upon her lips.

"O Shŏ, don't."

"You beauty, how I have longed to see you!" whispered the happy fellow. Of course his Chinese was not perfect by a long way, but he managed to make her understand, and what he could not utter with his tongue he expressed with his eyes, his only drawback being his inability to kiss her often, as the operation was not only awkward, but absolutely dangerous. After a delicious half-hour, during which he told her that she was the most beautiful woman in the world at least twenty times, she asked for Nan-woo.

"Oh, he's asleep."

"Wake him. Good-bye. I'll come again to-morrow, my lord," said she, kissing her hand in imitation of her lover; then, assuming a demure expression of countenance, awaited the awakening of the bonze.

After shaking the old gentleman until he began to fear he would dislocate his neck, the sailor succeeded in getting Nan-woo to open one eye, and to slowly utter "o-mi-tu-fuh," upon which the deputy bonze repeated the irritation until he got through a good many "o-mi-tu-fuh's;" then he informed him that *a person* wanted him, and added in English, "If I ketch you a winkin' at her I'll stop your rice, so mind." Not that the bonze was likely to be guilty of such a breach of discipline, but the sailor was so love-stricken, that he would have quarrelled with A-tae's shadow from very jealousy.

After receiving the offering, Nan-woo glanced at the girl, and observed, "Bring another to-morrow; go, you are better;" then squatting upon his mat recommenced his "o-mi—" refrain, assisted in the performance by his deputy, who growled out a deep bass, whistled, or sang a falsetto accompaniment as the whim took him. Not that it mattered to the bonze what he did, provided he kept within the cell, as after Jerry had been with him a week, except when spoken too, he took no more notice of his disciple than he would of a tame kitten.

One of the police-runners was related to A-tae's family; and being a cool, calculating scamp, who did not believe in the supernatural, could not make out how it was that Jerry had left the ravine. Knowing he would receive a large reward if he captured him, he communicated his suspicions to A-tae's brother, a rowdy named Hew-chaou, upon which they determined to keep an eye upon the Buddhist grove, particularly about the ravine; and as winter had set in, they searched diligently for footprints in the snow.

The girl returned every day, and upon some occasions had the inexpressible happiness of speaking to her lover, when one morning, to her astonishment, she found Jerry out of the cell, and waiting for her at the entrance of the ravine.

"Oh, my lord! O Shŏ! Hie thee back. If they see you we are lost."

"Nonsense. I've been cooped up long enough, and mean to have a cruise. I can't stand it any longer; besides, Nan-woo's asleep—he spends half his time so now; I think he won't live long. But what makes you look so pale?"

"My lord Shŏ, for ten days, in fact, since the snow first fell, I have been watched by two men,—one is my brother Hew-chaou, and the other the police-runner who hunted you. Oh, do not expose yourself to these wolves. My brother is a bad man, and would sell your head for a sapeck, and the runner is a tiger."

"I don't fear them, A-tae, but I'm getting lonely and am half-starved. Will you leave this place and go with me?"

"I can't," she sobbed.

"Why not?"

"We should not get ten li before they would track us. Then what would become of you, my lord Shŏ?"

They had walked up the ravine, and were now just outside the cell, when suddenly the head of the old bonze protruded from the hole, his eyes wide open with astonishment and terror.

"O-mi— come in, you fool! o-mi-tu-fuh, you blind idiot, come in!" saying which he threw his arms about, and behaved in such a ridiculously frantic manner, that out of compassion Jerry kissed A-tae, and wriggled through the hole into the cell.

Nan-woo was a very proper old man, and the sailor's proceedings quite scandalized him, but after a few hours he relapsed into his vegetable state, and things went on as before. One night in the depth of winter the deputy was awakened by the moans of the old fellow, and hastened to his assistance, but after having made him some tea, he retired again to his mat, imagining the malady allayed by the warm drink. However, when day broke he found his senior would soon repeat his last "o-mi," as he was going fast. Thinking the case required religious consolation, he did his best under the circumstances, and as, with all his faults, Thompson was not without some sort of religion, he managed to remember a

prayer or two, which he repeated to the dying bonze, winding up by way of a hymn with

"How doth the little busy bee,"[1]

repeated slowly. Nan-woo looked at him with a stony expression of countenance, and about eleven A.M., after a faint struggle, with a half-uttered "o-mi-t—" upon his lips, the old bonze breathed his last, "saluting heaven" from the arms of his sorrowing companion.

"Here's a fix. On a lee shore, skipper gone, and nothing but breakers all round. Well, poor old buffer, you saved my life and put up with me, and now you're gone, I'll bury you decently;" saying which he pushed the body through the hole, and having taken it out of the ravine succeeded in burying it in a snow-drift, where the mortal remains were found in the spring, and interred by a brother bonze.

After the death of Nan-woo the sailor set to work and pulled down the rocks which had been piled up in front of the cell fifty years before, when the old bonze entered it, the occupation tending to keep his blood in circulation, and preventing him from thinking of his loneliness. He knew none of the old women who frequented the place in fine weather would be likely to visit him then, and it was not until his companion had been dead a week that A-tae again made her appearance. Before the snowy weather set in the girl had managed to bring him several articles of warm clothing, and a number of bundles of rice-straw, which he formed into a bed, so his situation was not quite so forlorn as might have been imagined, his great trouble being a fear of starvation; and when A-tae came pattering up the path he gave a cheer, and rushing out caught her in his embrace.

"Please, Shŏ!—my lord—don't!"

"I'm so glad to see you; you can't tell how lonely I have been. The old man is dead, and, but for you, I would have left and risked capture."

"Hist! Did you hear a noise?"

"Nonsense! It is your imagination."

"I fear my brother has followed me. He is very suspicious, and wanted my mother to prevent my coming, but I said I must, or I should never have any luck. Hist!—I hear it again; 'tis some one moving. Let us hide."

"Who would hurt *you?*"

"My brother would kill me if he found me with you. I know his passionate nature."

"Stay here until night falls, and then we will dress in the old bonze's clothes, and leave the place. In his winter hoods no one will be able to know who we are, and once at Hang-Chow, there are a thousand chances to reach the sea, where I can ship in a junk, and take you as my wife."

After much persuasion the girl agreed to remain with him, observing that death would be preferable to such misery as they had endured for the last few days.

The words had hardly passed her lips before her brother suddenly sprung from behind a rock, and, drawing a short sword, plunged it into her body.

With a cry like that of a wounded tiger, the sailor jumped at Hew-chaou, and seizing the sword, delivered cut after cut until the rowdy was covered with wounds. After a desperate struggle, during which both fought like demons, the Chinaman, in endeavouring to pick up a stone, received a blow upon the nape of the neck, which stretched him dead. Seeing this Thompson gently lifted up the body of A-tae, and carrying it into the cell, endeavoured to bring her back to life. When she became conscious he asked her where she was wounded, upon which she motioned to her side, and again closed her eyes as if in great pain.

"Poor little thing—my curse on the brute who did it. How could any one with *a heart* do such a cruel deed?" he observed in English. Then added in her language, "Fear not, A-tae, you will soon be well."

The girl opened her eyes upon hearing his voice, and smiling faintly, begged him not to sorrow for her, she was so happy resting in his arms.

Thompson gazed upon the loving face, but in spite of vain endeavours to restrain his emotion, his lips quivered, and big tears coursed down his cheeks.

"Don't weep, Yung-Yung-Shŏ."

"God—help—me. I deserve to lose you, as a punishment for my sins."

"Speak my own language."

"A-tae, my heart is broken, and would I were in your place. I have not loved you as I should. I am not worthy of such love as yours, you pure lily."

Upon hearing this the poor girl lifted her head, laid her cheek upon his, and kissing him gently, said, "Yung-Yung-Shŏ, I'm—so—happy!" then dropped upon his shoulder, and giving him a look of ineffable love, closed her eyes, and in a short time all her earthly troubles were over.

When he found that she was dead he clasped her to his heart, and lavished the most endear-

[1] Very inappropriate at the death-bed of a Buddhist bonze.

ing epithets upon her—"Open your eyes once more! O darling A-tae! Look at me again! Your heart still beats." But the light of the beautiful eyes was dimmed for ever, and the loving little heart would never beat for him again. All day he held her in his arms, and when evening came he lit a lamp—which had been her present—and watched her body through the long winter night. At times, fancying she smiled at him, he would bend over her and listen—but to hear the beating of his own heart,—then he would gently kiss her lips, and resume his lonely watch.

There, in the presence of a woman who had shown by her every action how tenderly and dearly she had loved him, the sailor looked back upon his past life, and contrasted the conduct of the girl before him with that of his former loves. "None of them were half as good as she," he thought, and he vowed henceforth to shun the society of the opposite sex.

At daybreak he took her once more in his arms, and buried her in the snow near the entrance of the ravine, taking care to arch stones over her in such a manner that no wild animal could get at the body. The snow was falling fast when he did this, and in a short time the tumulus was completely hidden with a veil of spotless purity; then he returned to the hermitage, and having dressed in the winter suit of the bonze, left the ravine. As he passed the place where his lost love lay so silent, he knelt reverently and prayed that she might be in a happier state where she would never have a sorrow; then, with a heavy heart, he wandered forth, going he cared not whither.

HOME, WOUNDED.

[Sydney Dobell, born at Peckham Rye, London, 1824; died at Barton-End, Gloucester, 22d August, 1874. Under the pseudonym of Sydney Yendys he gained a distinguished place amongst modern poets. His chief works are: *The Roman; Balder*, of which a critic in *Fraser's Magazine* said, "Genius is unmistakably present in every page;" and *England in Time of War*—from which we quote. He also wrote in conjunction with the late Alexander Smith *Sonnets of the War*. Although suffering from the effects of a serious accident he met with amongst the ruins of Pozzuoli, he produced, in 1871, *England's Day*, which is regarded as one of his most powerful lyrics.]

Wheel me into the sunshine,
Wheel me into the shadow,
There must be leaves on the woodbine,
Is the king-cup crowned in the meadow?
Wheel me down to the meadow,
Down to the little river,
In sun or in shadow
I shall not dazzle or shiver,
I shall be happy anywhere,
Every breath of the morning air
Makes me throb and quiver.

Stay wherever you will,
By the mount or under the hill,
Or down by the little river:
Stay as long as you please,
Give me only a bud from the trees,
Or a blade of grass in morning dew,
Or a cloudy violet clearing to blue,
I could look on it for ever.
Wheel, wheel thro' the sunshine,
Wheel, wheel through the shadow;
There must be odours round the pine,
There must be balm of breathing kine,
Somewhere down in the meadow.
Must I choose? Then anchor me there
Beyond the beckoning poplars, where
The larch is snooding her flowery hair
With wreaths of morning shadow.

Among the thicket hazels of the brake
Perchance some nightingale doth shake
His feathers, and the air is full of song;
In those old days when I was young and strong,
He used to sing on yonder garden tree,
Beside the nursery.
Ah, I remember how I loved to wake,
And find him singing on the self-same bough
(I know it even now)
Where, since the flit of bat,
In ceaseless voice he sat,
Trying the spring night over, like a tune,
Beneath the vernal moon;
And while I listed long,
Day rose, and still he sang,
And all his stanchless song,
As something falling unaware,
Fell out of the tall trees he sang among,
Fell ringing down the ringing morn, and rang—
Rang like a golden jewel down a golden stair.
Is it too early? I hope not.
But wheel me to the ancient oak,
On this side of the meadow;
Let me hear the ravens croak
Loosened to an amorous note
In the hollow shadow.
Let me see the winter snake
Thawing all his frozen rings
On the bank where the wren sings.
Let me hear the little bell,
Where the red-wing, top-mast high,
Looks toward the northern sky,
And jangles his farewell.
Let us rest by the ancient oak,
And see his net of shadow,

His net of barren shadow,
Like those wrestlers' nets of old,
Hold the winter dead and cold,
Hoary winter, white and cold,
While all is green in the meadow.

And when you've rested, brother mine,
Take me over the meadow;
Take me along the level crown
Of the bare and silent down,
And stop by the ruined tower.
On its green scarp, by and by,
I shall smell the flowering thyme,
On its wall the wall-flower.
In the tower there used to be
A solitary tree.
Take me there, for the dear sake
Of those old days wherein I loved to lie
And pull the melilote,
And look across the valley to the sky,
And hear the joy that filled the warm wide hour
Bubble from the thrush's throat,
As into a shining mere
Rills some rillet trebling clear,
And speaks the silent silver of the lake.
There mid cloistering tree-roots, year by year,
The hen-thrush sat, and he, her lief and dear,
Among the boughs did make
A ceaseless music of her married time,
And all the ancient stones grew sweet to hear,
And answered him in the unspoken rhyme
Of gracious forms most musical
That tremble on the wall
And trim its age with airy fantasies
That flicker in the sun, and hardly seem
As if to be beheld were all,
And only to our eyes
They rise and fall,
And fall and rise,
Sink down like silence, or a-sudden stream
As wind-blown on the wind as streams a wedding-chime.

But you are wheeling me while I dream,
And we've almost reached the meadow!
You may wheel me fast thro' the sunshine,
You may wheel me fast thro' the shadow,
But wheel me slowly, brother mine,
Thro' the green of the sappy meadow;
For the sun, these days have been so fine,
Must have touched it over with celandine,
And the southern hawthorn, I divine,
Sheds a muffled shadow.

There blows
The first primrose,
Under the bare bank roses:
There is but one,
And the bank is brown,
But soon the children will come down,
The ringing children come singing down,
To pick their Easter posies,
And they'll spy it out, my beautiful,
Among the bare brier-roses;
And when I sit here again alone,
The bare brown bank will be blind and dull,
Alas for Easter posies!
But when the din is over and gone,
Like an eye that opens after pain,
I shall see my pale flower shining again;
Like a fair star after a gust of rain
I shall see my pale flower shining again;
Like a glow-worm after the rolling wain
Hath shaken darkness down the lane
I shall see my pale flower shining again;
And it will blow here for two months more,
And it will blow here again next year,
And the year past that, and the year beyond;
And thro' all the years till my years are o'er
I shall always find it here.
Shining across from the bank above,
Shining up from the pond below,
Ere a water-fly wimple the silent pond,
Or the first green weed appear.
And I shall sit here under the tree,
And as each slow bud uncloses,
I shall see it brighten and brighten to me,
From among the leafing brier-roses,
The leaning leafing roses,
As at eve the leafing shadows grow,
And the star of light and love
Draweth near o'er her airy glades,
Draweth near thro' her heavenly shades,
As a maid thro' a myrtle grove.
And the flowers will multiply,
As the stars come blossoming over the sky,
The bank will blossom, the waters blow,
Till the singing children hitherward hie
To gather May-day posies;
And the bank will be bare wherever they go,
As dawn, the primrose girl, goes by,
And alas for heaven's primroses!

Blare the trumpet, and boom the gun,
But, oh, to sit here thus in the sun,
To sit here feeling my work is done,
While the sands of life so golden run,
And I watch the children's posies,
And my idle heart is whispering
"Bring whatever the years may bring,
The flowers will blossom, the birds will sing,
And there'll always be primroses."

Looking before me here in the sun,
I see the Aprils one after one,
Primrosed Aprils one by one,
Primrosed Aprils on and on,
Till the floating prospect closes
In golden glimmers that rise and rise,
And perhaps are gleams of Paradise,
And perhaps—too far for mortal eyes—
New years of fresh primroses,

Years of earth's primroses,
Springs to be, and springs for me
Of distant dim primroses.

My soul lies out like a basking hound,
A hound that dreams and dozes;
Along my life my length I lay,
I fill to-morrow and yesterday,
I am warm with the suns that have long since set,
I am warm with the summers that are not yet,
And like one who dreams and dozes
Softly afloat on a sunny sea,
Two worlds are whispering over me,
And there blows a wind of roses
From the backward shore to the shore before,
From the shore before to the backward shore,
And like two clouds that meet and pour
Each thro' each, till core in core
A single self reposes,
The nevermore with the evermore
Above me mingles and closes;
As my soul lies out like the basking hound,
And wherever it lies seems happy ground,
And when, awakened by some sweet sound,
A dreamy eye uncloses,
I see a blooming world around,
And I lie amid primroses—
Years of sweet primroses,
Springs of fresh primroses,
Springs to be, and springs for me
Of distant dim primroses.

Oh to lie a-dream, a-dream,
To feel I may dream and to know you deem
My work is done for ever,
And the palpitating fever
That gains and loses, loses and gains,
And beats the hurrying blood on the brunt of a thousand pains
Cooled at once by that blood-let
Upon the parapet;
And all the tedious tasked toil of the difficult long endeavour
Solved and quit by no more fine
Than these limbs of mine,
Spanned and measured once for all
By that right hand I lost,
Bought up at so light a cost
As one bloody fall
On the soldier's bed,
And three days on the ruined wall
Among the thirstless dead.
Oh to think my name is crost
From duty's muster-roll;
That I may slumber tho' the clarion call,
And live the joy of an embodied soul
Free as a liberated ghost.
Oh to feel a life of deed
Was emptied out to feed
That fire of pain that burned so brief a while—
That fire from which I come, as the dead come
Forth from the irreparable tomb,
Or as a martyr on his funeral pile
Heaps up the burdens other men do bear
Thro' years of segregated care,
And takes the total load
Upon his shoulders broad,
And steps from earth to God.

Oh to think, thro' good or ill,
Whatever I am you'll love me still;
Oh to think, tho' dull I be,
You that are so grand and free,
You that are so bright and gay,
Will pause to hear me when I will,
As tho' my head were gray;
And tho' there's little I can say,
Each will look kind with honour while he hears.
And to your loving ears
My thoughts will halt with honourable scars,
And when my dark voice stumbles with the weight
Of what it doth relate
(Like that blind comrade—blinded in the wars—
Who bore the one-eyed brother that was lame),
You'll remember 'tis the same
That cried "Follow me,"
Upon a summer's day;
And I shall understand with unshed tears
This great reverence that I see,
And bless the day—and Thee,
Lord God of victory!

And she,
Perhaps oh even she
May look as she looked when I knew her
In those old days of childish sooth,
Ere my boyhood dared to woo her.
I will not seek nor sue her,
For I'm neither fonder nor truer
Than when she slighted my love-lorn youth,
My giftless, graceless, guinealess truth,
And I only live to rue her
But I'll never love another,
And, in spite of her lovers and lands,
She shall love me yet, my brother!
As a child that holds by his mother,
While his mother speaks his praises,
Holds with eager hands,
And ruddy and silent stands
In the ruddy and silent daisies,
And hears her bless her boy,
And lifts a wondering joy,
So I'll not seek nor sue her,
But I'll leave my glory to woo her,
And I'll stand like a child beside,
And from behind the purple pride
I'll lift my eyes unto her,
And I shall not be denied.
And you will love her, brother dear,
And perhaps next year you'll bring me here
All thro' the balmy April-tide,
And she will trip like spring by my side,

And be all the birds to my ear.
And here all three we'll sit in the sun,
And see the Aprils one by one,
Primrosed Aprils on and on,
Till the floating prospect closes
In golden glimmers that rise and rise,
And perhaps, are gleams of Paradise.
And perhaps, too far for mortal eyes,
New springs of fresh primroses,
Springs of earth's primroses,
Springs to be, and springs for me,
Of distant dim primroses.

SLIP-SHOD IN LITERATURE.

[David Masson, M.A., LL.D., born in Aberdeen, 2d December, 1822. Professor of rhetoric and English literature in the Edinburgh University, formerly professor of English language and literature in University College, London. He began his literary career at an early age as a contributor to the quarterlies and to the principal magazines, edited *Macmillan's Magazine*, from its commencement, for a number of years. From one of his essays contributed to the latter periodical the following extract is taken. His chief works are: *The Life of John Milton*, narrated in connection with the political, ecclesiastical, and literary history of his time; *British Novelists and their Styles; Essays, Biographical and Critical; Drummond of Hawthornden; &c.* (Macmillan & Co., publishers). Earnest devotion to his work, freshness, and geniality, distinguish Professor Masson's writings.]

There is the vice of the Slip-shod or Slovenly. In popular language it may be described as the vice of bad workmanship. Its forms are various. The lowest is that of bad syntax, of lax concatenation of clauses and sentences. It would be easy to point out faults of this kind which reappear in shoals in each day's supply of printed matter—from the verbs misnominatived, and the clumsy "whiches" looking back ruefully for submerged antecedents, so common in the columns of our hasty writers, up to the unnecessarily repeated "that" after a conditional clause which some writers insert with an infatuated punctuality, and even the best insert occasionally. Should the notice of a matter so merely mechanical seem too trivial, there is, next, that form of the slip-shod which consists in stuffing out sentences with certain tags and shreds of phraseology lying vague about society, as bits of undistributed type may lie about a printing-room. "We are free to confess," "we candidly acknowledge," "will well repay perusal," "we should heartily rejoice," "did space permit," "causes beyond our control," "if we may be allowed the expression," "commence hostilities"—what are these and a hundred other such phrases but undistributed bits of old speech, like the "electric fluid" and the "launched into eternity" of the penny-a-liners, which all of us are glad to clutch, to fill a gap, or to save the trouble of composing equivalents from the letters? To change the figure (see, I am at it myself!), what are such phrases but a kind of rhetorical putty with which cracks in the sense are stopped, and prolongations formed where the sense has broken short? Of this kind of slip-shod in writing no writers are more guilty than those who have formed their style chiefly by public speaking; and it is in them also that the kindred faults of synonyms strung together and of redundant expletives are most commonly seen. Perhaps, indeed, the choicest specimens of continuous slip-shod in the language are furnished by the writings of celebrated orators. How dilute the tincture, what bagginess of phraseology round what slender shanks of meaning, what absence of trained muscle, how seldom the nail is hit on the head! It is not every day that a Burke presents himself, whose every sentence is charged with an exact thought proportioned to it, whether he stands on the floor and speaks, or takes his pen in hand. And then, not only in the writings of men rendered diffuse by much speaking after a low standard, but in the tide of current writing besides, who shall take account of the daily abundance of that more startling form of slip-shod which rhetoricians call Confusion of Metaphor? Lord Castlereagh's famous "I will not now enter upon the fundamental feature upon which this question hinges," is as nothing compared with much that passes daily under our eyes in the pages of popular books and periodicals—tissues of words in which shreds from nature's four quarters are jumbled together as in heraldry; in which the writer begins with a lion, but finds it in the next clause to be a waterspout; in which icebergs swim in seas of lava, comets collect taxes, pigs sing, peacocks wear silks, and teapots climb trees.

Pshaw! technicalities all! the mere minutiæ of the grammarian and the critic of expression! Nothing of the kind, good reader! Words are made up of letters, sentences of words, all that is written or spoken of sentences succeeding each other or interflowing; and at no time, from Homer's till this, has anything passed as good literature which has not satisfied men as tolerably tight and close-grained in these particulars, or become classic and permanent which has not, in respect of them, stood the test of the microscope. We distinguish, indeed,

usefully enough, between matter and expression, between thought and style; but no one has ever attended to the subject analytically without becoming aware that the distinction is not ultimate—that what is called style resolves itself, after all, into manner of thinking; nay, perhaps (though to show this would take some time) into the successive particles of the matter thought. If a writer is said to be fond of epithets, it is because he has a habit of always thinking a quality very prominently along with an object; if his style is said to be figurative, it is because he thinks by means of comparisons; if his syntax abounds in inversions, it is because he thinks the cart before he thinks the horse.

And so, by extension, all the forms of slip-shod in expression are, in reality, forms of slip-shod in thought. If the syntax halts, it is because the thread of the thought has snapped or become entangled. If the phraseology of a writer is diffuse; if his language does not lie close round his real meaning, but widens out in flat expanses, with here and there a tremour as the meaning rises to take breath; if in every sentence we recognize shreds and tags of common social verbiage—in such a case it is because the mind of the writer is not doing its duty, is not consecutively active, maintains no continued hold of its object, hardly knows its own drift. In like manner, mixed or incoherent metaphor arises from incoherent conception, inability to see vividly what is professedly looked at. All forms of slip-shod, in short, are to be referred to deficiency of precision in the conduct of thought. Of every writer it ought to be required at least that he pass every jot and tittle of what he sets down *through* his mind, to receive the guarantee of having been really there, and that he arrange and connect his thoughts in a workmanlike manner. Anything short of this is—allowance being made for circumstances which may prevent a conscientious man from always doing his best—an insult to the public. Accordingly, in all good literature, not excepting the subtlest and most exuberant poetry, one perceives a strict logic linking thought with thought. The velocity with which the mind can perform this service of giving adequate arrangement to its thoughts, differs much in different cases. With some writers it is done almost unconsciously—as if by the operation of a logical instinct so powerful that whatever teems up in their minds is marshalled and made exact as it comes, and there is perfection in the swiftest expression. So it was with the all-fluent Shakspeare, whose inventions, boundless and multitudinous, were yet ruled by a logic so resistless, that they came exquisite at once to the pen's point, and in studying whose intellectual gait we are reminded of the description of the Athenians in Euripides—"those sons of Erectheus always moving with graceful step through a glittering violet ether, where the nine Pierian muses are said to have brought up yellow-haired Harmony as their common child." With others of our great writers it has been notably different—rejection of first thoughts and expressions, the slow choice of a fit percentage, and the concatenation of these with labour and care.

Prevalent as slip-shod is, it is not so prevalent as it was. There is more careful writing, in proportion, now than there was thirty, seventy, or a hundred years ago. This may be seen on comparing specimens of our present literature with corresponding specimens from the older newspapers and periodicals. The precept and the example of Wordsworth and those who helped him to initiate that era of our literature which dates from the French Revolution, have gradually introduced, among other things, habits of mechanical carefulness, both in prose and in verse. Among poets, Scott and Byron—safe in their greatness otherwise—were the most conspicuous sinners against the Wordsworthian ordinances in this respect after they had been promulgated. If one were willing to risk being stoned for speaking truth, one might call these two poets the last of the great slip-shods. The *great* slip-shods, be it observed; and, if there were the prospect that, by keeping silence about slip-shod, we should see any other such massive figure heaving in among us in his slippers, who is there that would object to his company on account of them, or that would not gladly assist to fell a score of the delicates with polished boot-tips in order to make room for him? At the least, it may be said that there are many passages in the poems of Scott and Byron which fall far short of the standard of carefulness already fixed when they wrote. Subsequent writers, with nothing of their genius, have been much more careful. There is, however, one form of the slip-shod in verse which, probably because it has not been recognized as slip-shod, still holds ground among us. It consists in that particular relic of the "poetic diction" of the last century which allows merely mechanical inversions of syntax for the sake of metre and rhyme. For example, in a poem recently published, understood to be the work of a celebrated writer, and altogether as finished a specimen of metrical rhetoric and ringing epigram as has

appeared for many a day, there occur such passages as these:—

"Harley's gilt coach *the equal pair attends.*"

"What earlier school *this grand comedian rear'd?*
His first essays no crowds less courtly cheer'd.
From learnèd closets came a sauntering sage,
Yawn'd, smiled, and spoke, and *took by storm the age.*"

"All their lore
Illumes one end *for which strives all their will;*
Before their age they march invincible."

"That talk *which art as eloquence admits*
Must be the talk of thinkers and of wits."

"Let Bright *responsible for England be,*
And straight in Bright a Chatham we should see."

"All most brave
In his mix'd nature *seem'd to life to start,*
When English honour roused his English heart."

That such instances of syntax inverted to the mechanical order of the verse should occur in such a quarter proves that they are still considered legitimate. But I believe—and this notwithstanding that ample precedent may be shown, not only from poets of the last century, but from all preceding poets—that they are *not* legitimate. Verse does not cancel any of the conditions of good prose, but only superadds new and more exquisite conditions; and that is the best verse where the words follow each other punctually in the most exact prose order, and yet the exquisite difference by which verse does distinguish itself from prose is fully felt. As, within prose itself, there are natural inversions according as the thought moves on from the calm and straightforward to the complex and impassioned—as what would be in one mood "Diana of the Ephesians is great," becomes in another, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians"—so, it may be, there is a *farther* amount of inversion proper within verse as such. Any such amount of inversion, however, must be able to plead itself natural—that is, belonging inevitably to what is new in the movement of the *thought* under the law of verse; which plea would not extend to cases like those specified, where versifiers, that they may keep their metre or hit a rhyme, tug words arbitrarily out of their prose connection. If it should be asked how, under so hard a restriction, a poet could write verse at all, the answer is, "That is *his* difficulty." But that this canon of taste in verse is not so oppressive as it looks, and that it will more and more come to be recognized and obeyed, seems augured in the fact that the greatest British poet of our time has himself intuitively attended to it, and furnished an almost continuous example of it in his poetry. Repeat any even of Tennyson's lyrics, where, from the nature of the case, obedience to the canon would seem most difficult—his "Tears, idle tears," or "The splendour falls,"—and see if, under all that peculiarity which makes the effect of these pieces, if of any in our language, something more than the effect of prose, every word does not fall into its place, like fitted jasper, exactly in the prose order. So! and what do you say to Mr. Tennyson's last volume, with its repetition of the phrase "The Table Round?" Why, I say that, when difficulty mounts to impossibility, then even the gods relent, even Rhadamanthus yields. Here it is as if the British nation had passed a special enactment to this effect:—"Whereas Mr. Tennyson has written a set of poems on the Round Table of Arthur and his Knights, and whereas he has represented to us that the phrase 'The Round Table,' specifying the central object about which these poems revolve, is a phrase which no force of art can work pleasingly into iambic verse, we, the British nation, considering the peculiarity of the case, and the public benefits likely to accrue from a steady contemplation of the said object, do enact and decree that we will in this instance depart from our usual practice of thinking the species first and then the genus, and will, in accordance with the practice of other times and nations, say 'The Table Round' instead of 'The Round Table' as heretofore." But this is altogether a special enactment.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

BY DAVID GRAY.

O love, whose patient pilgrim feet
Life's longest path have trod;
Whose ministry hath symboled sweet
The dearer love of God;
The sacred myrtle rears again
Thine altar, as of old;
And what was green with summer then,
Is mellowed now to gold.

Not now, as then, the future's face
Is flushed with fancy's light;
But memory, with a milder grace,
Shall rule the feast to-night.
Blest was the sun of joy that shone,
Nor less the blinding shower;
The bud of fifty years agone
Is love's perfected flower.

O memory, ope thy mystic door;
O dream of youth, return;
And let the light that gleamed of yore
Beside this altar burn.
The past is plain; 'twas love designed
E'en sorrow's iron chain;
And mercy's shining thread has twined
With the dark warp of pain.

So be it still. O Thou who hast
That younger bridal blest,
Till the May-morn of love has passed
To evening's golden west;
Come to this later Cana, Lord,
And, at thy touch divine,
The water of that earlier board
To-night shall turn to wine.

LONDON CITY.

[Mrs. J. H. Riddell (Charlotte E. D. Cowan), born at Carrickfergus, co. Antrim. Novelist. Her first works were issued under the *nom de plume* of F. G. Trafford; but since the success of *George Geith of Fen Court*—from which the following is taken—she has used her marital name. *Maxwell Drewitt; Too Much Alone; City and Suburb; Phemie Keller;* and *A Life's Assize*, are amongst her most popular novels.]

Thinking of the City as we think of it at the present day, it seems almost incredible that three hundred years since, letters for his Grace the Archbishop of York were forwarded to Tower Hill; whilst but half that period has elapsed since a Countess of Devonshire lived in Devonshire Square, Bishopsgate—not in solitude, but surrounded by much gay company—the last lady of rank who clung to the City.

There is no need to look scornful about the matter, most beautiful matron, though you may read this book in a house in Belgravia—for though the City be unfashionable now, no man may ever blot its ancient glory, or its present power and strength, out of the page of history. Not all Pickford's waggons can destroy its romance—not all the ninth of November mummery can efface the recollection of those days when City pageants were symbols of a real power—not all the feet that tramp across Tower Hill can obliterate the mournful histories written on its dust; churches and graveyards, mean courts and narrow alleys, thronged streets and quiet lanes—there is not one of these but repeats its old world tale, of misery and joy, in the ear of the attentive listener. In the dim summer twilight we tread softly through the deserted thoroughfares, feeling that the ground whereon we stand is hallowed—by human suffering—by human courage—by valour and by woe!

But, after all, it is around the City churches that the most interesting memories of olden time cluster.

What story is there that the old walls will not repeat at our bidding? From St. Paul's down, each has its own monuments, its own records—its own separate portion of the narrative of ancient days. Close by where we are now sitting are some of these old churches, and, from one and another, the soft evening breeze brings whispers of the greatness and the sorrow they contain.

Underneath the high altar of All-Hallows, Barking, lies, crumbling to dust, a heart which knew no such repose in life.[1] In the same church, sleep Surrey the poet, and Bishops Laud and Fisher, who were executed on the adjacent Tower Hill; whilst a little to the north, stands St. Katharine Cree, where in (for him) more prosperous days, Laud and his fat chaplains laid themselves open to the sarcasm of Prynne, whose description of the consecration of that church will be remembered so long as the history of ancient London has any charms for readers. Near to St. Katharine Cree we find St. Andrew Undershaft, which brings with its name thoughts of Spring and May, and garlands and festivity, as well as sadder memories of the great City historian, who, at eighty years of age, begged his bread by royal licence, and whose bones were moved from under his own monument to make way for those of a richer comer.

Close by there is another All-Hallows, besides Barking, where the Princess Elizabeth flew to give thanks for her release from the Tower—attracted thither, so runs the pleasant story, by the joyful ringing of its bells.

Almost within a stone's throw, what a number of churches there are!—St. Mary-at-Hill, St. Dunstan's in the East, St. Margaret Pattens, St. Catherine Coleman, Aldgate, St. Benet, and St. Dionsis Backchurch; whilst just beyond the wicket gate stood St. Gabriel, in the almost forgotten graveyard of which we sit.

Were all the City houses—all the long lines of streets, all the closely-packed warehouses, all the overflowing shops—swept away, the City churches would still form a town of themselves.

Dreaming here, we cannot but marvel what this place was like when both houses and churches were destroyed—when London was one broad sheet of flame, and its inhabitants

[1] Richard Cœur de Lion.

were camped out in the open fields, looking at the ruin which was being wrought.

Do you not wonder what the congregations were thinking about on that Sunday morning when the conflagration began? How many were making up their minds about the removal of their worldly goods—how many thinking of the great and terrible day of the Lord—how many shivering with fear—thought, to quote the Rev. T. Vincent, that into those churches which were in flames "God himself had come down to preach in them as he did in mount Sinai, when the mount burst into fire."

Doubtless some of those who sleep inside the rusty railings against which we lean, beheld these things—saw the City depopulated by plague, and purified by fire—followed the dead carts—looked down into the pits—hurried from the conflagration—witnessed executions on Tower Hill—attended the theatricals in the churchyard of St. Katharine Cree—and followed royalty, when kings and queens rode in state through the streets.

The very stones in this part of London talk to us eloquently of the past. Under the houses spring the arches of almost forgotten churches—in dim aisles stand stately monuments—in narrow lanes, mansions once occupied by the nobility. The dust of great and good, and notorious, and suffering men, has mingled long ago with the earth on which we tread, and there is scarcely an inch of ground but has some story or tradition connected with it.

If ghosts could return to their former haunts, what a congress should we behold in these old world streets!—Think of Tower Hill! What a regiment of headless men and women would draw up there, and march to Westminster, to meet the spirits of their oppressors! Think if the vaults were unsealed, and the graves opened, and the wrong, and the sin, and the cruelty, and the misery of the past suffered to escape into the night, what a ghastly procession would meet us at every turning!

And, as it is, the ghosts we encounter in fancy, while threading the older parts of London, set us reflecting about the bodies we shall see at the Day of Judgment.

Giving the imagination leave but to peep into the City churchyards—letting it have only a glimpse of that horrid foundation on which Windmill Street and the adjacent thoroughfares stand—suffering it to think of the graves lying deep under the City houses—it is not so difficult to realize what that mighty gathering will be like when the dead, small and great, shall stand before God, and be judged according to their works.

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

BY LADY DUFFERIN.

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side
On a bright May mornin' long ago,
When first you were my bride;
The corn was springin' fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high—
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The *place* is little changed, Mary,
The day is bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath, warm on my cheek,
And I still keep list'ning for the words
You never more will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near,
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here.
But the grave-yard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest—
For I've laid you, darling! down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends,
But, oh! they love the better still
The few our Father sends!
And you were all *I* had, Mary,
My blessin' and my pride:
There's nothin' left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength was gone;
There was comfort ever on *your* lip,
And the kind look on your brow—
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
When your heart was fit to break,
When the hunger pain was gnawin' there,
And you hid it, for *my* sake!
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore—
Oh! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,
My Mary—kind and true!
But I'll not forget *you*, darling!
In the land I'm goin' to;
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there—
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair!

And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies;
And I'll think I'll see the little stile
Where we sat side by side:
And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn,
When first you were my bride.

LONGING.

BY JAMES R. LOWELL.

Of all the myriad moods of mind
That through the soul come thronging,
Which one was e'er so dear, so kind,
So beautiful, as longing?
The thing we long for, that we are
For one transcendent moment;
Before the present, poor and bare,
Can make its sneering comment.

Still through our paltry stir and strife
Glows down our wished Ideal;
And longing moulds in clay what life
Carves in the marble Real;
To let the new life in, we know,
Desire must ope the portal;
Perhaps the longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal.

Longing is God's fresh heavenward will
With our poor earthward striving;
We quench it that we may be still
Content with merely living;
But would we know that heart's full scope,
Which we are hourly wronging,
Our lives must climb from hope to hope,
And realize our longing.

Ah! let us hope that to our praise
Good God not only reckons
The moments when we tread his ways,
But when the spirit beckons;
That some slight good is also wrought
Beyond self-satisfaction,
When we are simply good in thought,
Howe'er we fail in action.

HERO-WORSHIP AND ITS DANGERS:

A STORY.

[Charles James Lever, LL.D., born in Dublin, 31st August, 1809; died at Trieste, 1st June, 1872. He was educated at Trinity College and at Göttingen for the medical profession. After taking his degree of M.D., he was appointed medical superintendent of Londonderry, Newtown-limavady, and Coleraine, which post he held during the outbreak of cholera in 1832. He next became physician to the British Legation at Brussels. In 1858 Lord Derby appointed him vice-consul at Spezzia; and in 1867 he was removed to Trieste in the same capacity. It was as a novelist that he was distinguished: he is to Ireland, in many respects, what the author of *Waverley* is to Scotland. His numerous works are marked by many traits of rollicking fun, admirable character painting, and large experience of human nature at home and abroad. His most notable productions are: *Con Cregan; Harry Lorrequer; Charles O'Malley; Tom Burke of "Ours;" Jack Hinton; The O'Donoghue; St. Patrick's Eve; Roland Cashel; The Knight of Gwynne; The Daltons; The Dodd Family Abroad; Arthur O'Leary; One of Them; Barrington; Sir Brook Fossbrooke; Luttrell of Arran; The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly; Lord Kilgobbin* (his last and one of his best novels); and *Cornelius O'Dowd*, a series of sketches upon men, women, and things in general, contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine*. From the latter work we quote.]

Jean Paul tells us that there never was a nature yet formed without its vein of romance—that the most realistic and commonplace people we have ever met have their moods of romance, and that the cord, however little we may suspect it, runs through the woof of all humanity.

I am not able to affirm that he is right; but certainly a little incident which has just occurred to me leads me to believe that there are cases of the affection in natures and temperaments in which nothing would have led me to suspect them. I need not be told that it is the men who have a most worldly character who are often seen marrying portionless wives; that traits of self-sacrifice and devotion are being continually displayed by cold, ungenial, and, to all seeming, unimpressionable people. What I was not prepared for was to find that hero-worship could find a place in the heart of a hard, money-getting, money-lending fellow, whose ordinary estimate of humanity was based less on what they were than what they had. I own that I had no other clue to the man's nature than that furnished by a few lines of a newspaper advertisement, which set forth his readiness to advance sums from one hundred to five hundred pounds on mere personal security, and at a most

moderate rate of interest. And though the former amounted to obligations, the breach of which would have reduced one to bondage, and the latter varied from eighty to a hundred and thirty per cent., he was so pleasant-looking—so chatty—so genially alive to the difficulties that beset youth—so forgivingly merciful to wasteful habits and ways, that I took to him from the moment I saw him, and signed my four bills for fifty each, and took up my hundred and eighteen pounds off the table with the feeling that at last I had found in an utter stranger that generous trustfulness and liberality I had in vain looked for amongst kindred and relatives.

We had a pint of madeira to seal the bargain. He told me in a whisper it was a priceless vintage. I believe him. On a rough calculation, I think every glass I took of it cost me forty-seven pounds some odd shillings. It is not, however, to speak of this event that I desire here. Mr. Nathan Joel and I ceased after a while to be the dear friends we swore to be over that madeira. The history of those four bills, too complicated to relate, became disagreeable. There were difficulties—there were renewals—there were protests—and there was a writ. Nathan Joel was—no matter what. I got out of his hands after three years by ceding a reversion worth five times my debt, with several white hairs in my whiskers, and a clearer view of gentlemen of the Jewish persuasion than I had ever picked up out of Ecclesiasticus.

A good many years rolled over—years in which I now and then saw mention of Mr. Joel as a plaintiff or an opposing creditor—once or twice as assignee, too. He was evidently thriving. Men were living very fast, smashes were frequent, and one can imagine the coast of Cornwall rather a lucrative spot after a stormy equinox. I came abroad, however, and lost sight of him; a chance mention, perhaps, in a friend's letter, how he had fallen into Joel's hands—that Joel advanced or refused to advance the money—something about cash, was all that I knew of him, till t'other evening the landlord of the little inn near my villa called up to ask if I knew anything of a certain Mr. Nathan Joel, who was then at his inn, without baggage, money, papers, or effects of any kind, but who, on hearing my name, cried out with ecstasy, "Ah! he knows me. You've only to ask Mr. O'Dowd who I am, and he'll satisfy you at once."

"So," thought I, "Joel! the Lord hath delivered thee into my hands, and now, what sort of vengeance shall I take? Shall I ignore you utterly, and declare that your claim to my acquaintance is a gross and impudent fraud? Shall I tell the innkeeper I disown you?" If this was my first thought, it soon gave way—it was so long since the rascal had injured me, and I had cursed him very often for it since then. It was his nature too; *that* also ought to be borne in mind. When leeches cease sucking they die, and very probably money-lenders wither and dry up when they are not abstracting our precious metals.

"I'll go over and see if it be the man I know," said I, and set off at once towards the inn. As I went along, the innkeeper told me how the stranger had arrived three nights back, faint, weary, and exhausted, saying that the guide refused to accompany him after he entered the valley, and merely pointed out the road and left him. "This much I got out of him," said the landlord, "but he is not inclined to say more, but sits there wringing his hands, and moaning most piteously."

Joel was at the window as I came up, but seeing me he came to the door. "Oh, Mr. O'Dowd," cried he, "befriend me this once, sir. Don't bear malice, nor put your foot on the fallen, sir. Do pity me, sir, I beseech you."

The wretched look of the poor devil pleaded for him far better than his words. He was literally in rags, and such rags, too, as seemed to have once been worn by another, for he had a brown peasant jacket and a pair of goatskin breeches, and a pair of shoes fastened round his ankles with leather thongs.

"So," said I, "you have got tired of small robberies and taken to the wholesale line. When did you become a highwayman?"

"Ah, sir," cried he, "don't be jocose, don't be droll. This is too pitiful a case for laughter."

I composed my features into a semblance of decent gravity, and after a little while induced him to relate his story, which ran thus:

Mr. Joel, it appeared, who, for some thirty years of life had taken a very practical view of humanity, estimating individuals pretty much like scrip, and ascribing to them what value they might bring in the market, had suddenly been seized with a most uncommon fervour for Victor Emmanuel, the first impulse being given by a "good thing he had done in Piedmontese fives," and a rather profitable investment he had once made in the Cavour Canal. In humble gratitude for these successes, he had bought a print of the burly monarch, whose bullet head and bristling moustaches stared fiercely at him from over his fireplace, till by

mere force of daily recurrence, he grew to feel for the stern soldier a sentiment of terror dashed with an intense admiration.

"Talk of Napoleon, sir," he would say, "he's a humbug—an imposition—a wily, tricky, intriguing douger. If you want a great man—a man that never knew fear—a man that is above all flimsy affectations—a man of the heroic stamp—there he is for you!

"As for Garibaldi, he's not to be compared to him. Garibaldi was an adventurer, and made adventure a career; but here's a king; here's a man who has a throne, who was born in a palace, descended from a long line of royal ancestors, and instead of giving himself up to a life of inglorious ease and self-indulgence, he mounts his horse and heads a regiment, sir. He takes to the field like the humblest soldier in his rank, goes out, thrashes the Austrians, drives them out of Milan, hunts them over the plains of Lombardy, and in seven days raises the five per cents. from fifty-one and a half to eighty-two and a quarter 'for the account.' Show me the equal of that in history, sir. There's not another man in Europe could have done as much for the market."

His enthusiasm knew no bounds; he carried a gold piece of twenty francs, with the king's image, to his watch-chain, and wore small coins with the cross of Savoy in his breast, as shirt-studs. An ardour intense as this is certain to bear its effects. Mr. Joel had often promised himself a trip to the Continent, of which he knew nothing beyond Paris. He took, then, the season of autumn, when the House was up, and money-lending comparatively dull, and came abroad. He told his friends he was going to Vichy; he affected a little gout. It was a disease gentlemen occasionally permitted themselves, and Mr. Joel was a rising man, and liked to follow the lead of persons of condition. Very different, however, was his object; his real aim was to see the great man whose whole life and actions had taken such an intense hold on his imagination. To see him, to gaze on him, to possess himself fully of the actual living traits of the heroic sovereign; and if by any accident, by any happy chance, by any of those turns of capricious fortune which now and then elevate men into a passing greatness, to get speech of him! —this Mr. Joel felt would be an operation more overwhelmingly entrancing than if Spanish bonds were to be paid off in full, or Poyais fives to be quoted at par in the market.

It is not impossible that Mr. Joel believed his admiration for the *Re Galantuomo* gave him a *bona fide* and positive claim on that monarch's regard. This is a delusion by no means rare: it possesses a large number of people, and influences them in their conduct to much humbler objects of worship than a king on his throne. Sculptors, authors, and painters know something of what I mean, and not uncommonly come to hear how ungraciously they are supposed to have responded to an admiration of which it is possible they never knew, and which it would be very excusable in them if they never valued. The worshipper, in fact, fancies that the incense he sends up as smoke should come back to him in some shape substantial. However this may be, and I am not going to persist further on my reader's attention, Mr. Joel got to imagine that Victor Emmanuel would have felt as racy an enjoyment at meeting with *him*, as he himself anticipated he might experience in meeting the king. It goes a very long way in our admiration of any one to believe that the individual so admired has a due and just appreciation of ourselves. We start at least with one great predisposing cause of love—an intense belief in the good sense and good taste of the object of our affections.

Fully persuaded, then, that the meeting would be an event of great enjoyment to each, the chief difficulty was to find a "mutual friend," as the slang has it, to bring them into the desired relations.

This was really difficult. Had King Victor Emmanuel been an industrial monarch, given to cereals, or pottery, gutta-percha, cotton, or corrugated iron, something might have been struck out to present him with as pretext for an audience. Was he given to art, or devoted to some especial science?—a bust, a bronze, or a medal might have paved the way to an interview. The king, however, had no such leanings, and whatever his weaknesses, there were none within the sphere of the money-changer's attributions; and as Mr. Joel could not pretend that he knew of a short cut to Venice, or a secret path that led to the Vatican, he had to abandon all hopes of approaching the monarch by the legitimate roads.

See him I must, speak to him I will, were, however, the vows he had registered in his own heart, and he crossed the Alps with this firm resolve, leaving, as other great men before him have done, time and the event to show the way where the goal had been so firmly fixed on.

At Turin he learned the king had just gone to Ancona to open a new line of railroad. He hastened after him, and arrived the day after the celebration to discover that his majesty had left for Brindisi. He followed to Brindisi,

and found the king had only stopped there an hour, and then pursued his journey to Naples. Down to Naples went Mr. Joel at once, but to his intense astonishment, nobody there had heard a word of the king's arrival. They did not, indeed, allege the thing was impossible; but they slily insinuated that, if his majesty had really come, and had not thought proper to make his arrival matter of notoriety, they, as Italians, Neapolitans *surtout*, knew good manners better than to interfere with a retirement it was their duty to respect. This they said with a sort of half-droll significancy that puzzled Mr. Joel much, for he had lived little in Italy, and knew far more about Cremorne than the Casino!

Little dubious sentences, shallow insinuations, half-laughing obscurities, were not weapons to repel such a man as Joel. His mind was too steadfastly intent on its object to be deterred by such petty opposition. He had come to see the king, and see him he would. This same speech he made so frequently, so publicly, and so energetically, that at the various cafés which he frequented, no sooner was he seen to enter than some stranger to him—all were strangers—would usually come up in the most polite manner, and express a courteous hope that he had been successful, and had either dined with his majesty or passed the evening with him. It is needless to say that the general impression was that poor Mr. Joel was a lunatic, but as his form of the malady seemed mild and inoffensive, his case was one entirely for compassion and pity.

A few, however, took a different view. They were of the police, and consequently they regarded the incident professionally. To their eyes, Joel was a Mazzinian, and came out specially to assassinate the king. It is such an obvious thing to the official mind that a man on such an errand would attract every notice to his intentions beforehand, that they not alone decided Joel to be an intended murderer, but they kept a strict record of all the people he accidentally addressed, all the waiters who served, and all the hackney cabmen who drove him, while the telegraphic wires of the whole kingdom vibrated with one name, asking, Who is Joel? trace Joel; send some one to identify Joel. Little poor Joel knew all this time that he had been photographed as he sat eating his oysters, and that scraps of his letters were pasted on a large piece of pasteboard in the Ministry of Police, that his handwriting might be shown under his varied attempts to disguise it.

One evening he sat much later than was his wont at a little open-air café of the St. Lucia quarter. The sky was gloriously starlit, and the air had all the balmy softness of the delicious south. Joel would have enjoyed it and the cool drink before him intensely, if it were not that his disappointed hopes threw a dark shadow over everything, and led him to think of all that his journey had cost him in cash, and all in the foregone opportunities of discounts and usuries.

A frequenter of the café, with whom he had occasionally exchanged greetings, sat at the same table; but they said little to each other, the stranger being evidently one not given to much converse, and rather disposed to the indulgence of his own thoughts in silence.

"Is it not strange," said Joel, after a long pause, "that I must go back without seeing him?"

A half-impatient grunt was all the reply, for the stranger was well weary of Joel and his sorrows.

"One would suppose that he really wanted to keep out of my way, for up to this moment no one can tell me if he be here or not."

Another grunt.

"It is not that I have left anything undone, Heaven knows. There isn't a quarter of the town I have not walked, day and night, and his is not a face to be mistaken; I'd know him at a glance."

"And what in the devil's name do you want with him when you have seen him?" exclaimed the other, angrily. "Do you imagine that a king of Italy has nothing better to do with his time than grant audiences to every idle John Bull whose debts or doctors have sent him over the Alps?" This rude speech was so fiercely delivered, and with a look and tone so palpably provocative, that Joel at once perceived his friend intended to draw him into a quarrel, so he finished off his liquor, took up his hat and cane, and with a polite *felice sera, Signor*, was about to withdraw.

"Excuse me," said the stranger, rising, with a manner at once obsequious and apologetic. "I entreat you to forgive my rude and impatient speech. I was thinking of something else, and forgot myself. Sit down for one moment, and I will try and make you a proper reparation—a reparation you will be satisfied with. You want to see the king, and you desire to speak with him: both can be done with a little courage; and when I say this, I mean rather presence of mind—*aplomb*, as the French say—than anything like intrepidity or daring. Do you possess the quality I speak of?"

"It is my precise gift—the essential feature of my character," cried Joel, in ecstasy.

"This, then, is the way—and mind I tell you this secret on the faith that as an English gentleman you preserve it inviolate—'parole Inglese,' is a proverb with us, and we have reason to believe that it deserves its signification."

Joel swore to observe the bond, and the other continued—

"The king, it is needless to tell you, detests state and ceremonial; he abhors courtly etiquette, and the life of a palace is to him the slavery of the galleys. His real pleasure is the society of a few intimates, whom he treats as equals, and with whom he discourses in the rough dialect of Piedmont, as it is talked in the camp by his soldiers. Even this amount of liberty is, however, sometimes not sufficient for this bold native spirit; he longs for more freedom—for, in fact, that utter absence of all deference, all recognition of his high estate, which followers never can forget; and to arrive at this, he now and then steals out at night and gains the mountains, where, with a couple of dogs and a rifle, he will pass two, three, perhaps four days, sharing the peasant's fare and his couch, eating the coarsest food, and sleeping on straw, with a zest that shows what a veritable type of the medieval baron this Count of Savoy really is, and by what a mistake it is that he belongs to an age where the romance of such a character is an anachronism!

"You may feel well astonished that nobody could tell you where he is—whether here or at Turin, at Bologna, at Florence, or Palermo. The fact is, they don't know; that's the real truth—not one of them knows; all they are aware of is that he is off—away on one of those *escapades* on which it would be as much as life is worth to follow him; and there is La Marmora, and there sits Minghetti, and yonder Della Rovere, not daring to hint a syllable as to the king's absence, nor even to hazard a guess above a whisper as to when he will come back again. Now I can tell you where he is—a mere accident put me in possession of the secret. A *fattore* of my brother's came up yesterday from the Terri di Lavoro, and told how a strange man, large, strong-boned, and none over bland-looking, had been quail-shooting over the Podere for the last two days; he said he was a wonderful shot, but cared nothing about his game, which he gave freely away to any one he met. I made him describe him accurately, and he told me how he wore a tall high-crowned hat—a 'calabrese,'—as they call it—with a short peacock's feather, a brown jacket all covered with little buttons, leather small-clothes ending above the knees, which were naked, light gaiters half-way up the leg, his gun slung at his back, pistols in his belt, and a *couteau-de-chasse* without a scabbard hung by a string to his waist-belt; he added that he spoke little, and that little in a strange dialect, probably Roman or from the Marches.

"By a few other traits he established the identity of one whose real rank and condition he never had the slightest suspicion of. Now, as the king is still there, and as he told the Paroco of the little village at Catanzaro that he'd send him some game for his Sunday dinner, which he meant to partake of with him, you have only to set out to-night, reach Nola, where, with the aid of a pony and a carratella, you will make your way to Raniglia, after which, three miles of a brisk mountain walk—nothing to an Englishman—you'll arrive at Catanzaro, where there is a little inn. He calls there every evening, coming down the valley from St. Agata, and if you would like to meet him casually, as it were, you have only to set out a little before sunset, and stroll up the gorge; there you'll find him." The stranger went on to instruct Mr. Joel how he should behave to the distinguished unknown—how, while carefully avoiding all signs of recognition, he should never forget that he was in the presence of one accustomed to the most deferential respect.

"Your manner," said he, "must be an artful blending of easy politeness with a watchful caution against over-familiarity; in fact, try to make him believe that you never suspect his great rank, and at the same time take care that in your own heart you never forget it. Not a very easy thing to do, but the strong will that has sent you so far, will doubtless supply the way to help you further;" and with a few more such friendly counsels he wished Joel success and a good-night, and departed.

Mr. Joel took his place in the "rotondo" of the diligence—no other was vacant—and set off that night in company with two priests, a gendarme, and a captured galley-slave, who was about to show the officers of justice where a companion of his flight had sought concealment. The company ate and drank, smoked villanous tobacco, and sang songs all night, so that when Joel reached Nola he was so overcome with fatigue, headache, and sickness, that he had to take to bed, where the doctor who was sent for bled him twice, and would have done so four or five times more, if the patient, resisting with the little strength left

him, had not put him out of the room and locked the door, only opening it to creep down stairs and escape from Nola for ever. He managed with some difficulty to get a place in a baroccino to Raniglia, and made the journey surrounded with empty wine-flasks, which required extreme care and a very leisurely pace, so that the distance, which was but eighteen miles, occupied nearly as many hours. It took him a full day to recruit at Raniglia, all the more since the rest of the journey must be made on foot.

"I own, sir," said Mr. Joel, whom I now leave to speak for himself, "it was with a heavy heart I arose that morning and thought of what was before me. I had already gone through much fatigue and considerable illness, and I felt that if any mishap should befall me in that wild region, with its wild-looking, semi-savage inhabitants, the world would never hear more of me. It was a sad way to finish a life which had not been altogether unsuccessful, and I believe I shed tears as I fastened on my knapsack and prepared for the road. A pedlar kept me company for two miles, and I tried to induce him to go on the whole way with me to Catanzaro, but he pointed to his pack, and said, 'There are folk up there who help themselves too readily to such wares as I carry. I'd rather visit Catanzaro with an empty pack than a full one.' He was curious to learn what led *me* to visit the place, and I told him it was to see the fine mountain scenery and the great chestnut and cork woods of which I had heard so much. He only shook his head in reply. I don't know whether he disbelieved me, or whether he meant that the journey would scarce repay the fatigue. I arrived at Catanzaro about three in the afternoon. It was a blazing hot day—the very air seemed to sparkle with the fiery sun's rays, and the village, in regular Italian fashion, was on the very summit of a mountain, around which other mountains of far greater height were grouped in a circle. Every house was shut up, the whole population was in bed, and I had as much difficulty in getting admission to the inn as if I had come at midnight."

I will not trouble my reader to follow Mr. Joel in his description of or comment upon Italian village life, nor ask him to listen to the somewhat lengthy dialogue that took place between him and the priest, a certain Don Lertoro, a most miserable, half-famished fellow, with the worst countenance imaginable, and a vein of ribaldry in his talk that, Mr. Joel declared, the most degraded creature might have been ashamed of.

By an artful turn of the conversation, Joel led the priest to talk of the strangers who occasionally came up to visit the mountain, and at last made bold to ask, as though he had actually seen him, who was the large, strong-boned man, with a rifle slung behind him? he did not look like a native of these parts.

"Where did you meet him?" asked the priest with a furtive look.

"About a mile from this," said Joel; "he was standing on the rock over the bridge as I crossed the torrent."

"Che Bestia!" muttered Don Lertoro, angrily; but whether the compliment was meant for Joel or the unknown did not appear. Unwilling to resume the theme, however, he affected to busy himself about getting some salad for supper, and left Joel to himself.

While Joel sat ruminating, in part pleasantly, over the craft of his own address, and in part dubiously, thinking over Don Lertoro's exclamation, and wondering if the holy man really knew who the stranger was, the priest returned to announce the supper.

By Joel's account, a great game of fence followed the meal, each pushing the other home with very searching inquiries, but Joel candidly declaring that the Don, shrewd as he was, had no chance with him, insomuch as that, while he completely baffled the other as to what led him there, how long he should remain, and where go to afterwards, he himself ascertained that the large, heavy-boned man with the rifle might usually be met every evening about sunset in the gorge coming down from St. Agata; in fact, there was a little fountain about three miles up the valley which was a favourite spot of his to eat his supper at—"a spot easily found," said the priest, "for there are four cypress-trees at it, and on the rock overhead you'll see a wooden cross, where a man was murdered once."

This scarcely seemed to Joel's mind as a very appetizing element; but he said nothing, and went his way. As the day was drawing to a close, Mr. Joel set out for the fountain. The road, very beautiful and picturesque as it was, was eminently lonely. After leaving the village he never saw a human being; and though the evening was deliciously fine, and the wild flowers at either side scented the air, and a clear rivulet ran along the roadside with a pleasant murmur, there was that in the solitude and the silence, and the tall peaked mountains, lone and grim, that terrified and appalled him. Twice was he so overcome that he almost determined to turn back and abandon the expedition.

Onward, however, he went, encouraging himself by many little flatteries and compliments to his own nature. How bold he was? how original! how unlike other money-lenders! what manifest greatness there must be somewhere in the temperament of one like him, who could thus leave home and country, security, and the watchful supervision of Scotland Yard, to come into the wild mountains of Calabria, just to gratify an intellectual craving! These thoughts carried him over miles of the way, and at last he came in sight of the four cypress-trees; and as he drew nigh, sure enough there was the little wooden cross standing out against the sky; and while he stopped to look at it, a loud voice, so loud as to make him start, shouted out, "Alto là—who are you?"

Mr. Joel looked about him on every side, but no one was to be seen. He crossed the road, and came back again, and for a moment he seemed to doubt whether it was not some trick of his own imagination suggested the cry, when it was repeated still louder; and now his eyes caught sight of a tall, high-crowned hat, rising above the rank grass, on a cliff over the road, the wearer being evidently lying down on the sward. Joel had but time to remove his hat courteously, when the figure sprang to his feet, and revealed the person of an immense man. He looked gigantic on the spot he stood on, and with his stern, flushed features, and enormous mustaches, turned fiercely upwards at the points, recalled to Mr. Joel the well-known print over his chimney-piece at home. "Where are you going?" cried he, sternly.

"Nowhere in particular, sir. Strolling to enjoy my cigar," replied Joel, trembling.

"Wait a moment," said the other, and came clattering down the cliff; his rifle, his pistols, and his ammunition pouches making a terrific uproar as he came.

"You came from Catanzaro—were there any gendarmes there when you left?"

"None, sire: not one," said Joel, who was so overcome by the dignity of the gentleman that he forgot all his intended reserve.

"No lies, no treachery, or, by the precious tears of the Madonna, I'll blow your brains out."

"Your majesty may believe every word I utter in the length and breadth of the Peninsula; you have not a more devoted worshipper."

"Did you see the priest Don Lertoro?"

"Yes, sire; it was *he* told me where I should find your majesty, at the well, here, under the cypress-trees."

"Scioccone!" cried the stranger; but whether the epithet was meant for Joel or the cure did not appear. A very long and close cross-examination ensued, in which Joel was obliged not merely to explain who he was, whence he came, and what he came for, but to narrate a variety of personal circumstances which at the time it seemed strange his majesty would care to listen to—such as the amount of money he had with him, how much more he had left behind at Naples, how he had no friends in that capital, nor any one like to interest themselves about him if he should get into trouble, or require to be assisted in any way. Apparently the king was satisfied with all his replies, for he finished by inviting him to partake of some supper with him; and, producing a small basket from under the brushwood, he drew forth a couple of fowls, some cheese, and a flask of wine. It was not till he had drunk up three large goblets of the wine that Joel found himself sufficiently courageous to be happy. At last, however, he grew easy, and even familiar, questioning his majesty about the sort of life he led, and asking how it was that he never fell into the hands of brigands.

Nothing could be more genial or good-humoured than the king; he was frankness itself; he owned that his life might possibly be better; that on the whole, his father confessor was obliged to bear a good deal from him; and that all his actions were not in strictest conformity with church discipline.

"You ought to marry again; I am persuaded, sir," said Joel, "it would be the best thing you could do."

"I don't know," said the other, thoughtfully. "I have a matter of seven wives as it is, and I don't want any more."

"Ah! your majesty, I guess what you mean," said Joel, winking; "but that's not what I would suggest. I mean some strong political connection—some alliance with a royal house, Russian or Bavarian, if, indeed, Austrian were not possible."

"On the whole," said Joel, "I found that he didn't much trust any one; he thought ill of Louis Napoleon, and called him some hard names; he was not over-complimentary to the Pope; and as for Garibaldi, he said they had once been thick as thieves, but of late they had seen little of each other, and, for his part, he was not sorry for it. All this time, sir," continued Joel, "his majesty was always fancying something or other that I wore or carried about me; first it was my watch, which I felt much honoured by his deigning to accept; then it was my shirt-studs, then my wrist-

buttons, then my tobacco-pouch, then my pipe, a very fine meerschaum, and at last, to my intense astonishment, my purse, whose contents he actually emptied on the table, and counted out before me, asking me if I had not any more about me, either in notes or bills, for it seemed a small sum for a 'Milordo,' so he called me, to travel with.

"Whatever I had, however, he took it—took every carlino of it—saying, 'There's no getting any change up here—there are no bankers, my dear Signor Joel; but we'll meet at Naples one of these days, and set all these things to rights."

"I suppose the wine must have been far stronger than I thought; perhaps, too, drinking it in the open air made it more heady; then the novelty of the situation had its effect—it's not every day that a man sits hob-nobbing with a king. Whatever the reason, I became confused and addled, and my mind wandered. I forgot where I was. I believe I sang something—I am not sure what—and the king sang, and then we both sang together; and at last he whistled with a silver call-whistle that he wore, and he gave me in charge to a fellow—a ragged rascally-looking dog he was—to take me back to Catanzaro; and the scoundrel, instead of doing so, led me off through the mountains for a day and a half, and dropped me at last at Reccone, a miserable village, without tasting food for twelve hours. He made me change clothes with him, too, and take his dirty rags, this goat-skin vest and the rest of it, instead of my new tweed suit; and then, sir, as we parted, he clapped me familiarly on the shoulder, and said, 'Mind me, *amico mio*, you're not to tell the padrone, when you see him, that I took your clothes from you, or he'll put a bullet through me. Mind *that*, or you'll have to settle your scores with one of my brothers.'

"'By the padrone you perhaps mean the king,' said I, haughtily.

"'King, if you like,' said he, grinning; 'we call him 'Ninco Nanco:' and now that they've shot Pilone, and taken Stoppa, there's not another brigand in the whole of Italy to compare with him.' Yes, sir, out came the horrid truth. It was Ninco Nanco, the greatest monster in the Abruzzi, I had mistaken for Victor Emmanuel. It was to him I had presented my watch, my photograph, my seal-ring, and my purse with forty-two napoleons. Dirty, ragged, wretched, in tatters, and famished, I crept on from village to village till I reached this place yesterday evening, only beseeching leave to be let lie down and die, for I don't think I'll ever survive the shame of my misfortune, if my memory should be cruel enough to preserve the details."

"Cheer up, Joel; the king is to review the National Guard to-day. I'll take care that you shall have a good place to see him, and a good dinner afterwards."

"No, sir; I'll not go and look at him. Ninco Nanco has cured me of hero-worship. I'll go back to town and see after the exchanges. The sovereigns that come from the mint are the only ones I mean to deal with from this day forward."

TWELVE ARTICLES.

BY DEAN SWIFT.

I. Lest it may more quarrels breed,
I will never hear you read.

II. By disputing I will never,
To convince you, once endeavour.

III. When a paradox you stick to,
I will never contradict you.

IV. When I talk and you are heedless,
I will show no anger needless.

V. When your speeches are absurd,
I will ne'er object a word.

VI. When you, furious, argue wrong,
I will grieve and hold my tongue.

VII. Not a jest or humorous story
Will I ever tell before ye:
To be chidden for explaining,
When you quite mistake the meaning.

VIII. Never more will I suppose
You can taste my verse or prose.

IX. You no more at me shall fret,
While I teach and you forget.

X. You shall never hear me thunder
When you blunder on, and blunder.

XI. Show your poverty of spirit,
And in dress place all your merit;
Give yourself ten thousand airs;
That with me shall break no squares.

XII. Never will I give advice
Till you please to ask me thrice:
Which if you in scorn reject,
'Twill be just as I expect.

THE VISION OF DR. DONNE.

[Izaak Walton, born at Stafford, 9th August, 1593; died at Winchester, 15th December, 1683. Some time a hosier in Fleet Street, London; a royalist, and after the battle of Worcester he rendered good service to Charles II. His works are: *The Complete Angler, or Contemplative Man's Recreation;* and *The Lives of Dr. John Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Richard Hooker, George Herbert;* and *Robert Sanderson.* We quote from *The Life of Dr. Donne.*]

At this time of Mr. Donne's and his wife's living in Sir Robert's house, the Lord Hay was, by King James, sent upon a glorious embassy to the then French king, Henry the Fourth; and Sir Robert put on a sudden resolution to accompany him to the French court, and to be present at his audience there. And Sir Robert put on a sudden resolution to solicit Mr. Donne to be his companion in that journey. And this desire was suddenly made known to his wife, who was then with child, and otherwise under so dangerous a habit of body as to her health, that she professed an unwillingness to allow him any absence from her; saying, "Her divining soul boded her some ill in his absence;" and therefore desired him not to leave her. This made Mr. Donne lay aside all thoughts of the journey, and really to resolve against it. But Sir Robert became restless in his persuasions for it, and Mr. Donne was so generous as to think he had sold his liberty when he received so many charitable kindnesses from him, and told his wife so; who did therefore, with an unwilling willingness, give a faint consent to the journey, which was proposed to be but for two months; for about that time they determined their return. Within a few days after this resolve the ambassador, Sir Robert, and Mr. Donne left London, and were the twelfth day got all safe to Paris. Two days after their arrival there, Mr. Donne was left alone in that room in which Sir Robert, and he, and some other friends, had dined together. To this place Sir Robert returned within half an hour; and as he left, so he found Mr. Donne alone; but in such an ecstacy, and so altered as to his looks, as amazed Sir Robert to behold him; insomuch that he earnestly desired Mr. Donne to declare what had befallen him in the short time of his absence. To which Mr. Donne was not able to make a present answer, but, after a long and perplexed pause, did at last say, "I have seen a dreadful vision since I saw you: I have seen my dear wife pass twice by me through this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms: this I have seen since I saw you." To which Sir Robert replied, "Sure, sir, you have slept since I saw you; and this is the result of some melancholy dream, which I desire you to forget, for you are now awake." To which Mr. Donne's reply was: "I cannot be surer that I now live than that I have not slept since I saw you: and am as sure that at her second appearing she stopped and looked me in the face, and vanished." Rest and sleep had not altered Mr. Donne's opinion the next day; for he then affirmed this vision with a more deliberate, and so confirmed a confidence that he inclined Sir Robert to a faint belief that the vision was true. It is truly said that desire and doubt have no rest; and it proved so with Sir Robert; for he immediately sent a servant to Drewry House, with a charge to hasten back and bring him word whether Mrs. Donne were alive; and, if alive, in what condition she was as to her health. The twelfth day the messenger returned with this account:—That he found and left Mrs. Donne very sad and sick in her bed; and that, after a long and dangerous labour, she had been delivered of a dead child. And, upon examination, it proved to be the same day, and about the very hour, that Mr. Donne affirmed he saw her pass by him in his chamber.

This is a relation that will beget some wonder, and it well may; for most of our world are at present possessed with an opinion that visions and miracles are ceased. And, though it is most certain that two lutes, being both strung and tuned to an equal pitch, and then one played upon, the other that is not touched, being laid upon a table at a fit distance, will—like an echo to a trumpet—warble a faint audible harmony in answer to the same tune; yet many will not believe there is any such thing as a sympathy of souls; and I am well pleased that every reader do enjoy his own opinion. But if the unbelieving will not allow the believing reader of this story a liberty to believe that it may be true, then I wish him to consider many wise men have believed that the ghost of Julius Cæsar did appear to Brutus, and that both St. Austin and Monica, his mother, had visions in order to his conversion. And though these and many others—too many to name—have but the authority of human story, yet the incredible reader may find in the sacred story (1 Sam. xxviii. 14), that Samuel did appear to Saul even after his death—whether really or not, I undertake not to determine. And Eliphaz, in the book of Job, says these words (iv. 13–16):

"A spirit passed before my face; the hair of my head stood up; fear and trembling came upon me, and made all my bones to shake." Upon which words I will make no comment, but leave them to be considered by the incredulous reader; to whom I will also commend this following consideration: That there be many pious and learned men that believe our merciful God hath assigned to every man a particular guardian angel to be his constant monitor, and to attend him in all his dangers, both of body and soul. And the opinion that every man hath his particular angel may gain some authority by the relation of St. Peter's miraculous deliverance out of prison (Acts xii. 7–10, 13–15), not by many, but by one angel. And this belief may yet gain more credit by the reader's considering, that when Peter, after his enlargement, knocked at the door of Mary, the mother of John, and Rhode, the maid-servant, being surprised with joy that Peter was there, did not let him in, but ran in haste and told the disciples, who were then and there met together, that Peter was at the door; and they, not believing it, said she was mad: yet, when she again affirmed it, though they then believed it not, yet they concluded, and said, "It is his angel."

More observations of this nature, and inferences from them, might be made to gain the relation a firmer belief; but I forbear, lest I, that intended to be but a relator, may be thought to be an engaged person for the proving what was related to me; and yet I think myself bound to declare that, though it was not told me by Mr. Donne himself, it was told me—now long since—by a person of honour, and of such intimacy with him, that he knew more of the secrets of his soul than any person then living: and I think he told me the truth; for it was told with such circumstances, and such asseveration, that—to say nothing of my own thoughts—I verily believe he that told it me did himself believe it to be true.

I forbear the reader's further trouble as to the relation and what concerns it, and will conclude mine with commending to his view a copy of verses given by Mr. Donne to his wife at the time he then parted from her. And I beg leave to tell that I have heard some critics, learned both in languages and poetry, say that none of the Greek or Latin poets did ever equal them:—

"A VALEDICTION, FORBIDDING TO MOURN.

"As virtuous men pass mildly away,
And whisper to their souls to go.
Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
The breath goes now, and some say, No:

"So let us melt, and make no noise,
No tear floods, nor sigh tempests move;
'Twere profanation of our joys,
To tell the laity our love.

"Moving of th' earth, brings harms and fears:
Men reckon what it did or meant:
But trepidation of the spheres,
Though greater far, is innocent.

"Dull sublunary lovers' love—
Whose soul is sense—cannot admit
Absence, because that doth remove
Those things which elemented it.

"But we, by a love so far refin'd,
That ourselves know not what it is,
Inter-assured of the mind,
Care not hands, eyes, or lips to miss.

"Our two souls, therefore, which are one,—
Though I must go,—endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

"If we be two? we are two so
As stiff twin-compasses are two:
Thy soul, the fix'd foot, makes no show
To move, but does if th' other do.

"And though thine in the centre sit,
Yet, when my other far does roam,
Thine leans and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as mine comes home.

"Such wilt thou be to me, who must,
Like th' other foot, obliquely run:
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And me to end where I begun."

QUA CURSUM VENTUS.

BY ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail, at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart descried;

When fell the night unsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied;
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side:

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
Of those whom, year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew, to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered;
Ah! neither blame, for neither willed
Or wist what first with dawn appeared.

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
Brave barks! in light, in darkness too!
Through winds and tides one compass guides—
To that and your own selves be true.

But O blithe breeze! and O great seas!
Though ne'er—that earliest parting past,—
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought—
One purpose hold where'er they fare;
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas,
At last, at last, unite them there!

A LEGEND OF '45.[1]

"I was in the nursery at the time, as you can understand; but the chief person of the tale was my father's closest friend, and he was my counsellor in some kittle passes of my life in after days. He never mentioned this business himself; but my father, who knew the particulars brawly, used to tell it to me often, and he bequeathed the story to me as one of his most valuable legacies."

The old man's face brightened, and his voice became firmer as he proceeded.

"You see yon picture, hanging on the left of your mother, Balquherrie?—that was your grandfather, Hugh Outram. You see what a black-a-vice chiel he was, and I can tell you there was a fire in his een whiles that made some folk say he had the gift of second sight. At any rate, he had the pith of a giant in his arms, and the courage of a lion in his heart. He could love—like a mother; he could hate—like a jealous wife. My story is about him.

"He courted Mistress Graham, of Eskbank; he followed her night and day, he was devoted to her body and soul—in fact he was clean crack about her. But she was won by Corbet of Dowiemuir. When that became known, Hugh Outram shut himself up here in Balquherrie, and would have no speech with any living creature for awhile.

"At last my father got speaking with him, and showed him the duties he was neglecting because of a disappointment that could not be helped, but could be easily enough mended. Hugh stepped out of his shell, and took up the work that was appointed for him in seeing after the welfare of those dependent on him. When he was told that Mistress Corbet had been brought to bed of a daughter, he said, 'Lord, smile on the bairn,' although he never could he brought to say that he forgave Corbet.

"Prince Charlie raised his standard in Glenfinnan, and Corbet was the first to place himself under it, with all whom he could influence. Hugh took arms for the Government within a few days after; but my father, who served with him, was satisfied that he decided on this course more because of his hate for the man who had won his lady than because of his regard for the house of Hanover. No doubt he had his thought of meeting him in battle, and once, at the mention of the possibility of it, my father was frightened by the fire that flamed in Hugh's een.

"Be that as it may, he did his duty well and bravely. He would have prevented Cope marching like a stray goose into the north while the rebels were, unchecked, marching on the south, but his word was not heeded at the time. The prince made a brilliant run over the country; and at length the Duke of Cumberland chased him back to Culloden, where the Stuart cause was drowned in blood.

"After the battle there were days and weeks of persistent pursuit of the fugitive rebels. The mercenary troops were pitiless; and men of our own country consented to, or took part in cruelties that will shame the victory so long as the memory of them lasts. But Hugh Outram was disappointed if he had been calculating on coming across Corbet. So far they had not met.

"He had command of a company of Hessians—the most malignant, because the most indifferent, of all the pursuers—and he was in chase of a score of rebels who were making their way to the west. My father had twenty-three lads left of forty whom he had led from Pitnafour, and he was on the same track as his friend. Reports have been received that the scattered fugitives were rendezvousing in Lochaber, with the intention of making a stand yet in defence of the Stuart, in spite of what had happened. The duke was mightily wroth at this, and was not likely to show mercy to those who fell into his hands, still less to those who failed in the discharge of the savage duty intrusted to them.

"As it happened, the companies of Outram and of my father met in Glendhu, within three miles of Dowiemuir. They encamped for the night, and the two friends slept together in a shepherd's shieling. In the cold gray of morning they were aroused by a Hessian, who acquainted them that he had traced a rebel officer to a farm-house, distant only half a mile. They marched instantly on the place, sur-

[1] From *For Lack of Gold*, by Charles Gibbon, author of *Robin Gray*, &c. Henry S. King & Co., Cornhill.

rounded the house, and the search commenced, hot and furious.

"Nobody appeared to offer them opposition, and the house was as quiet as if there were not a living creature in it. The officers remained outside, and soon the fellow who had raised the halloo stepped out of the house carrying a greeting bairn in his arms. After him walked a lady with hair and dress disarranged, and a face white as a fine Holland sheet, but steady as a rock.

"She pleaded with them piteously to spare the life of her bairn, and the soldiers threatened to stick it on the point of their bayonets unless she confessed where the father lay hidden.

"She begged them to spare the child, but would not answer the question.

"The bayonets were fixed, the bairn raised high in the arms of a big rascal as if holding it ready to be impaled.

"Still the woman pleaded, and would not hear the condition on which alone her prayer would be granted.

"They said they would count six, and then proceed to the execution if she did not yield. They began to count, and she did not flinch until she observed Outram, who was grimly watching what passed. Then she trembled to her heels and groaned, sinking on the ground, for she concluded that there was neither pity nor mercy to expect from him for the wife and infant of Corbet of Dowiemuir.

"It was the lady herself Outram was looking at: his enemy and all that was precious to him were at his mercy. No man ever had a fairer opportunity of wreaking a terrible vengeance on his foe, without moving a finger; he had only to remain silent, and he was assured of the utmost retaliation for whatever he might have suffered.

"He turned to my father, who was curious as to what he would do:

"'You must command here,' he said, with big sobs in his throat, and turning his back on the scene: 'but save the bairn and spare the woman.'

"The child was placed on the ground beside its mother, who looked with wide parched eyes at her preserver, recognizing his kindness and yet doubting him. She seemed to have lost the power of moving or speaking; but when she saw the soldiers set fire to the house at the four corners, she started, clutching the bairn to her bosom, trembling and moaning, her blood-shot eyes leaping from her head in fright.

"When she saw the flames spring up to the thatch, and heard the burning joists crackle, she louped to her feet and walked straight over to Hugh Outram.

"'Sir,' she said, 'you were once my friend; it was Heaven's will that I should lose your friendship; but you are a man, and I a woman nigh mad with pain. My husband he lies in there, sick and wounded sore, so that he cannot move, and, without help, must die in the flame. You are his foe, at home and in the field; but sir, he is my husband and the father of my bairn, and—*I love him.*'

"Hugh Outram stood glowering at the blaze that was working out his worst spite. The devil bade him stand still; but he looked at the woman's face; he listened to the greeting bairn, and he made answer:

"'Madam, your husband was my worst foe, but that shall not make me the less your friend. He has taken from me my best hope, but he shall not take from me your respect or my own.'

"She first stared at him not knowing what he meant to do, and aye the house was burning, and the flames grew bigger.

"He cried to my father—

"'Turn your face another way, Pitna, that you may not see me. Call off the lads, haste down the glen with them, and I will deliver the traitor to you without fail.'

"My father guessed what he was meaning, and in pity for the lady did not say a word to the contrary. He called the soldiers together, and making them believe that the rebel had escaped down the glen, led them away in full chase.

"Outram asked the lady where her man was hidden; she feared to answer, for she had heard him promise to deliver the traitor. He pointed to the burning house, saying:

"'Trust me.'

"'She told him what he required to know, and he marched into the house, the flames hissing at him and scorching his clothes, the beams crackling above him and tumbling about him, the smoke fluffing in his face choking and blinding him. But in spite of flame and smoke, he made his way to the hiding-place of the rebel, and found him lying as though he were already dead. Outram lifted his enemy in his arms, and carried him out from the fiery grave to the place where Mistress Corbet was on her knees, praying God to help and shield her true friend.

"He laid him down on the ground beside her. First she looked at her guidman, and saw that life was in him yet, and next she looked up at her friend, but she could not speak a word. She saw that the hair was nearly burnt off his head, and his left hand was scarred;

so that it bore the mark until the day he died. She tore her gown, and tied a strip of it round his hand. Then she got water from the well and bathed her man's head and face, while the bairn was croodling on his breast.

"Outram got a horse and conveyed them five miles up the glen to a shepherd's bigging near Loch Fey—he was obliged to hold Corbet in the saddle the whole road; and there was no speech passed between them.

"But when he had seen them bestowed in the cot and was going away, the lady lifted up her bairn—a lassie, I ought to have told you—and bade her kiss him. The wee thing put her arms around his neck and cuddled him, and he trembled like a willow wand in a storm. Mistress Corbet stooped down with big tears in her een now and kissed his hand.

"'God will bless you, sir,' was all that she could say.

"He went and looked at Corbet where he lay, helpless and insensible, but beginning to breathe in a natural way.

"'He will live,' said Outram, stepping to the door, 'and I hope you will be happy. Think on me whiles; I am paying a high price for a kind place in your memory—and I am content.'

"She did not understand then how high the price was that he was prepared to pay: but afterwards she heard it all from my father.

"To him Outram went as fast as he could, and found him at the place where they had camped during the night.

"'I promised to deliver the traitor to you, Pitna,' he said, as quietly as though there was nothing out of the ordinary in what he was doing, 'and I keep faith with you. I am he—there is my sword.'

"He laid the sword down, and my father took it up, after staring at him a minute, fancying he was mad.

"'I understand you,' Pitna answered, 'I know what you have done, and—although it was rash and perilous—damn it, sir, I think you acted nobly. Take back your sword; I can keep a secret.'

"'No,' said Outram, shaking his head, 'that would involve you in the penalty for my treason.'

"He went straight to Cumberland himself, and the duke received him graciously enough; for his repute was high.

"'What is the penalty, excellency, for an officer under your command who aids a rebel to escape?' he asked.

"'Death,' cried the duke, loud and fierce.

"'Then I yield to my fate,' he said, and told what he had done.

"His grace was furious, and Outram was arrested. But his past services pleaded for him, and the President Forbes, with other gentlemen of weight, and whose adherence to the Government was beyond doubt, joined in an appeal for clemency. The duke had not the grace to appreciate Outram's conduct, but he had discretion enough not to proceed to extremity in such a case as this. So the only punishment inflicted on Outram was the cancelling of his commission, and that he did not regard as any loss. He was liberated, and spent his days usefully at home."

MADAME DE SOUZA.

[Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve, perhaps the most famous French critic of the last generation, was born in Boulogne in 1804, died in Paris, 1869. He began to write for the journals in 1824, published poems of the romantic school, and was one of the earliest and most brilliant writers for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. In 1845 Sainte-Beuve was elected to the French Academy. He lectured at Lausanne and Ligés on the Port Royalists, and on Chateaubriand. In 1850, he began to write for the *Constitutionnel* those critical papers entitled "*Causeries du Lundi*," which dealt one by one with all the great names in French literature. These papers are marked by keen insight, finished diction, and impartial judgment, and in these qualities he had no superior. The many works of Sainte-Beuve, comprising over fifty volumes, are great favorites with his countrymen. They abound in anecdote and piquant, lively, individual criticism. Only a very small part of them have been translated into English.]

A friend, who after having seen much of the world, has withdrawn from it almost entirely and who judges from a distance, and as it were from the shore, the swift whirlpool in which the rest of us are tossing, lately wrote me, apropos of certain rapid estimates I had made of contemporary works, "What you say of our 'sublimities' interests me greatly. Sublime they assuredly are. What they lack is calm and freshness, a little pure cold water with which to cool our burning palates." This quality of freshness and delicacy, this limpidity in emotion and sobriety in speech, this soft and quiet shading, as they disappear on all hands from

actual life and the works of imagination now produced, become all the more precious when we encounter them in obscurity, and in those pleasing compositions where they were last reflected. It would be a mistake to suppose that there is aught of weakness or degeneracy in regretting these vanished charms—these flowers which apparently could only blow in the very last days of an order of society now passed away. The softly tinted pictures of which we speak presuppose a degree of taste and soul-culture, which democratic civilization could not have abolished without detriment to itself, if something analogous thereto were not one day to reappear in our modern manners. Modern society, when it shall have become a little more settled and better defined, will also have its element of repose, its cool mysterious nooks, its shades favorable to refined sentiment, a few tolerably ancient forests, a few undiscovered fountains. It will admit into its seemingly uniform framework a thousand varieties of thought, and many a rare form of interior life: otherwise it will be in one respect, far inferior to the civilization which preceded it, and will barely satisfy the needs of a whole family of souls. In stirring times, in moments of incoherent and confused inauguration like the present, it is natural to make for the most important point, to busy one's self with the general working, and everywhere, even in literature, to strike boldly, aim high, and shout through trumpets and speaking-tubes. The modest graces will, perhaps, come back after a while, and come with an expression appropriate to their new surroundings. I would fain believe it; but while hoping for the best, I feel sure that it will not be to-morrow that their sentiments and their speech will once more prevail. Meanwhile we realize our need, and suffer from it. We betake ourselves, in hours of *ennui*, to the perfumes of the past,—a past, but of yesterday, which nevertheless, will not return. And this is why I sat down the other morning and re-read *Eugéne de Rothelin* and *Adèle de Sénange*, and why I speak of them to-day

A young girl issuing for the first time from the convent where her whole childhood had been passed;—a handsome, elegant, sentimental lord, such as used to frequent Paris about the year 1780, who encounters her with a slight degree of embarrassment, and appears to her from the first in the light of a saviour;—a very old husband, good, sensible, paternal, never ridiculous, who marries the maiden solely to emancipate her from an egotistical mother, and secure to her fortune and a future;—all the simplest every-day occurrences among these three beings, who, by a natural concurrence of events, are led to the resolve never to separate while the old man lives;—scenes in the park or garden, sails, chats about the arm-chair, calls at the old convent, visits to old playmates, innocent and varied prattle,—jesting, tender, or crossed with gleams of passion; generosity mingling with the growth of love, and blessing it; then, for fear of a too uniform sweetness, the world sketched in profile for a background, and its crimes and follies indicated; more than one original, more than one fool, identified in passing by some amusing feature; in a word, the actual life of a select circle;—a gathering passion which steals along like the streams of Neuilly under curtains of verdure, lingering and meandering deliciously; passing storms, like April rains, that leave no ravages; and all managed to the last and in the least particular with an ease that never verges on freedom, with a nobleness of tone that never forces nature, with a spirit of kindly allowance that is never indelicate;—such are the chief merits of a book whose harmony is unmarred by a single discordant word. The life and soul of it is the genius of Adèle—a genius winning, gay, versatile, winged like a bird, capricious and natural, timid and sensitive, roseate in its modesty, faithful, passing from smiles to tears with all the ardor of childhood.

We were on the eve of the revolution when this charming book was written. The author published it in London, in '93, amid calamity and privation. This Adèle de Sénange appeared in her festal robes, as a maiden of Verdun, escaped from the massacre, and ignorant of the fate of her companions.

Mme. de Souza, then Mme. de Flahaut, had been educated at a convent in Paris, and had married in extreme youth the Count de Flahaut, who was already fifty-seven years old. The convent is doubtless the one described in *Adèle de Sénange*. It had an adjacent hospital and a few very sage *pensionnaires;* and her reward of merit used to be to go to this hospital every Monday evening, wait on the paupers, and read prayers with them. She lost her parents early, and memories of the convent were home memories for her. This early education influenced, as we shall see, her whole

line of thought, and supplied vivid images for all her works. Married and lodging at the Louvre, she owed the idea of writing to the *ennui* induced by those political discussions which became more and more animated as the revolution drew near. She was too young, she said, to have a fancy for such things, and she desired to create an inner world for herself. In the romance of *Emilie et Alphonse*, the Duchess de Candale, then newly married, writes to her friend, Mlle. d'Astey, "I have made me a little retreat in one corner of my room. Here I have arranged a single chair, my piano and harp, a few books, a pretty table, on which are my sketches and my writing, and have drawn a kind of imaginary circle, which separates me from the rest of the apartment. If people come to see me, I hasten to overstep my barrier, that no one may penetrate within it; and when any one chances to approach my asylum, I can hardly contain my vexation. I cannot away with him." Mme. de Flahaut in her chamber at the Louvre must have made herself a retreat similar to Mme. de Candale's; but in her isolation she had an intimacy ready made. If any one attempted to cross her imaginary barrier by speaking to her of politics, she replied that M. de Sénange had had an attack of the gout, which occasioned her great anxiety. In *Eugénie et Mathilde*, where she has described the effect produced upon a noble family by the early events of the revolution, we may be allowed to attribute to herself some portion of the sentiments of Mathilde, who declares herself fatigued, though not distressed, by the excesses of the revolution. *Adèle de Sénange* was therefore, written without literary pretence, and merely as a private pastime. Yet, one day, the author, yielding to a confiding impulse, raised her ideal barrier, and proposed to a friend to make arrangements for a reading before a small number of people. The offer thus made was not accepted. People were willing to allow her an interesting mind, but not the talent of an author. So *Adèle de Sénange* failed to gain hearers, and we know that Paul and Virginia obtained them with difficulty.

The revolution developed its phases in rapid succession, and Mme. de Flahaut quitted Paris, and, after the 2d of September, France. M. de Flahaut was imprisoned, and soon fell a victim. By dint of gold and diamonds lavished by the family and friends upon the jailers, he had succeeded in making his escape, and was living in a safe retreat. But some one told in his presence that his advocate had been imprisoned on suspicion of having afforded him an asylum, and M. de Flahaut in order to justify the innocent, quitted his hiding-place at six in the morning, and repaired to the Commune, where he lodged information against himself, and a few days later was guillotined. On the death of Robespierre, Mme. de Flahaut quitted England with her son, and repaired to Switzerland, hoping even then to return to France; but the obstacles were not removed. Ever roaming about in the vicinity of that forbidden France, she made it her home at Hamburg, and it was in that city that the celebrity she had won by Adèle de Sénange procured her the acquaintance of M. de Souza, whom she married in 1802. In the interval she had published *Emile et Alphonse*, in 1799, and *Charles et Marie*, in 1801.

Charles et Marie is a graceful, touching little English romance, somewhat in the style of Miss Burney. The landscape of parks and English cottages, the manners, the absurdities of hunting ladies and learned ladies, the pure and languishing sentiment, make up a complete picture, which shows how naïve an inspiration the author had derived from her residence in England. An ingenious, and in the matter of subtilty at least, a competent critic, M. Patin, in passing judgment upon Mme. de Souza, gives his decided preference to this pretty novel of *Charles et Marie*. I, too, like it, but not with the same degree of partiality. There is (if I may venture to say so), as in Miss Burney's own stories, too great a profusion of vague tints, soft even to effeminacy,—a pale blonde coloring. Mme. de Souza usually draws better, and with a greater variety of color. It is in *Charles et Marie* that we find that ingenious remark so often quoted —"The faults on which we plume ourselves are like ugliness in full dress. They are seen in the strongest possible light." If Mme. de Flahaut's journey to England, and the sky and scenery of that country, imparted a milky, misty hue to this romance of *Charles et Marie*, we find in *Eugénie et Mathilde*, which did not appear until 1811, an equally striking reflex of nature in the north, off the shores of Holland, and the roadsteads of the Baltic, where she lingered so long in exile.

"Verdure in the northern latitudes has a peculiar tint, a uniform and tender hue, which comes by degrees to soothe and calm

one. This aspect, producing no surprise, leaves the soul unmoved—a condition which has its charms, especially, perhaps, when one is unhappy. Sitting in the fields, the sisters yielded to protracted reverie, and lost themselves in idle thought, until without having been diverted, they returned composed." And a little further on: "M. de Revel, hoping to divert the minds of his family, took pains to make them admire the rich pasture-lands of Holstein, and the fine trees along the shores of the Baltic,—that sea whose pallid waters differ in no respect from those of the numerous lakes which adorn the country, the evergreen turf reaching to the very water's edge. They were struck with that look of strangeness which Nature wears to all of us in countries far remote from those which gave us birth. The smiling perspective of the Lake of Ploën made them, somehow, breathe more freely. Possessing nothing of their own, they learned, like the poor, to find their recreation in a walk, their reward in a beautiful day; to enjoy, in short, the blessings bestowed on all." Mme. de Souza does not often pause to describe nature. She does it here with the more enjoyment, in that a profound and consoling memory mingles with her words. The laughing Adèle de Sénange, who knew only the alleys of Neuilly and the poplars of its island, is well nigh transformed, beside the Baltic, into a sister of the dreamy Valérie.

And, in fact, among these romantic conceptions which have become living realities, Adèle de Sénange is a sister worthy of Valérie, as she is of Mlle. de Clermont and the Princess de Clèves, and as Eugène de Rothelin is the noble brother of Adolphe, Edouard, Lépreux, and that Chevalier des Grieux, so frail, and yet so easily pardoned. I omit the great René, in the solitude of his preëminence. Happy he, who, drawing either from himself or his surroundings, from memory or from imagination, shall create a being worthy the society of those whom I have named! shall add an unlooked-for brother or sister to that family which is loved even more than it is admired. He will not wholly die.

Eugène de Rothelin, published in 1808, is considered by some excellent judges the most exquisite of Mme. de Souza's works, superior even to *Adèle de Sénange*. If it were needful to decide and choose between works almost equally fascinating, we should indeed be seriously embarrassed; for if *Eugène de Rothelin* represents the talent of Mme. de Souza in the utmost perfection of its skill, *Adèle de Sénange* reveals the stream nearest its source, in its most natural, and, so to speak, its gladdest outgushing. Yet, in respect of consummate art, power of composition, nice observation, invention and description, *Eugène* is a greater achievement than *Adèle*. To apply to the present case what I have elsewhere had occasion to say of the author of *Indiana* and *Valentine*, any moderately refined and sensitive soul who should dare to write unaffectedly possesses the material for a good romance. Taking our actual situation for a groundwork, and slightly disguising or modifying its accessories, we have at once the means of interesting ourselves, as if in the preparation of confidential memoirs, and of inducing others to share our interest. The difficulty lies in making a second effort, after the first has been so tender; after one has breathed, under a more or less treacherous disguise, a secret which exhaled perfume as it passed away. The life of Adèle de Sénange is divided into two periods: the convent, where she was reared and was happy for years, and a marriage, also happy, although unequal in point of age. In *Eugène de Rothelin* the author abandons the semi-personal conception which touches her heart so nearly. We have no more a simple picture of youth and morning, where many a common trait is unconsciously revealed, and fixed in living colors upon the canvas. Here is a firmer and more finished outline, a subject less identified with the author. There is no lack of tenderness, but observation of the world occupies a larger space. Sentiment and irony are balanced by means of skilfully-managed half-tints. The ingenuous passion—coquettish at times but always captivating—of Athénaïs and Eugène is relieved against a background of harassing mystery. Even when it gleams along the garden terraces or the glazed corridor, of a sunny morning, we dread the absent M. de Rieux wherever he may be, or catch a glimpse of the austere and sorrowful figure of the father of Eugène; and if we return to the drawing-room, the tenderness of the two lovers is diverted, and wreathes with doubtful grace the arm-chair of the charming but terrible old *maréchale*, who jokes and laughs and propounds questions about happiness—a kind of unguarded La Bruyère.

Marie Joseph Chénier has briefly eulogized Mme. de Souza, in words character

ized by his own precision and elegance, and specially applicable to Eugène. "These pretty romances," he says, "do not, it is true, represent the development of great passions; neither must we look in them for any deep study of humanity at large: but we are at least sure of finding here the most subtle social perceptions, pictures true to the life and delicately finished, a style moderately ornate, the correctness of a good book with the ease of eloquent conversation, the intellect which says nothing commonplace, and the taste which says nothing superfluous." But, apart from these general encomiums, which are applicable to a whole class of literary artists, it should be said of *Eugène de Rothelin* that it portrays one side of a century, and that a brilliant, chaste, poetic side, and one which we sometimes fail to recognize. Under this aspect the graceful romance is no longer an individual and isolated work. It acquires a higher, or, at least, a wider significance.

The mind and genius of Mme. de Souza belong wholly to the eighteenth century. She observed it very closely, and loved its society, its tone, its customs, its culture, its nicely apportioned life. We do not examine the influence upon her of Jean Jacques, or any other noted writer of that stamp, as we do in the case of Mme. de Staël, Mme. de Krüdener, Mme. Cottin, or Mme. de Montolieu. Mme. de Flahaut was less of the nineteenth century than they; less carried away by enthusiasm towards unknown regions. Society and the world were her teachers. She trained herself to see and feel within definite limits. There grew up in the last half of the reign of Louis XIV., under the special influence of Mme. de Maintenon, a school of politeness, of self-restraint, of decorous prudence even in youthful passions, a mild but unlimited authority in old age. People were pious, they were worldly, they were witty; but all was regulated and softened by conventionalism. We may follow the footsteps of this illustrious dynasty, from Mme. du Maintenon, Mme. de Lambert, Mme. de Deffand (after her reformation), Mme. de Caylus, and the young girls who enjoyed Esther at Saint-Cyr, down to the Maréchale Beauvau, who seems to have been the original of the Maréchale d'Estauteville in *Eugène de Rothelin*, and Marquise de Créquy, who, we are told, died a centenarian, and whose Memoirs, I strongly suspect, have slightly suffered at the hands of a certain man of genius. Mme. de Flahaut, who was young when the century died, preserved this very portion of the inheritance she derived from it, modified indeed by her own good taste, and adapted to the new court in which she was to live.

Others have depicted the eighteenth century under its cynical and stormy aspects, its incongruities and irregularities. Voltaire has scoffed at it; Jean Jacques has extolled and underrated it by turns; Diderot, in his correspondence, makes us admire it as a brilliant and magnificent medley; Crébillon *fils* sets forth its ultra refinement of speech and its real licentiousness; the author of *Eugène de Rothelin* paints for us the age itself in its exquisite flower, its ideal and harmonious splendor. *Eugène de Rothelin* is, as it were, the romance of eighteenth-century chivalry; what *Tristan le Léonois* and other romances of the thirteenth century were to the chivalry of that day; what *Le petit Jehan de Saintré* or *Galaor* were to the fifteenth; that is, a likeness, idealized and flattered, but a likeness still. Any well-born man of that day might have taken Eugène for his model. He is a Sir Charles Grandison without mawkishness or *ennui*. He has not, as yet, quite arrived at the dignity of that slightly solemn portrait which represents the *maréchale's* idea of what he was to be at twenty-five—a portrait in the style of Mlle. de Montpensier. Eugène, amid the world of amenities and conventionalities, has his jealousies, his ebullitions of mirth, his passing follies. One day he had almost compromised his sweet friend Athénaïs by his ill-humor at play. "What!" says she to him, the next day, "distress me, and what is worse, risk breaking your word? Eugène in the wrong? I would not have believed it!" Eugène, then, has his faults and Athénaïs her imprudences; but these render them only the more lovable. Nobody moralizes but the maréchale; and she does it with a tact that is almost always successful. Athénaïs and Eugène are caprice and poesy,—not easily rendered amenable to rules, but becoming obedient in the end, and able to soften their master. When, in the last scene, *in one of those straight alleys where one can be seen at so great a distance*, Mme. d'Estouteville advances slowly, leaning on the arm of Eugène, all is summed up for me in this single picture. If ever author succeeded in uniting the thoughtfulness of the moralist to the animation of the painter, and raising romance to the level of poetry, it has been accomplished in *Eugène*

de Rothelin. What if, in the characterization of her charming hero, the author supposed herself to be presenting a model for imitation, while the present generation is no longer disposed so to regard it? She succeeded in drawing from a recent past a type of character never before acknowledged or perceived—a type which completes and adorns the memory of that past. The spirit of Eugène was invoked in the quatrains of Mme. d'Houdetot.

Those who have the honor of Mme. de Souza's acquaintance find in her that supreme good-breeding which she has so well described; none of those unnecessary and widely-aimed words which are too common in our day; clear and definite turns of expression; a skilful yet simple arrangement of thought; brilliancy without pretension; remarks which haunt the memory; something, in short, of what constituted the distinctive character of the eighteenth century, from Fontenelle to the Abbé Morellet, but with a touch of sentiment peculiarly feminine. Moralist of the heart's secret places, she has small faith in the mighty progress of the present. She would be severe on many of our noisy youthful notions, if her genial and indulgent spirit were capable of severity. The author of *Eugène de Rothelin* has, as may be imagined, small taste for times of agitation and violent debate. A friend who inquired, in 1814, her opinion of the real state of France, judging otherwise than by the newspapers, received this reply: that the condition of France resembled a book open in the middle, which the ultras were reading backward, from right to left, in the attempt to return to the beginning, while the liberals were rushing through it from left to right, eager to reach the end, but whose actual open page no one was perusing. How else could the Maréchale d'Estouteville have spoken of our times?

An injurious epigraph having been inadvertently attributed to her in a recent work, Mme. de Souza wrote this model rectification, which reveals her whole character: "Monseiur has been betrayed into an error. The saying in question was accredited to a certain literary man, whose name, though he is long since dead, I will not permit myself to mention. For myself I never either penned or uttered such a sentence, which comprehends all the ages in its sweeping injustice, and whose tone is so far removed from the polished moderation which a woman ought always to observe." The scrupulous Atticism of Mme. de Souza shrunk, above all things, from the charge of rudeness in speech.

Mme. de Souza died in Paris on the 16th of April, 1836, preserving to the last her courtesy of spirit and her indulgent smile.

C. A. Sainte-Beuve.

TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

[Decimus Junius Juvenalis, the greatest of Roman satirists, was an author concerning whose life and history there are few authentic particulars. He is supposed to have written about A.D. 80 to 100, and his Satires, sixteen in number, are finished and energetic pieces of rhetorical composition. Juvenal's denunciations of Roman luxury and vice are caustic and powerful. He has found half a dozen translators in English; from among whom we select William Gifford's translation of the famous Tenth Satire, as perhaps the best.]

In every clime, from Ganges' distant stream
To Gades, gilded by the western beam,
Few, from the clouds of mental error free,
In its true light, or good or evil see.
For what, with reason, do we seek or shun?
What plan, how happily so e'er begun,
But, finish'd, we our own success lament,
And rue the pains, so fatally misspent?
To headlong ruin see whole houses driven,
Curs'd with their prayers by too indulgent heaven!
Bewilder'd thus by folly or by fate,
We beg pernicious gifts in every state,
In peace, in war. A full and rapid flow
Of eloquence lays many a speaker low:
Even strength itself is fatal; Milo tries
His wondrous arms, and—in the trial dies!
But avarice wider spreads her deadly snare,
And hoards amass'd with too successful care,
Hoards, which o'er all paternal fortunes rise,
As o'er the dolphin towers the whale in size.
For this, in other times, at Nero's word,
The ruffian bands unsheath'd the murderous sword,
Rush'd to the swelling coffers of the great,
Chased Lateranus from his lordly seat,
Besieged too wealthy Seneca's wide walls,
And closed, terrific, round Longinus' halls;
While sweetly in their cocklofts slept the poor,
And heard no soldier thundering at their door.
The traveller, freighted with a little wealth,
Sets forth at night, and wins his way by stealth:
Even then he fears the bludgeon and the blade,
And starts and trembles at a rush's shade;

While, void of care, the beggar trips along,
And in the spoiler's presence, trolls his song.
The first great wish that all with rapture own,
The general cry, to every temple known,
Is gold, gold, gold!—"and let, all-gracious Powers,
"The largest chest the Forum boasts be ours!"
Yet none from earthen bowls destruction sip:
Dread, then, the draught, when, mantling, at your lip,
The goblet sparkles, radiant from the mine,
And the broad gold inflames the ruby wine.
And do we, now, admire the stories told,
Of the two Sages, so renown'd of old;
How this forever laugh'd, whene'er he stept
Beyond the threshold; that, forever wept?
But all can laugh:—the wonder yet appears,
What font supplied the eternal stream of tears.
Democritus, at every step he took,
His sides with unextinguish'd laughter shook,
Though, in his days, Abdera's simple towns,
No fasces knew, chairs, litters, purple gowns.
What! had he seen, in his triumphal car,
Amid the dusty cirque, conspicuous far,
The Prætor perch'd aloft, superbly drest,
In Jove's proud tunic, with a trailing vest
Of Tyrian tapestry, and o'er him spread
A crown, too bulky for a mortal head,
Borne by a sweating slave, maintain'd to ride
In the same car and mortify his pride!
Add now the bird, that, with expanded wing,
From the raised sceptre, seems prepared to spring;
And trumpets here; and there the long parade
Of duteous friends, who head the cavalcade;
Add, too, the zeal of clients robed in white,
Who hang upon his reins, and grace the sight,
Unbribed, unbought,—save by the dole, at night!
Yes, in those days, in every varied scene,
The good old man found matter for his spleen:
A wondrous sage! whose story makes it clear,
That men may rise in folly's atmosphere,
Beneath Bœotian fogs, of soul sublime,
And great examples to the coming time.
He laugh'd aloud to see the vulgar fears,
Laugh'd at their joys, and sometimes at their tears;
Secure the while, he mocked at Fortune's frown,
And when she threatened, bade her hang or drown!
Superfluous, then, or fatal, is the prayer,
Which, to the Immortals' knees, we fondly bear.
Some, Power hurls headlong from her envied height,
Some, the broad tablet, flashing on the sight,
With titles, names: the statues, tumbled down,
Are dragg'd by hooting thousands through the town;
The brazen cars torn rudely from the yoke,
And, with the blameless steeds, to shivers broke;—
Then roar the fires! the sooty artist blows,
And all Sejanus, in the furnace glows;
Sejanus, once so honor'd, so adored,
And only second to the world's great lord,
Runs glittering from the mould, in cups and cans,
Basins and ewers, plates, pitchers, pots and pans.
"Crown all your doors with bay, triumphant bay!
"Sacred to Jove, the milk-white victim slay;
"For lo! where great Sejanus by the throng,
"A joyful spectacle! is dragged along.
What lips! what cheeks! hah, traitor!—for my part,
I never loved the fellow—in my heart."
'But tell me: Why was he adjudged to bleed?
And who discovered? and who proved the deed?'
"Proved!—a huge wordy letter came to-day
From Capreæ." Good! what think the people? They!
They follow fortune, as of old, and hate,
With their whole souls, the victim of the state.
Yet would the herd, thus zealous, thus on fire,
Had Nurscia met the Tuscan's fond desire,
And crush'd the unwary prince, have all combined,
And hail'd Sejanus, MASTER OF MANKIND!
For since their votes have been no longer bought,
All public care has vanish'd from their thought;
And those who once, with unresisted sway,
Gave armies, empire, every thing away,
For two poor claims have long renounced the whole,
And only ask,—the Circus and the bole.
"But there are more to suffer." 'So I find;
'A fire so fierce, for one was ne'er designed,
'I met my friend Brutidius, and I fear,
From his pale looks, he thinks there's danger near.
What, if this Ajax, in his frenzy, strike,
Suspicious of our zeal, at all alike!
"True: fly we then, our loyalty to show;
And trample on the carcass of his foe,
While yet exposed, on Tiber's banks it lies"—
'But let our slaves be there,' another cries:
"Yes: let them (lest our ardor they forswear,
And drag us, pinion'd, to the Bar,) be there."
Thus of the favorite's fall the converse ran,
And thus the whisper pass'd from man to man.
Lured by the splendor of his happier hour,
Wouldst thou possess Sejanus' wealth and power;

See crowds of suppliants at thy levee wait,
Give this to sway the army, that the state;
And keep a prince in ward, retired to reign,
O'er Capreæ's crags, with his Chaldean train?
Yes, yes, thou wouldst (for I can read thy breast)
Enjoy that favor which he once possest,
Assume all offices, grasp all commands,
The Imperial Horse, and the Prætorian Bands.
'Tis nature thus: even those who want the will.
Pant for the dreadful privilege to kill:
Yet what delight can rank and power bestow
Since every joy is balanced by its woe!
Still wouldst thou choose the favorite's purple, say?
Or, thus forwarn'd, some paltry hamlet sway?
At Gabii, or Fidenæ, rules propound,
For faulty measures, and for wares unsound;
And take the tarnish'd robe, and petty state,
Of poor Ulubræ's ragged magistrate?—
You grant me, then, Sejanus grossly err'd,
Nor knew what prayer his folly had preferr'd:
For when he begged for too much wealth and power,
Stage above stage, he raised a tottering tower,
And higher still, and higher; to be thrown,
With louder crash, and wider ruin down!
What wrought the Crassi, what the Pompey's doom,
And His, who bow'd the stubborn neck of Rome?
What but the wild, the unbounded wish to rise,
Heard, in malignant kindness, by the skies!
Few kings, few tyrants, find a bloodless end,
Or to the grave, without a wound, descend.
The child, with whom a trusty slave is sent,
Charged with his little scrip, has scarcely spent
His mite at school, ere all his bosom glows
With the fond hope he never more foregoes,
To reach Demosthenes' or Tully's name,
Rival of both in eloquence or fame!—
Yet by this eloquence, alas! expired
Each orator, so envied, so admired!
Yet by the rapid and resistless sway
Of torrent genius, each was swept away!
Genius, for that, the baneful potion sped,
And lopt, from this, the hands and gory head:
While meaner pleaders unmolested stood,
Nor stain'd the rostrum with their wretched blood.
"*How fortunate* A NATAL *day was thine.*
In that LATE *consulate, O Rome, of mine.*"
Oh, soul of eloquence! had all been found,
An empty vaunt, like this, a jingling sound,
Thou might'st, in peace, thy humble fame have borne,
And laugh'd the swords of Anthony to scorn!
Yet this would I prefer, the common jest,
To that which fired the fierce triumvir's breast,
That sacred scroll, where eloquence divine,
Burst on the ear, from every glowing line.
And he too fell, whom Athens, wondering, saw
Her fierce democracy, at will, o'erawe,
And "fulmine over Greece!" some angry Power
Scowl'd, with dire influence, on his natal hour—
Blear'd with the glowing mass, the ambitious sire,
From anvils, sledges, bellows, tongs, and fire,
From tempering swords, his own more safe employ,
To study RHETORIC, sent his hopeful boy.
The spoils of War; the trunk in triumph placed,
With all the trophies of the battle graced,
Crush'd helms, and batter'd shields; and streamers borne
From vanquish'd fleets, and beams from chariots torn;
And arcs of triumph, where the captive foe
Bends, in mute anguish, o'er the pomp below,
Are blessings, which the slaves of glory rate,
Beyond a mortal's hope, a mortal's fate!
Fired with the love of these, what countless swarms,
Barbarians, Romans, Greeks, have rush'd to arms,
All danger slighted, and all toil defied,
And madly conquer'd, or as madly died!
So much the raging thirst of fame exceeds
The generous warmth, which prompts to worthy deeds,
That none confess fair Virtue's genuine power,
Or woo her to their breast, without a dower.
Yet has this wild desire, in other days,
This boundless avarice of a few for praise,
This frantic rage for names to grace a tomb,
Involv'd whole countries in one general doom:
Vain "rage!" the roots of the wild fig-tree rise,
Strike through the marble, and their memory dies!
For, like their mouldering tenants, tombs decay,
And, with the dust they hide, are swept away,
Produce the urn that Hannibal contains,
And weigh the mighty dust which yet remains:
AND IS THIS ALL! Yet THIS was once the bold,
The aspiring chief, whom Afric could not hold,
Though stretch'd, in breadth, from where the Atlantic roars,
To distant Nilus, and his sun-burnt shores;
In length from Carthage to the burning zone,
Where other moors, and elephants are known.
Spain conquer'd, o'er the Pyrenees he bounds:

Nature opposed her everlasting mounds,
Her Alps, and snows; o'er these with torrent force,
He pours, and rends through rocks his dreadful course,
Already at his feet Italia lies;—
Yet thundering on, "Think nothing done," he cries,
"Till Rome, proud Rome, beneath my fury falls,
And Afric's standards float along her walls!"
Big words!—but view his figure! view his face!
O, for some master-hand the lines to trace,
As through the Etrurian swamps, by floods increast,
The one-eyed chief urged his Getulian beast!
But what ensued? Illusive glory, say.
Subdued on Zama's memorable day,
He flies in exile to a petty state,
With headlong haste; and, at a despot's gate,
Sits, mighty suppliant! of his life in doubt,
Till the Bithynian's morning nap be out.
Nor swords, nor spears, nor stones from engines hurl'd,
Shall quell the man whose frown alarm'd the world:
The vengeance due to Cannæ's fatal field,
And floods of human gore, a ring shall yield!—
Fly, madman, fly! at toil and danger mock,
Pierce the deep snow and scale the eternal rock,
To please the rhetoricians, and become
A DECLAMATION—for the boys of Rome!
One world the ambitious youth of Pella found
Too small; and toss'd his feverish limbs around,
And gasp'd for breath, as if immured the while,
In Gyaræ, or Serîpho's rocky isle:
But entering Babylon, found ample room,
Within the narrow limits of a tomb!
Death, the great teacher, Death alone proclaims
The true dimensions of our puny frames.
The daring tales, in Grecian story found,
Were once believed:—of Athos sail'd around,
Of fleets, that bridges o'er the waves supplied,
Of chariots, rolling on the steadfast tide,
Of lakes exhausted, and of rivers quaft,
By countless nations, at a morning's draught,
And all that Sostratus so wildly sings
Besotted poet, of the king of kings.
But how return'd he, say? this soul of fire,
This proud barbarian, whose impatient ire
Chastised the winds that disobey'd his nod,
With stripes, ne'er suffer'd from the Æolian god;
Fetter'd the Shaker of the sea and land—
But, in pure clemency, forbore to brand!
And sure, if aught can touch the Powers above,
This calls for all their service, all their love!—
But how return'd he? say;—His navy lost,
In a small bark he fled the hostile coast,
And, urged by terror, drove his laboring prore,
Through floating carcases, and floods of gore.
So Xerxes sped, so speed the conquering race;—
They catch at glory, and they clasp disgrace!
"LIFE! LENGTH OF LIFE!" For this, with earnest cries,
Or sick, or well, we supplicate the skies.
Pernicious prayer! for mark what ills attend,
Still, on the old, as to the grave they bend.
But grant his senses unimpair'd remain;
Still woes on woes succeed, a mournful train!
He sees his sons, his daughters, all expire,
His faithful consort on the funeral pyre.
Sees brothers, sisters, friends, to ashes turn,
And all he loved, or loved him, in their urn;
Lo here, the dreadful fine we ever pay,
For life protracted to a distant day!
To see our house by sickness, pain pursued,
And scenes of death incessantly renew'd:
In sable weeds to waste the joyless years,
And drop, at last, 'mid solitude and tears!
The Pylian's (if we credit Homer's page)
Was only second to the raven's age.
O happy, sure, beyond the common rate,
Who warded off, so long, the stroke of fate!
Who told his years by centuries, who so oft
Quaff'd the new must! O happy, sure"—
But, soft,
This "happy" man of destiny complain'd,
Curs'd his gray hairs, and every god arraign'd;
What time he lit the pyre, with streaming eyes,
And, in dark volumes, saw the flames arise
Round his Antilochus:—"Tell me," he cried
To every friend who linger'd at his side,
"Tell me what crimes have roused the Immortals' hate,
That thus, in vengeance, they protract my date?"
So question'd heaven Laertes—Peleus so—
(Their hoary heads bow'd to the grave with woe)
While This bewail'd his son, at Ilium slain,
That his, long wandering o'er the faithless main.
While Troy yet flourish'd, had her Priam died,—
With what solemnity, what funeral pride,
Had he descended, every duty paid,
To old Assaracus, illustrious shade!—
Hector himself, bedew'd with many a tear,
Had join'd his brothers to support the bier;

And Troy's dejected dames, a numerous train,
Follow'd in sable pomp, and wept amain,
As sad Polyxena her pall had rent,
And wild Cassandra raised the loud lament:
Had he but fall'n, ere his adulterous boy
Spread his bold sails, and left the shores of Troy.

But what did lengthen'd life avail the sire?
To see his realm laid waste by sword and fire.
Then too, too late, the feeble soldier tried
Unequal arms, and flung his crown aside;
Totter'd his children's murderer to repel,
With trembling haste, and at Jove's altar fell,
Fell without effort; like the steer, that now,
Time-worn and weak, and by the ungrateful plough,
Spurn'd forth to slaughter, to the master's knife,
Yields his shrunk veins, and miserable life.

I pass, while hastening to the Roman page,
The Pontic king, and Crœsus, whom the Sage
Wisely forbad in fortune to confide,
Or take the name of HAPPY, till he died.

JUVENAL.

THE GOTH AND THE ROMAN.

[GEORGE P. MARSH, an American author and diplomatist, was born at Woodstock, Vt., in 1801, graduated at Dartmouth in 1820, and became a lawyer. He has been a close student through life, although largely engaged in public affairs, having been in Congress from 1842 to 1849, minister to Turkey, 1849-53, and minister to Italy from 1861 to 1881. Mr. Marsh's principal works are "*Lectures on the English Language*" (1861), "*Origin and History of the English Language*" 1862, "*Man and Nature*" (1864), re-issued in 1874 with additions, as "*The Earth as Modified by Human Action.*" Mr. Marsh's philological studies have been extensive; he annotated a reprint of Wedgwood's Etymology, besides making other contributions to lexicography. He died in 1882.]

I shall do my audience the justice to suppose, that they are too well instructed to be the slaves of that antiquated and vulgar prejudice, which makes Gothicism and barbarism synonymous. The Goths, the common ancestors of the inhabitants of North Western Europe, are the noblest branch of the Caucasian race. We are their children. It was the spirit of the Goth that guided the May-Flower across the trackless ocean; the blood of the Goth that flowed at Bunker's Hill.

Nor were the Goths the savage and destructive devastators that popular error has made them. They indeed overthrew the dominion of Rome, but they renovated her people; they prostrated her corrupt government, but they respected her monuments; and Theodoric the Goth not only spread but protected many a precious memorial, which Italian rapacity and monkish superstition have since annihilated. The old lamentation, *Quod non fecerunt barbari, fecere Barberini*, contains a world of truth, and had not Rome's own sons been her spoilers, she might have shone at this day in all the splendour of her Augustan age.

England is Gothic by birth, Roman by adoption. Whatever she has of true moral grandeur, of higher intellectual power, she owes to the Gothic mother; while her grasping ambition, her material energies, her spirit of exclusive selfishness, are due to the Roman nurse.

The Goth is characterized by the reason, the Roman by the understanding; the one by imagination, the other by fancy; the former aspires to the spiritual, the latter is prone to the sensuous. The Gothic spirit produced a Bacon, a Shakspeare, a Milton; the Roman, an Arkwright, a Brindley, and a Locke. It was a Roman, that gathered up the coals on which St. Lawrence had been broiled; a Goth, who, when a fellow disciple of the great Swiss reformer had rescued his master's heart from the enemy, on the field where the martyr fell, snatched that heart from its preserver, and hurled it, yet almost palpitating with life, into the waters of a torrent, lest some new superstition should spring from the relics of Zwingli.

Rome, it is said, thrice conquered the world; by her arms, by her literature and art, by her religion. But Rome was essentially a nation of robbers. Her territory was acquired by unjust violence. She plundered Greece of the choicest productions of the pencil and the chisel, and her own best literature and highest art are but imperfect copies of the master-pieces of the creative genius of the Greek. She not only sacked the temples, but removed to the imperial city the altars, and adopted the Gods of the nations she conquered. Tiberius even prepared a niche for the Christian Saviour among the heathen idols in the Pantheon, and when Constantine made Christianity the religion of the state, he sanctioned the corruptions which Rome had engrafted upon it, and handed it down to his successors, contaminated with the accumulated superstitions of the whole heathen world.

The Goth has thrice broken her sceptre

The Goth dispelled the charm that made her arms invincible. The Goth overthrew her idolatrous altar, and the Goth is now surpassing her proudest works in literature and in art.

The cardinal distinction between these conflicting elements, as exemplified in literature and art, government, and religion, may be thus stated. The Roman mistakes the means for the end, and subordinates the principle to the form. The Goth, valuing the means only as they contribute to the advancement of the end, looks beneath the form, and seeks the in-dwelling, life-giving principle, of which he holds the form to be but the outward expression. With the Goth, the idea of life is involved in the conception of truth, and though he recognises life as an immutable principle, yet he perceives that its forms of expression, of action, of suffering, are infinitely diversified, agreeing, however, in this, that all its manifestations are characterized by development, motion, progress. To him truth is symbolized by the phenomena of organic life. The living plant or animal, that has ceased to grow, has already begun to die. Living truth, therefore, though immutable in essence, he regards as active, progressive in its manifestations; and he rejects truths which have lost their vitality, forms divorced from their spirituality, symbols which have ceased to be expressive. With the Goth, all truth is an ever-living principle, whence should spring the outward expression, fluctuating, varying, according to the circumstances which call it forth: with the Roman, its organic life is petrified, frozen into inflexible forms, inert. To the one it is a perennial fountain, a living stream, which murmurs, and flows, and winds "at its own sweet will," refreshing all life within the sphere of its influence, and perpetually receiving new accessions from springs that are fed by the showers of heaven, as it hastens onward to that unfathomable ocean of divine knowledge, which is both its primeval source and its ultimate limit. To the other it is a current congealed to ice by the rigour of winter, chilling alike the landscape and the spectator, or a pool, that stagnates, putrifies, breeds its countless swarms of winged errors.

In literature and art the Goth pursues the development of a principle, the expression of a thought, the realization of an ideal; the Roman seeks to fix the attention, and excite the admiration, of the critic or the spectator, by the material and sensuous beauties of his work.

Thus, in poetry, the Roman aims at smoothness of versification, harmonious selection and arrangement of words, and brilliancy of imagery; the Goth strives to give utterance to "thoughts that breathe, in words that burn."

In plastic and pictorial art, the Roman attracts the spectator by the grace and the voluptuous beauty of the external form, the harmony of colouring, the fitness and proportion of the accessories, the excellence of keeping; the Goth regards these but as auxiliaries, and subordinates or even sacrifices them all to the expression of the thought or passion, which dictates the action represented.

The Goth holds that government springs from the people, is instituted for their behoof, and is limited to the particular objects for which it was originally established; that the legislature is but an organ for the solemn expression of the deliberate will of the nation, that the coercive power of the executive extends only to the enforcement of that will, and that penal sanctions are incurred only by resistance to it as expressed by the proper organ. The Roman views government as an institution imposed from without, and independent of the people, and holds, that it is its vocation not to express but to control the public will; and hence, by a ready corruption, government comes to be considered as established for the private advantage of the ruler, who asserts not only a proprietary right to the emoluments of office, but an ultimate title to all the possessions, both of the state and of the individual citizen.

To the same source may be referred the poor fiction of divine indefeasible right, and that other degrading doctrine, which supposes all the powers of government, legislative, judicial and executive, to have been originally lodged in the throne, allowing to the subject such political rights only, as have been conceded to him by the sovereign; and hence too that falsest and most baneful of errors, the incubus of the British constitution, which consolidates or rather confounds church and state, conceding to the civil ruler supreme authority in spiritual matters, and ascribing temporal power to religious functionaries and ecclesiastical jurisdictions. So in spiritual things we find a like antagonism.

George P. Marsh.

THE JOLLY OLD PEDAGOGUE.

[GEORGE ARNOLD, an American poet and journalist, 1834–1865, was born in New York, educated at home, and became painter and art critic at the age of eighteen. He was a versatile writer for the press, contributing stories, essays, poems, and criticisms, to *Vanity Fair* and other journals, from 1860 to 1865. His "*Poems Grave and Gay*" (1867) are marked by clear simplicity of style, and passages of imaginative beauty.]

'Twas a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,
Tall and slender, and sallow and dry;
His form was bent, and his gait was slow,
His long, thin hair was as white as snow,
But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye;
And he sang every night as he went to bed,
"Let us be happy down here below,
The living should live, though the dead be dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He taught his scholars the rule of three,
Writing and reading, and history, too;
He took the little ones up on his knee,
For a kind old heart in his breast had he,
And the wants of the littlest child he knew:
"Learn while you're young," he often said,
"There is much to enjoy down here below;
Life for the living, and rest for the dead!"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

With the stupidest boys he was kind and cool,
Speaking only in gentlest tones;
The rod was scarcely known in his school,
Whipping, to him, was a barbarous rule,
And too hard work for his poor old bones;
Besides, it was painful, he sometimes said:
"We should make life pleasant down here below,
The living need charity more than the dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He lived in the house by the hawthorn lane,
With roses and woodbine over the door;
His rooms were quiet, and neat, and plain,
But a spirit of comfort held there reign,
And made him forget he was old and poor;
"I need so little," he often said;
"And my friends and relatives here below
Won't litigate over me when I am dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue long ago.

But the pleasantest times that he had of all
Were the sociable hours he used to pass,
With his chair tipped back to a neighbor's wall,
Making an unceremonious call,
Over a pipe and a friendly glass:
This was the finest pleasure, he said,
Of the many he tasted, here below;
"Who has no cronies, had better be dead!"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

Then the jolly old pedagogue's wrinkled face
Melted all over in sunshiny smiles;
He stirred his glass with an old-school grace,
Chuckled, and sipped, and prattled apace,
Till the house grew merry from cellar to tiles:
"I'm a pretty old man," he gently said,
I have lingered a long while, here below;
But my heart is fresh, if my youth is fled!"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He smoked his pipe in the balmy air,
Every night when the sun went down,
While the soft wind played in his silvery hair,
Leaving its tenderest kisses there,
On the jolly old pedagogue's jolly old crown:
And, feeling the kisses, he smiled and said,
'Twas a glorious world down here below:
"Why wait for happiness till we are dead?"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He sat at his door, one midsummer night,
After the sun had sunk in the west,
And the lingering beams of golden light
Made his kindly old face look warm and bright;
While the odorous night wind whispered, "Rest!"
Gently, gently, he bowed his head .....
There were angels waiting for him I know;
He was sure of happiness living or dead,
This jolly old pedagogue, long ago!

LET ME GO WARM.

[LUIS DE GONGORA Y ARGOTE, a Spanish poet, born at Cordova, 1561, died in 1627. Educated at the University of Salamanca, he wrote amatory and satirical poems, and was noted for introducing into Spain the euphuistic style, in which he was soon followed by numerous imitators. Lope de Vega said of Gongora, "he wrote in all styles with elegance, and in gay and festive compositions his wit was not less celebrated than Martial's, while it was far more decent."]

Let me go warm and merry still;
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

Let others muse on earthly things,—
The fall of thrones, the fate of kings,
And those whose fame the world doth fill;

Whilst muffins sit enthroned in trays,
And orange-punch in winter sways
The merry sceptre of my days;—
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

He that the royal purple wears
From golden plate a thousand cares
Doth swallow as a gilded pill:
On feasts like these I turn my back,
Whilst puddings in my roasting-jack
Beside the chimney hiss and crack:—
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

And when the wintry tempest blows,
And January's sleets and snows
Are spread o'er every vale and hill,
With one to tell a merry tale
O'er roasted nuts and humming ale,
I sit, and care not for the gale;—
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

Let merchants traverse seas and lands,
For silver mines and golden sands;
Whilst I beside some shadowy rill,
Just where its bubbling fountain swells,
Do sit and gather stones and shells,
And hear the tale the blackbird tells;—
And let the world laugh, an' it will.

THE DUEL BETWEEN HAMILTON AND BURR.

FROM LIFE OF AARON BURR.

[James Parton, born at Canterbury, England, February 9, 1822, was brought to New York in early childhood; he was educated at the Academy of White Plains where he became a teacher at the age of nineteen, subsequently he taught school in Philadelphia and New York. He was for some time assistant editor of *The Home Journal*, and has been a prolific biographical writer. He married in 1856 the well-known authoress, Fanny Fern. Among his works are biographies of "*Horace Greeley*" (1854), "*Aaron Burr*" (1857), "*Andrew Jackson*" (1860), "*Benjamin Butler*" (1864), "*Famous Americans*" (1870), and recently "*The Life of Voltaire.*" From his "*Life of Aaron Burr*" we extract the following.] He died 1891.]

Few of the present generation have stood upon the spot, which was formerly one of the places that strangers were sure to visit on coming to the city, and which the events of this day rendered for ever memorable. Two miles and a half above the city of Hoboken, the heights of Weehawken rise, in the picturesque form so familiar to New Yorkers, to an elevation of a hundred and fifty feet above the Hudson. These heights are rocky, very steep, and covered with small trees and tangled bushes. Under the heights, at a point half a mile from where they begin, there is, twenty feet above the water, a grassy ledge or shelf, about six feet wide, and eleven paces long. This was the fatal spot. Except that it is slightly encumbered with underbrush, it is, at this hour, precisely what it was on the 11th of July, 1804. There is an old cedar-tree at the side, a little out of range, which must have looked then very much as it does now. The large rocks which partly hem in the place are, of course, unchanged, except that they are decorated with the initials of former visitors. One large rock, breast-high, narrows the hollow in which Hamilton stood to four feet or less.

Inaccessible to foot-passengers along the river, except at low tide, with no path down to it from the rocky heights above, no residence within sight on that side of the river, unless at a great distance, it is even now a singularly secluded scene. But fifty years ago, when no prophet had yet predicted Hoboken, that romantic shore was a nearly unbroken solitude. A third of a mile below the duelling-ground there stood a little tavern, the occasional resort of excursionists; where, too, duelling parties not unfrequently breakfasted before proceeding to the ground, and where they sometimes returned to invigorate their restored friendship with the landlord's wine. A short distance above the ground, lived a fine-hearted old Captain, who, if he got scent of a duel, would rush to the place, throw himself between the combatants, and never give over persuading and threatening till he had established a peace or a truce between them. He was the owner of the ground, and spoke with authority. He never ceased to think that, if on this fatal morning, he had observed the approach of the boats, he could have prevented the subsequent catastrophe.

But, for the very purpose of preventing suspicion, it had been arranged that Colonel Burr's boat should arrive some time before the other. About half-past six, Burr and Van Ness landed, and leaving their boat a few yards down the river, ascended over the rocks to the appointed place. It was a warm, bright, July morning. The sun looks down, directly after rising, upon the Weehawken heights, and it was for that reason that the two men removed their coats before the arrival of the other party. There

they stood carelessly breaking away the branches of the underwood, and looking out upon as fair, as various, as animated, as beautiful a scene, as mortal eyes in this beautiful world ever beheld. The haze-crowned city; the bright, broad, flashing, tranquil river; the long reach of waters, twelve miles or more, down to the Narrows; the vessels at anchor in the harbor; misty, blue Staten Island, swelling up in superb contour from the lower bay; the verdant flowery heights around; the opposite shore of the river, then dark with forest, or bright with sloping lawn; and, to complete the picture, that remarkably picturesque promontory called Castle Point, that bends out far into the stream, a mile below Weehawken, and adds a peculiar beauty to the foreground;—all these combine to form a view, one glance at which *ought* to have sent shame and horror to the duellist's heart, that so much as the thought of closing a human being's eyes for ever on so much loveliness, had ever lived a moment in his bosom.

Hamilton's boat was seen to approach. A few minutes before seven it touched the rocks, and Hamilton and his second ascended. The principals and seconds exchanged the usual salutations, and the seconds proceeded immediately to make the usual preparations. They measured ten full paces; then cast lots for the choice of position, and to decide who should give the word. The lot, in both cases, fell to General Hamilton's second, who chose the *upper* end of the ledge for his principal, which, at that hour of the day, could not have been the best, for the reason that the morning sun, and the flashing of the river, would both interfere with the sight. The pistols were then loaded, and the principals placed, Hamilton looking over the river toward the city, and Burr turned toward the heights, under which they stood. As Pendleton gave Hamilton his pistol, he asked,

"Will you have the hair-spring set?"

"*Not this time*," was the quiet reply.

Pendleton then explained to both principals the rules which had been agreed upon with regard to the firing; after the word *present*, they were to fire as soon as they pleased. The seconds then withdrew to the usual distance.

"Are you ready?" said Pendleton.

Both answered in the affirmative. A moment's pause ensued. The word was given. Burr raised his pistol, took aim, and fired. Hamilton sprang upon his toes with a convulsive movement, reeled a little toward the heights, at which moment he involuntarily discharged his pistol, and then fell forward headlong upon his face, and remained motionless on the ground. His ball rustled among the branches, seven feet above the head of his antagonist, and four feet wide of him. Burr heard it, looked up, and saw where it had severed a twig. Looking at Hamilton, he beheld him falling, and sprang toward him with an expression of pain upon his face. But at the report of the pistols, Dr. Hosack, Mr. Davis, and the boatman, hurried anxiously up the rocks to the scene of the duel; and Van Ness, with presence of mind, seized Burr, shielded him from observation with an umbrella, and urged him down the steep to the boat.

JAMES PARTON.

A SPANISH ECLOGUE.

[GARCILASO DE LA VEGA, one of the finest of the Castilian poets, was born at Toledo in 1503, and died at the early age of 33, from a wound received in besieging a Moorish garrison in France. He was of noble family, and early imbibed a passion for the classic poets and for the Italian writers. His poems, all published posthumously, consist of 37 sonnets and 10 pastoral and other poems. Garcilaso has been styled the Spanish Petrarch. The following fine lines we quote from his first eclogue, or pastoral.]

Through thee the silence of the shaded glen,
Through thee the horror of the lonely mountain,
Pleased me no less than the resort of men;
The breeze, the summer wood, and lucid fountain,
The purple rose, white lily of the lake,
Were sweet for thy sweet sake;
For thee the fragrant primrose, dropped with dew,
Was wished when first it blew.
O, how completely was I in all this
Myself deceiving! O, the different part
That thou wert acting, covering with a kiss
Of seeming love the traitor in thy heart!
This my severe misfortune, long ago,
Did the soothsaying raven, sailing by
On the black storm, with hoarse, sinister cry,
Clearly presage! In gentleness of woe,
Flow forth, my tears!—'tis meet that ye should flow!
Can I forget, ere grief my spirit changed,
With what delicious ease and pure content
Your peace I wooed, your solitudes I ranged,
Enchanted and refreshed where'er I went?
How many blissful noons I here have spent
In luxury of slumber, couched on flowers,
And with my own fond fancies, from a boy,

Discoursed away the hours,—
Discovering naught in your delightful bowers,
But golden dreams, and memories fraught with joy!
As the sad nightingale, in some green wood
Closely embowered, the cruel hind arraigns
Who from their pleasant nest her plumeless brood
Has stolen, whilst she with pains
Winged the wide forest for their food, and now,
Fluttering with joy, returns to the loved bough,—
The bough where naught remains;
Dying with passion and desire, she flings
A thousand concords from her various bill,
Till the whole melancholy woodland rings
With gurglings sweet, or with philippics shrill;
Throughout the silent night, she not refrains
Her piercing note and her pathetic cry,
But calls, as witness to her wrongs and pains,
The listening stars and the responding sky:

So I in mournful song pour forth my pain;
So I lament—lament, alas! in vain—
The cruelty of Death: untaught to spare,
The ruthless spoiler ravished from my breast
Each pledge of happiness and joy, that there
Had its beloved home and nuptial nest.
Swift-seizing Death! through thy despite I fill
The whole world with my passionate lament,
Importuning the skies and valleys shrill
My tale of wrongs to echo and resent.
A grief so vast no consolation knows;
Ne'er can the agony my brain forsake,
Till suffering consciousness in frenzy close,
Or till the shattered cords of being break.

Divine Eliza! since the sapphire sky
Thou measurest now on angel-wings, and feet
Sandalled with immortality, O, why
Of me forgetful? Wherefore not entreat
To hurry on the time when I shall see
The veil of mortal being rent in twain,
And smile that I am free?
In the third circle of that happy land,
Shall we not seek together, hand in hand,
Another lovelier landscape, a new plain,
Other romantic streams and mountains blue,
Fresh flowery vales, and a new shady shore,
Where I may rest, and ever in my view
Keep thee, without the terror and surprise
Of being sundered more?

ANACREON ON DRINKING.

ODE XIX.

Fruitful earth drinks up the rain;
Trees from earth drink that again;
The sea drinks the air, the sun
Drinks the sea, and him the moon.
Is it reason, then, d'ye think,
I should thirst when all else drink?

Translated by THOMAS STANLEY.

THE PRINCE.

[NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI, an Italian author and statesman, 1459–1527, was born and died in Florence. At about thirty years of age, Machiavelli became Secretary of the Florentine Republic, then a powerful government, having relations with most of the States of Europe. In this office he became ambassador to France and other governments, and his dispatches are models of keen observation and apt expression. The Republic being overthrown by the Medici in 1512, Machiavelli was deprived of office and imprisoned for his liberal principles. Through the power of the Pope, however, he was restored to honorable employment. His chief works are a "*History of Florence*," "*Discourses on Livy*," "*The Art of War*," and "*The Prince*." The latter, his most famous work, from which we extract some passages, sets forth in masterly style the arts of despotism.]

When States that are newly conquered have been accustomed to Liberty, and to live under their own Laws, there are three ways of maintaining them. The first is, to ruin them; the second, to reside there in person; and the third to leave them in the enjoyment of their old laws and privileges, upon condition that they will become tributary, and submit to be governed by a Council of State, consisting of a few of their own Citizens, to take care of your interests there, and to keep the people in amity and obedience. For that Council being established by the Conqueror, and therefore wholly dependent upon his favor and authority, will naturally exert its utmost endeavours to support him: and those that have a mind to keep possession of a State that has been used to live in freedom, will always find it more easy to accomplish their design by putting it under the government of its own Citizens, than by any other means whatever. The conduct of the Spartans and Romans may serve for a proof of what I have here laid down. The former having got possession of Athens and Thebes, established an Oligarchy in those two Cities; and yet they afterwards lost them; the latter maintained themselves in the territories of Capua, Carthage, and Numantia, by ruining the Cities. On the contrary, when they endeavoured to keep possession of Greece by governing almost in the same manner that the Spartans had done, and suffering it to enjoy its former laws and liberties, they were defeated in their designs; and at last found themselves under a necessity of ruining many Cities in that Province before they could effectually secure it. And without doubt, that is the safest way: for otherwise, who-

soever makes himself master of a free State, may expect to be ruined by it himself; as the name of liberty and the remembrance of its former laws and privileges, which neither length of time, nor any kind of benefactions, can ever eradicate, will always furnish it with a pretence to rebel. So that in spite of all precaution, or provisions that can be made to the contrary, if the inhabitants are not in some manner either divided or dispersed, they will take every opportunity of asserting their ancient liberties; as the Republic of Pisa did after it had continued so many years in subjection to the Florentines. But the case is very different where cities or provinces have been used to live under a Prince, and the race of that Prince is extinct: for as, on one hand, they have been accustomed to obey, and on the other, they are deprived of their former Prince, they will neither agree among themselves to set up another of their own body, nor how to govern like free States: from whence it must necessarily come to pass that they will be but little disposed to rebel, and a conqueror may not only gain, but secure their affections without any great difficulty. In republics, however, the resentment of the citizens runs much higher, and their desire of revenge is much more eager and inveterate: for the memory of their former liberty never will nor can suffer them to rest in peace: so that it is the most secure way either to ruin them entirely, or to reside amongst them.

It ought not to appear strange to any one if in what I am going to say concerning principalities and princes and States, altogether new, I shall quote great and eminent examples, for mankind in general are apt to tread in the footsteps and imitate the actions of others. But since it is not possible to keep exactly the same route, nor to come up entirely to that pattern of virtue and excellence which they have proposed to themselves, a wise man ought always to follow the traces of those illustrious personages whose actions are most worthy of his imitation: so that if he cannot equal, he may at least in some measure resemble them; like skilful archers, who being rather at too great a distance from their mark, and knowing that their bow will not carry point blank so far, commonly take aim above it, not out of any expectation that their arrow will fly directly to such a height, but by making that allowance for the distance of the object, to come as near to it as they can.

I say then, that the possession of a principality newly acquired by one who was not a prince before, is more or less difficult to be maintained, in proportion to the abilities of the person that acquires it. Now as it argues a great share of valor and conduct, or good fortune at least, to raise one's self from a private condition to the rank of a prince, either that valor and conduct, or that good fortune, in all probability will enable the same person to surmount many other ensuing difficulties. But it has been observed that such as have trusted the least to fortune have supported themselves the longest in their acquisitions: and this is easily done by such as having no dominions of their own, are obliged to reside personally upon their conquests.

The most eminent of those that have made themselves princes by dint of their own virtues are Moses, Cyrus, Romulus, Theseus, and some others of that class. And though Moses might have been excepted, as he was the immediate minister of God's commands, yet he certainly deserves to be admired on account of the grace that made him worthy of communing with God. But if we consider the actions of Cyrus and other such conquerors and founders of monarchies, we shall find them very extraordinary indeed: and if we examine their lives and particular institutions, they will appear not altogether unlike those of Moses, though he was under the guidance of an Almighty Master; for they don't seem to have been obliged to fortune for any thing more than opportunity, which enabled them to introduce and establish such kinds of government as they thought fit: and as their virtue could never have distinguished itself without opportunity, so without virtue the opportunity would have happened in vain. It was necessary therefore that Moses should find the children of Israel in a state of slavery and oppression amongst the Egyptians; that so, in order to shake off that yoke, they might be the more readily disposed to follow him. It was fortunate for Romulus that he was thrown out of Alba and exposed to wild beasts in his infancy; otherwise he had never thought of making himself the founder and king of Rome. It happened luckily for Cyrus that he found the Persians discontented under the tyranny of the Medes; and the Medes grown soft and effeminate by a long interval of peace. Theseus could never have made himself so renowned as he did, if he had not found the Athenians dis-

persed and scattered about as they were. Such occasions made these great men successful; and their wisdom taught them how to improve those opportunities to the reputation and deliverance of their respective countries. It is a difficult matter indeed for other people to raise themselves to dominion in the same heroic manner that they did: but when they succeed, it is very easy to maintain it. The difficulties that occur in acquiring dominion arise in some measure from the new customs and institutions which they are forced to introduce for the establishment of their sovereignty, and security of their persons: it must be considered that of all undertakings, the most arduous, the most dangerous, and the most liable to miscarry, is the introduction of new laws. For he that introduces them will be sure to make all those his enemies who live to their satisfaction under the shelter and protection of their old institutions: and will be but coolly supported by such as are to be benefited by the new ones: which coolness proceeds partly from the fear they stand in of their adversaries, who have the old laws on their side; and partly from a sort of diffidence and incredulity that is natural to mankind, who, for the most part, have but an indifferent opinion of new establishments till they are recommended by sufficient experience.

From hence it comes to pass, that when his enemies have an opportunity of exerting themselves against him, they do it vigorously and with advantage: whilst he, on the contrary, will find himself so faintly defended, that both he and his adherents will be in danger of perishing together. But for a fuller discussion of this matter, it is necessary to enquire whether those that attempt such innovations stand upon their own bottom, or depend upon others; that is, whether they have recourse to exhortations and entreaties, or to force and arms in the conduct of their enterprise: for in the first case they almost always miscarry; but when they trust to their own strength, and have power to enforce the observation of their ordinances, they seldom or never fail of success. Hence it came to pass that all the Prophets who were supported by an armed force, succeeded in their undertakings: whilst, on the contrary, those that had not such a force to trust to, were defeated and destroyed: for besides what has already been said, it is the nature of mankind to be fickle and inconstant in their opinions; and though it may be an easy matter to persuade them to believe a thing at first, it is very difficult to keep them long in that persuasion: upon which account, it is necessary to be so appointed, as to be in a condition to make them believe by force, when they will no longer believe of themselves. Neither Moses, nor Cyrus, nor Theseus, nor Romulus, could ever have caused their institutions to have been long observed, if they had not been armed: in our own times Girolamo Savonarola, the Dominican, was destroyed when the multitude began to fall off from him; because he had neither power to keep them steady in the persuasion who acknowledged his mission, nor make others believe who denied it. Such persons, therefore, will always find great dangers and impediments in the way to the accomplishment of their designs, and it will require an extraordinary degree of virtue and courage to surmount them: but when that is once done, and they have extinguished those that envied their rising greatness, they will be held in veneration, and afterwards not only maintain their power, but live in security, honour, and happiness.

To these great and remarkable examples I will add another; not so conspicuous, perhaps, but yet such a one as shall bear some proportion and resemblance to the rest, and may suffice for all others of the like nature; I mean that of Hiero, the Syracusan. This man raised himself from a private position to be Prince of Syracuse; for which he was obliged to fortune no further than for indulging him with a proper opportunity; for the Syracusans, being oppressed, made choice of him to be their General; in which command he behaved himself so much to their satisfaction, that they afterwards thought him worthy to rule over them. And indeed so eminent were his virtues even whilst he was in a private station, that such authors as speak of him, all allow that he wanted nothing but a kingdom to make him a complete prince. He disbanded the veteran troops and raised a fresh army: he quitted his former alliances and contracted others; and having secured the affections of new friends and a new soldiery, he was afterwards enabled to erect such a superstructure upon that foundation as he thought fit: so that although he met with many difficulties in acquiring that Principality, he found few or none in maintaining it.

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